MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#222
nov. 2001
$3.00

tragedy • mdc • jr ewing • dios hastio • dutch punk report

still APOLITICAL?

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
- US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
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- Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #143, 146, 148, 150-153, 155-163, 165-181, 184-221 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Arwen Curry

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Kill Trend-EP
VITAMIN X-We Came Here For Fun-EP
TOTAL FURY-13 Songs-LP
TUMULT-Dat Is Punk-LP
324-LP
V/A-Hardcore Unlawful Assembly-LP
SEEIN RED/HUMAN ALERT-split LP
DERIDE-Limited Will-EP
BRUCE BANNER/SAYYADINA-split EP
V/A-Kangaroo Records-EP

JEFF HEERMANN
FLESHIES-Kill the Dreamer's Dream-LP
BITTER PILLS-Nowhere Around-EP
PHANTOM LIMBS-Applied Ignorance-LP
ERASE ERRATA/BLACK DICE-split EP
Sun Records Jukebox Reissue-45s
GLASS CANDY-Metal Gods-EP
ERASE ERRATA-Other Animals-CD
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Kill Trend-EP
KILL-A-WATTS-Dig These Kids-45
ROACH MOTEL-Worstest Hits-CD

DONNA POOLE
YAH-MOS-Undefeated-LP
STUCK-UPS-Baby's Got a Hard On-LP
PHANTOM LIMBS-Applied Ignorance-LP
DISASTERNAUTS-Backbone-EP
KILL-A-WATTS-Dig These Kids-45
HOOKERS-God Made Me the Raven-45
TEENAGE REJECTS-Don't Care About-EP
TOKYO KNIVES-I Keep Thinkin' 'Bout You-EP
VON BONDIES-It Came From Japan-EP
EXHALE-Strive Against Fate-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY
STUPOR STARS-Poison Arrows-EP
KILL-A-WATTS-Dig These Kids-45
PAUL E. ESTER & THE CRUEL SHOES-EP
TEENAGE REJECTS-Don't Care About-EP
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD-Indicted-EP
DIRTBOMBS & LOST SOUNDS-live
ROGERS SISTERS-45/STUCK-UPS-LP
TYRADES-Detonation-EP/JACK SAINTS-LP
Sun Records Jukebox Reissue-45s
GREG LOWERY EXPERIENCE-EP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH
DIRTBOMBS & LOST SOUNDS-live
THE INSANIACS-CD
TYRADES-Detonation-EP
Sun Records Jukebox Reissue-45s
VON BONDIES-It Came From Japan-EP
PAUL E. ESTER & THE CRUEL SHOES-EP
JACK SAINTS-Rock and Roll Holocaust-LP
TEENAGE REJECTS-Don't Care About-EP
BITTER PILLS-Nowhere Around-EP
KILL-A-WATTS-Dig These Kids-45

RAY LUJAN
TRAVIS CUT-Shambles-CD
DECIBLES-The Big Sounds-CD
TWIGGY KILLERS-EP/PENETRATION-CD
J CHURCH/MINORITY BLUES BAND-split EP
HYPNOTICS-Everyone Gets Their-CD
BATTLEDYKES-EP/MENSEN-EP
MAJOR ACCIDENT/FOREIGN LEGION-CD
PLUS ONES/TRAVOLTAS-split CDEP
BEATNIGS-Kiss On the Cheek-EP
V/A-How Many Bands Does it Take-2xLP

TIMOJHEN MARK
ASSCHAPEL-Rotting the Body-EP
SEEIN RED/HUMAN ALERT-split EP
PG. 99/PROCESS IS DEAD-split EP
V/A-Kangaroo Records-EP
BORN DEAD ICONS-Modefn Plague-EP
TUMULT-Dat Is Punk-LP
DETENTION-Expelled-CD/ZEKE-CD
TOTAL FURY-13 Songs-LP
V/A-Hardcore Unlawful Assembly-LP
THEE HEADCOATS-Headcoats Down!-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON
TOTAL FURY-LP/TEMPERS RISE-EP
ASININE SOLUTION-Cause Effect-EP
THE BAD FORM-EP/YAH-MOS-LP
BORN DEAD ICONS-EP/EMERGENCY-LP
V/A-Destroy New Grenada-LP/V/A-Wild-EP
LA FRACTION-EP, LP/SPITTING TEETH-EP
I EXCUSE/MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-split EP
J CHURCH/MINORITY BLUES BAND-split EP
SEEIN RED/HUMAN ALERT-split EP
SOUTHPORT/LONGBALL TO NO ONE-split EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

DERIDE-EP/PHANTOM LIMBS-LP
BORN DEAD ICONS-Modern Plague-EP
I EXCUSE/MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-split EP
APATIA NO/SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS-EP
ARGIES-CD/FLESHIES-Kill the Dreamer's-LP
V/A-Be Quick Or Be Dead-EP
SEEIN RED/HUMAN ALERT-split EP
LA FRACTION-LP & EP
PLUGZ-Move-EP/LOS CRUDOS-CD
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-CD & EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

A.V.O.-Solutions-EP/DEBRIS-live in Glasgow
BLOODY SODS-Get Outta My Head-CD
V/A-Kangaroo Records-EP
BROKEN-Mad As Fuck-CD
STOOL SAMPLE-Masterpiece of Shit-CD+ EP
HERBERTS-Boot Boys En Themes-CD
PERUKERS-EP/V/A In Defense Of Our Future-LP
HOOKERS-45/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS EP
DERIDE-Limited Will-EP/EXCLAIM- EP
V/A-Hardcore Unlawful Assembly-LP

TOM HOPKINS

LA FRACTION-LP & EP/APATIA NO-EPs
APATIA NO/SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS-EP
FEDERATION X-LP/PHANTOM LIMBS-LP
FLESHIES-LP/KILL-A-WATTS-EP/SIREN-EP
STUPOR STARS-EP/BITTER PILLS-EP
COPS & ROBBERS-EP/ASSCHAPEL-EP
TUMULT-LP/TOSHIRO MIFUNE-EP
FORWARD-LP/TOTAL FURY-LP
TEENAGE REJECTS-EP/BAD FORM-EP
V/A-Destroy New Grenada-LP/THEY LIVE-live

MIKE THORN

APATIA NO-EPs/ENSTAND-10"
ARGIES-CD/MÄSKSYSTEM-EP
BORN DEAD ICONS-EP/VALSE TRISTE-EP
CONTRASTO-LP/LA FRACTION-LP & EP
LOS CRUDOS-CD/TWIGGY KILLERS-EP
TOTAL FURY-LP/THIS MACHINE KILLS-LP
V/A-Destroy New Grenada-LP/DERIDE-LP
FRAMTID-EP/WASTED/STAKEOUT- split EP
I EXCUSE/MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-split EP
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-CD & EP

MAX WARD

A.V.O.-Solutions-EP/DERIDE-EP
324-LP/VALSE TRISTE-Humen Giljotiini-EP
BRUCE BANNER/SAYYADINA-split EP
TOTAL FURY-13 Songs-LP
HYDROPHOBIA/DISTURBIO A LA CORRUPCIÓN-EP
THEY LIVE/NO TIME LEFT-live
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Kill Trend-EP
V/A-Wild In the Streets Vol. 2-EP
V/A-Be Quick Or Be Dead-EP
SOUND LIKE SHIT/SHOTGUN-split EP

RYAN WELLS

THEE HEADCOATS-Headcoats Down!-LP
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD-Indicted-EP
PAUL E. ESTER & THE CRUEL SHOES-EP
ROACH MOTEL-Worstest Hits-CD
V/A-High Road To Obscurity-CD
FLESHIES-Kill the Dreamer's Dream-LP
YAH-MOS-LP/TYRADES-Detonation-EP
ERASE ERRATA/BLACK DICE-split EP
GREG LOWERY EXPERIENCE-EP
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-Kill Trend-EP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

HOOKERS-God Made Me the Raven-45
DIRTBOMBS/BELLRAYS-live
MENSEN-Stand Up For Yourself-EP
JACK SAINTS-Rock and Roll Holocaust-LP
TOKYO KNIVES-I Keep Thinkin' 'Bout You-EP
STUCK UPS-Baby's Got A Hard-On-LP
MOTÖRPUSSY-The Melody Of Sex-LP
KILL-A-WATTS-Dig These Kids-45
TEENAGE REJECTS-Don't Care About-EP
TWIGGY KILLERS-Customize-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Minimum Security #1
Haffenreffer #1
Brainscan #15
Scanner #10
Chumpire #142
Defiant Pose #1
Spunk #7
Ideas Is Matches #3
Voz Rebelde #3
Slug & Lettuce #68

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan ‘00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb ‘00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March ‘00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April ‘00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May ‘00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June ‘00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July ‘00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug ‘00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept ‘00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct ‘00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov ‘00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec ‘00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan ‘00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb ‘01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar ‘01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April ‘01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May ‘01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis. Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June ‘01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July ‘01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug ‘01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep ‘01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct ‘01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

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buy 3, the 4th is free!

$3 dollars each from → maximumrocknroll po box 460760 san francisco, ca 94146-0760

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

	one magazine (u.s. dollars)	two zines	three zines	four zines	five zines	subscription rates (six months)
Location	(3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)	Air	Air	Air	Air	(3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
Western Europe	8.00/4.00 Now we can send you 5 zines for $15 — air to W. Europe	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/24.00
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THRASH FOR LIFE

PLUS ONES

New to Asian Man Records are the Plus Ones. Hailing from the East Bay, this 4 piece power pop band have been rocking the bay area scene for the last few years. They have done one national tour with the Donnas and have an ep out on coldfront records. Coming to stores on August 14th are 3 new songs from the Plus Ones. This will be part of a split with the Travoltas. It is cleverly titled "GOING DUTCH"... You can mailorder it from Asian Man for $5 bucks or go to your friendly neighborhood punk rock store and buy it there. It is now July 2001 and the band will begin working on their full length release due out early next year. So check the band out if you haven't before and get ready for the Plus Ones to start touring everywhere.http://www.plusones.net

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•CHRIS DODGE / DAVE WITTE "East West Blast Test" CD
•HELLNATION "Cheerleaders For Imperialism" LP/CD •CROSSED OUT "1990-1993" LP/CD
•SPAZZ "Crush Kill Destroy" LP/CD •SPAZZ "Sweatin' To The Oldies" CD
•BURNING WITCH "Towers" LP •ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET "Caveat Emptor" LP/CD
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HONEY BEAR RECORDS

ANARCHY IN THE UK

As some of you may already know, I'm in the process of collecting interviews and information for a series of articles and subsequent book focused on the so-called anarcho punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s.
Were you there?
Were you in one of the bands?
Any help and/or information would be greatly appreciated. Here are a few of the bands I'm still trying to track down: Six Minute War / The Fallout, D&V, Null & Void (Andy Stratton), The Apostles (Andy Martin), Polemic Attack, The Sears, The Naked, Part 1, Assassins Of Hope, No Defences, Tears Of Destruction, Dominant Patri, Earth's Epitaph, A Touch Of Hysteria, Apf Brigade, Anarka And Poppy, Kultur Kampf, Look Mummy Clowns, Hagar The Womb/We Are Going To Eat You, Liberty, Exit Stance, The Waste, Fiend, Hysteria Ward, The Review...

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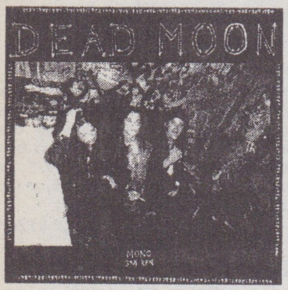


Dead Moon

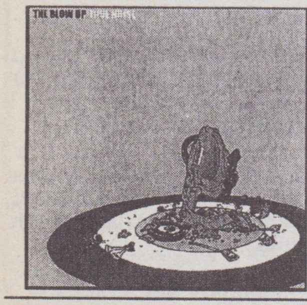
Trash & Burn CD

Yes, finally a new DEAD MOON CD! After spending much of last year touring the US including a rousing show at The Vegas Shakedown, DEAD MOON went home and turned out this gem. DEAD MOON is fronted by Fred Cole, a living rock-n-roll legend (check out THE LOLLIPOP SHOPPE on the Pebbles comp from Rhino) who recorded his first song at the tender age of 15.

The Pinkos

Self Titled CD

The Pinkos, Vanessa (Bell) and Steve (Gits), are a snotty, punk duo who believe that just because the "personal is political," doesn't mean you can't take the political personally. Filled with songs about bad love, failure, disgrace and damaged democracy without the tears, sappiness, and sorrow. A touch of Violent Femmes, a little Billy Bragg, a little baader-meinhof.



The BlowUp

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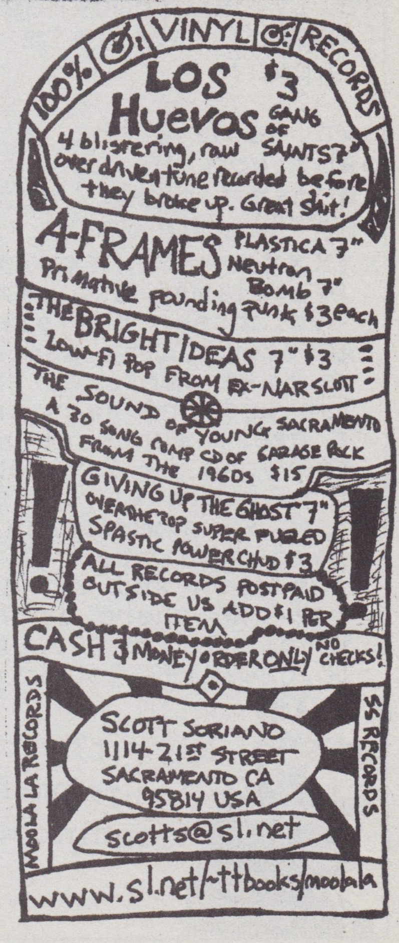

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sun. oct 14th...
what happens next?, jelly rollrockheads (japan), exclaim (japan)

sat. oct 27th...
babyland (l.a.), tsuname bomb, dexter danger

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the nightmare continues...

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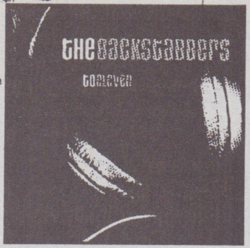

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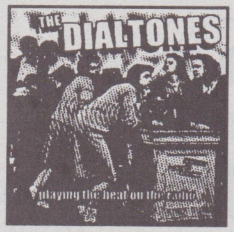
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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR-

Chris Boarts has been living off the same column for at least five years now. "I'm very sad but the changing seasons make me happy! I like to take pictures of abandoned buildings! I am DIY! I loved ABC in the early '90s!" This doesn't mean I don't have the utmost respect for her, because I do. But she is repetitive.

Greg Gartland
271 S. 15th St. #1706 / Philadelphia, PA 19102

To Everyone-

I want to start out by saying that I have come from a history of a lot of things that are the antithesis of most everything that I stand for today. Maybe some people come to realize what is right and what is wrong early on, and then again maybe some never do recognize the value of virtue. It took me a long time (in my opinion), to realize what I now know is right. While my mind has acquired the need to grow and constantly pursue my goals, passions, to stand up for what I believe in, I also have this coercing inside of me telling me, "it's too hard. Give up. It's easier to just not care, make money. live for yourself."

The purpose of this letter is to say to all the readers, writers, and supporters of MRR or any zine like it; or anyone that who has a positive message (or not so positive for that matter), or stands up for what they belive in: thank you for doing what you are doing because it is so encouraging. Every time I read about someone working to abolish something unjust, or I hear a band sing out for what they believe in (whatever it may be), or see a group of kids my age standing out (against the odds, I might add), for something they know is right, I feel this fantastic vigor within me that tells me, "do not give up, it's not too hard. Caring about others and something other then much money I'm gonna make matters."

I hope that I too can be encouraging in saying this. Please, above all else, keep standing up for what you believe is right. And by all means, love your brothers and sisters.

Take care,
Susie
Bettendorf, IA

Fellow Punx-

I am writing about a very serious issue that concerns all of us. I have read many a bad zine in my day, but the zine I just read goes above and beyond that. I picked up a copy of *Punk Zine #3* in a bathroom at a show, and took it home to read. What I read so angered me that I felt compelled to warn others. I don't usually do stuff like this, but in this case, I think it's appropriate. *Punk Zine* is written by some kid named James Bruderly-Stockington, a self proclaimed "punk" and "anarchist." But most of what I read tells me that this punk's got a long way to go. James' opinions about women are perhaps the worst part of *Punk Zine*. One minute he's talking about girl power and liberation, and in the next he's getting mad at girls having periods. If you think I'm joking, read what he had to say on page 12. "My mom told me to turn down my Bikini Kill CD, but I guess she was just on the rag or something. Why is it that women seem so opposed to loud music? Look around the next time you're at a punk show and you'll see what I mean."

James doesn't confine his stupidity to talking about women. While he is constantly making making blanket statements against authorities and cops, he also constantly writes about using the same oppressive methods of the system to thwart his foes. For example, on page 16, he writes, "Honestly, when you get right down to it, don't you think that we should lock up all the teachers, cops, librarians, and parents in a big cage, and then set it on fire?"

I think that I am not alone in expressing my distaste for *Punk Zine's* blatant sexism, multicutural insensitivity, and sheer stupidity. I call on all punks to boycott this zine and see to it threat these disturbing and offensive thoughts cannot influence younger, more impressionable punks. James throws around words like "anarchy;" but I challenge him to really think about what those words mean and the changes he's going to have to make in his life to make anarchy a reality.

Yours in the struggle,
Melissa Jensen

Melissa-

It is disturbing, though not surprising, to see the inability of punk boys to see how their words and actions affect the communities they attempt to work with. You're right in thinking that there's nothing punk about that kind of misogyny, What is shocking, though, is that this editor's contempt for authority figures is extended to include librarians. I mean, come on—when was the last time you were oppressed by a librarian? Aren't there better targets...like Rubin Esinoza, the truck driver that ran over and killed San Francisco bicyclist Chris Robertson? Librarians?..sheesh.
—Casey R.

Dear MRR and readers,

Just writing to express and share my deep felt sorrow over the recent loss of my good friend Chad of the Blacks, from Tucson. He was one of the most kind and thoughtful people I have ever met in the punk rock "community." He will be extremely missed by everyone here in Vegas. It was far too soon for him to go, and my condolences go out to his closest friends and family.

Jasonminded

Hola MRR-

I thought when I entered the punk scene that I would be accepted because they were all raging against the corruption, greed, nationalism, tyranny, the social order, racism and all that other bullshit. (Disclaimer: I'm not gonna even dare say that I'm punk because that would be an insult to all the true ones out there, but I have been dubbed a punk-in-training.) However, it seems to me that I have faced more prejudice and hate now then before. Plus, in a way, it seems like the whole punk scene is kind of a conflict of interest for me. I mean, like every time I go into some punk music store, some random dude tells me that I shouldn't like a certain band because they're fascists. Should I listen to this complete stranger and put back the Black Flag album, or or just go up to the counter and buy it with this little question nagging me in the back of my brain? But it really is ironic to love bands that hate me based not on the fact that I'm annoying, weird, or just a bitch, but just on my skin color. Am I some kind of traitor to my race?

Oh and there's this other thing that gets to me a lot. Even after I ignore the dude that's trashing my favorite band, the cashier dude hassles me too. "Are you sure that you want to buy this CD or zine? Are you even in the right store? You know Best Buy has the new Jay-Z CD on sale." I get so pissed that the only thing I can say is, "It's this kind of bullshit that I thought we were all trying to end, now take my fucking money, put the fucking CD in the bag, and hand me the receipt, you asshole!" What is up with this? You would think that punks wouldn't be prejudiced and shit especially since people are always stereotyping them. There are numerous high schools that won't allow anyone to dye or spike their hair, just because they think that will make them want to shoot up the school. Now they see this black girl, with big blue pants, a ripped Casualties shirt, some old Converse, and a skateboard in one hand, and tell me that I'm not listening to the right type of stuff. Maybe I'm just stupid but isn't that kind of hypocritical? I thought that I'd be able to fight that king of narrowmindedness with them, not against them.

It's also really annoying how punk is becoming a fashion, rather than a lifestyle nowadays. If a guy has frosted tips, Blink shirt on, long khaki shorts, and tattoos up and down his arms and back, then he's supposedly a punk. There are many things wrong with this picture; first, bands like Blink, New Found Glory, Green Day, and Good Charlotte are not punk. There's obviously something wrong with your band if your video is played right after some teenybopper video on *TRL*, and thousands of little girls who are wearing Christina Aguilera shirts, (omigosh, please excuse me for mentioning such abominations in your wonderful zine!) are singing your songs waving a lighter left to right. The second thing wrong with the supposed punk stereotype that I mentioned is that the clothes, the color of your hair, or what music you're moshing to, does not make you punk. All the superficial stuff are just the accessories. Punk is a "minority culture of outcasts, for those wiling to make and live in their own embattled, but special world, for those that don't fit into society or see society as unfit for themselves." A society where people do something about the things that piss them off instead of sitting on their asses ranting about it, just want to have fun or live life just to live it not for all money kind of shit. The music and the look just embodies your beliefs. Well I think I've said everything that's been pissing me off lately.

If you know any good places to hang out or catch a good punk concert in the DC/Baltimore area, or if you just want to respond to my letter just e mail me at clownsmustdie@aol.com
Gabriele Jones

Dear Staff-

I am writing to tell you about how much I have grown to really appreciate your great magazine. I am not just saying this to get on your good side, because I don't agree with some of the things you print. I say this because as a skinhead, and an inmate at the wonderful IDOC (Illinois Department of Corrections), I have great respect for those that speak their own mind. I have found that a lot of the people here don't do that when it comes to standing up. I myself for a lot of years was a huge fuck up, I took pride in the fact that I was a bully. Consequently, I have been a skin for a very long time and I like I wanted to by my own rules. This put me into numerous clashes with the cops, the last resulting in a sentence of ten years at 85%. I have read your zine for years and always found it to be a rich and diverse source of information to the various scenes around the world. I am in no way saying that I think that everything in it is of interest to me, but I think that it sheds light on certain subjects that need to have light shed on them, (politics/racism/gender issues). I also think that your magazine helps a lot of kids out there who feel alienated by the big corporate zines I won't honor them with any free advertisement but I am sure you know the ones. I guess what I am saying is that you guys/girls opened my eyes to the fact that there's more to it than just being an asshole, it also involves doing your part, and I plan to do just that. I just want to say that I think that I have learned a lot from your zine about unity and I am still a skin, and by the way an anti-facist skinhead, but I have learned that violence isn't the answer, and this is due in part to you. So I think that that I should admit it and say thanks.

Thanks for being there for me all these years and I hope that you keep up the very good work!
Bryant "Dwayne" Thomas
Jacksonvile C.C. / 2268 E. Morton Ave / Jacksonville, IL 62650

Dear MRR-

Your review of the Brassknuckle Boys full length album, *American Bastard*, was so far off the mark that I felt I had to write. If the reviewer simply did not like the disc, I would not have given it a second thought. However, everything s/he said was totally false.

Now, I cannot quote the "review" verbatim, so I'll go with what I remember. (I only read it once while at Hot Topic stealing the latest Skins and Pins compilation.) It starts off with "Penitentiary songwriting..." I will admit that that is partially true. It goes on to say: "songs about going to prison and being in prison..." That is completely untrue. Not one song on the disc is about "being in prison" or "going to prison"or whatever the retarded "reviewer" claimed. Every song is pretty clear as far the topic concerned.

I recall there being some snide remark about, "the seedy characters in prison," something along the those lines. What about those who are wrongly incarcerated? Does a song penned by an innocent man behind bars have no merit? Does MRR not realize that an alarming high percentage of American prisoners are really innocent? That's the fact, jackass. I was wrongfully incarcerated at one time. Eventually I was acquitted by the judge at trial. I wrote several songs during that time. I won't go into what it feels like to be locked up and helpless and truly innocent. You could not understand. So for that comment (lie) I give you a big "fuck you!" I'm not violent, really, but if I ever meet this douchebag reviewer, I'll reach back like a pimp and slap the ho.

Next, if I remember correctly, your reviewer compares Billy Blitz' guitar to that of Mark Linsky and Chris Lynn of The Hudson Falcons. Hmmm.. that is pretty funny. Don't get me wrong—I love The Falcons. The thing is, the sound is way different. (Did this kid even listen to the CD?

Oh, wait a minute. Now I get it. The PC punk patrol has placed the Brassknuckle Boys under suspicion. Ooowww, that's scary. We're suspect. What a fucking laugh. Suddenly I remember why I quit your shit in the '80s.
Sincerely, Mark Dacey
PS. No member of my band is in any way, shape, or form, a bigot. period.

Maxi!

God bless America. I've never said that in my life, and I never thought I would. But I never had a reason to say it. Right now I wish I could take back all the times I stood up in school for the Pledge of Allegance, but never recited or put my right hand to my heart, and ignored the beautiful way of life in which I live. God Bless America.
Bruce

Bruce (and other patriots),

With few exceptions, everybody was shocked and terrified by the events of September 11. Despite personal feelings I may have regarding the effectiveness and appropriateness of force as a method towards change, it was impossible for me not to be deeply moved by the massive loss of life. Watching the story unfold on television, I felt a shared connection with the grief being expressed across the world. But before I could allow myself to grieve fully, the story in the media was transformed from sorrow to blood lust, patriotism, and ignorant violence. This process took away my ability grieve. Fear of terroristic violence was replaced with fear of war, repression, and the general clampdown sure to be on its way. Never before had I so quickly seen the patriotism machine spring into action. The sight of American flags, congresspeople singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the detention and prosecution of "suspicious" persons demonstrated that this manufactured patriotism ensures those who may voice concern about or question the sanity of war will be at best be ostracized, at worst prosecuted. These are terrifying times, and language of the sort used by Bruce, serves only to remind us that we, as punks, have a certain responsibility to offer up a voice of protest, concern, and outright indignation, and to challenge the force-fed lies of patriotism. If we don't do it, who the fuck will?
-Casey R

Greetings Ham Slappers and other friends,

In light of the recent terrorist attacks on the US, I'm compelled to share some information and thoughts with you. Here is a link to an audio clip of Jerry Falwell in which he states that God is mad with us; gays, feminists, abortionists, the ACLU, etc. are to blame for the recent terrorism on the US: http://www.poenews.com/imgs/falwell.mp3. Thanks to Curtis Dickinson for this link.

If that isn't heinous enough, Pat Robertson was also quoted yesterday as saying, "It (terrorism) is happening because God Almighty is lifting his protection from us," because Americans have insulted God by allowing abortion and "rampant internet pornography", as well as limiting prayer in schools, among other things." (source: http://us.news2.yimg.com/f/42/31/7m/ dailynews. yahoo.com/h/ap/20010913/us/attacks_robertson_1.html).

So, Falwell and Robertson both say that this is happening because God is angry with us. What does Osama bin Laden have to say about this? “An aide, who spoke by satellite telephone to Abu Dhabi television in Pakistan, quoted (Osama bin Laden) as saying that while he had nothing to do with the attacks, they were ‘punishment from Allah.’ (source:http://us.news2.yimg.com/f/42/31/7m/dailynews.yahoo.com/h/nm/20010913/ts/attack_afghan_binladen_dc_5.html) Thanks to Lydia Dodge for this tie-in.

Check it out.... Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, and Osama bin Laden are in agreement with each other! I know in these times it could be easy to use any Muslim or person of Middle Eastern descent as a convenient scapegoat for your anger... so now, more than ever, it's important to stay informed and recognize who our real enemies are.

Best wishes, Chris Dodge
We have a new mailing address. Slap A Ham Records, PO Box 7337, Alhambra, CA 91802-7337 USA, slapaham@firstworld.net http://www.slapaham.com

To the Editor and Readers,

I watched the twin towers burning from a train on the Manhattan Bridge, hundreds of feet above the East River. And again from Union Square at 14th Street, where the image of the towers, .flames, and columns of smoke took up the entire southern sky.

After the buildings had fallen, I walked across the city to Houston Street and the West Side Highway on the Hudson River, 15 blocks from what was the WTC. It seemed that the Earth had cracked open and swallowed the city, and replaced it with a tremendous volcanic crater spewing ash and smoke.

As I waited during the day, and later on a train home, and that night with the acrid smell of the smoke and dust drifting through Brooklyn, I had a profound and lasting sense of grief.

Amid the absolute devastation, another less noble emotion, crept though me that day , a feeling of doubt. That the life I live, the music I am involved with, and the musicians and labels I share my studio with might be trivial.

I knew that feeling was wrong, and fought it all day. A guitarist I know offered that the important thing was that we live and work in a place where you can create music, and that is not trivial. I thought of the thousands of people that have told me in person how much music meant to them.

I thought that music and all the arts inspire people to be creative, to have compassion, to be self expressive, and to show love. Then I thought that music and the arts are the opposite and antithesis of the terror at the WTC. And the doubt disappeared.

Don Fury
Cyclone Sound
NYHC
Loud Fast Rules

I am writing in response to the recent bombings; in response to the events that constitute “America under attack” and all that noise. I have heard out many of my friends, and the inescapable media. The answer seems to be to declare war, and to kill many people. What America refuses to see is the fact that these acts were done for a reason. Someone is pissed at us, and to agree with Colin Powell and friends, who claim that terrorism occurs because of strange people who disagree with equality, who hate our form of democracy and so on, is racism, plain and simple. The reasons run deeper, and I don't claim to know what they are. But as someone who tries not to be racist or prejudiced, one thing to me is clear. Someone has a problem with us and is willing to do some pretty intense shit about it. And that problem is not, as the media would have us think, the fact that we are “democratic” (my keyboard seems not to have quotation marks big enough for that one), or that we like equality, or anything like this. It is something that someone deems fit to die for. It is more serious. The recent bombings were not some crazy wild Arabs who know not better just getting a little too intense, they were done in response to our international behavior. Killing is always not a good course of action. The untold number of people at the WTC, the Pentagon, and Bumfuck, PA should not have died. That said, killing other people will not solve this. Nor will prejudice or patriotism. Maybe a dialogue with the terrorists is in order, maybe not. But killing people will solve nothing. Maybe what I am saying is obvious. But as in all cases like this, the event has brought out the absolute worst in everyone. My New York native friends rant about joining the army, my most “liberal” of friends talk about a desire to see the perpetrators of these bombings tortured and killed. The reason I write this is because I see more asinine patriotism than I ever thought possible in some of my closest friends and frankly it scares me.

And fuck Rupture, the homophobe band, by the way. Their existence is a pet peeve of mine as I have (anonymously) stated before. So in conclusion, I have no answer to how to deal with the loss of life seen in NYC recently, but I stand by the fact that war, bombings, assassination, and intense patriotism and prejudice on the homefront do not constitute a solution.

Anonymous

MRR-

OK, more stuff everyday. I couldn't sleep last night. Probably the same for a lot of you. We're on the verge of war and a hell of a lot of innocent people are gonna be killed. It makes me sick and angry enough that I can't sleep. I hope I'm stating the obvious here. Here's the White House propaganda machine's fucked up logic: if you live in the country where these terrorists live, your death is secondary to our need to seek our so-called justice. By that “postulate,” doesn't that justify Bin Laden's attacks on America? Doesn't he believe that the deaths of innocent people in this country are secondary to his need to seek so-called justice? For that matter, do we want these murders to be carried out in our name as Americans (whether we wanna be or not)? What are we prepared to do to prevent our tax dollars from paying for the death of innocent people in Afghanistan and elsewhere?

I'd like to mention that *Maximum Rock N Roll* is going to be running a section covering all racial attacks against people around the world as a result of Tuesday. Please send any information to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. Even if it's from your local mainstream media (TV, radio, whatever) send it in as there is apparently no national coverage and this will help everyone get a better idea of what is happening everywhere.

The New York Times is nothing but bad news these days and the most sickening story was tucked away on page one of the World/Nation section. As many of you by now already know, Ariel Sharon of the occupational government of Israel has called off the peace talks with the Palestinians. Knowing that they are currently in a very vulnerable position, he's taking advantage of the world situation to further his not-so-secret goals of reinforcing the state of Apartheid in Palestine. Now Israeli troops are back to the business as usual of killing Palestinians. Also tucked away in the World/Nation section is a report on the death of Ahmed Shah Massoud. Praised around the World as a hero in the Afghani fight against the Soviet Union, he was also the leader of the movement against the illegal Taliban government. It's a horrible blow to the movement there that fought against the people that are for the most part represented by Bin Laden and who are harboring him. Of course, the story was sunk in the middle of the paper. America doesn't want to know about freedom fighters in Afghanistan. Nobody wants to know that most Afghanis are opposed to the Taliban. America wants a nameless, faceless enemy without the complexities that exist in most countries. America is trying to have a clear conscience about killing innocent people. What's ironic is that as I write this, ABC are replaying Peter Jennings' documentary on “The Century .“ Watching the episode on ultimate power and Hitler is ironic for so many reasons.

Incidentally, I know a few people that are part of the relief effort in Manhattan. Greg from Go-Kart Records who is doing a lot down there, mentioned to me that there were loads of Scientologists around. Hundreds. Could someone explain that to me?

Lance

Hi Max;

This is Bill from Red Reaction (Line of Fire, Crash Davis). I believe you reviewed our record for this month's MRR, the Welcome to the Warzone 12 inch. Thanks for the good review! But I was concerned with one thing, the comment about the song “80's Violence” you had mentioned this:

"One chorus screams 'bring back the '80s violence'...and while at times I'm a fan of such lyrics about how HC/punk may be a little too cush nowadays, damned if I want to go back to the days of violence I saw at places like the Farm or Ruthie's Inn."

The song is actually about violence on TV and movies, not in the scene.
here are the words:

"They're toning down the violence we see / Nothing's rated R it's all PG / Something went wrong in the '90s / We lost some blood in our movies/ You ask "what's wrong with the kids today" / There's no lessons learned when they play / Protect them and never show them bad / Keep them all happy and they'll never be sad / Bring back the '80s violence

If you want to teach them wrong and right / Why would you ever end someone's sight / Fiction is a good release / A little gore could cause some peace / Good is good when bad is there / Show them bad so they can compare / What I say it may sound extreme / Stop blocking the screen."

Anyway, I just wanted to clear that up. I don't want you to think that we want violence at shows! OK, talk soon.
Bill

Bill, after a second glance at the lyrics, I noticed that in fact the lyrics had nothing to do with scene violence in the '80s. I'm really sorry about that. Sometimes we reviewers at MRR have 15 releases to cover in one sitting, thus our opinions are made on quick listens and quick reads...on top of this, MRR is widely read (with the review section being one of the most popular sections of the zine) and thus one mistake and/or a wrong first impression is set in print for all to see. I just hope people who checked out the review disregarded my lame ass judgment and went out and got the LP (because it smokes!). Thanks for pointing out the mistake. —Max

MRR and readers...

First off, I'd like to thank Rob Coons for his mention of OXBAKER in his monthly column a few issues ago. Our website URL has since changed and the new page has much more to offer. The new URL is http://www.envy.nu/oxbakerhc our split 7" with HAYMAKER is out now and 7"s on Fast For Life and Putrid Filth Conspiracy are pending in the coming months.

Now, on to more pressing matters. I saw an ad in MRR 217 for a screenprinting service called Daygristle Screens. My band needed shirts and stickers printed and I figured I'd get in touch with Nick/Daygristle since lives little more than an hour from me (a good way to lessen the cost since we could pick them up directly with no postage involved as well as the lack of US exchange rates on the money). I talked to Nick, agreed on a price, and sent a check in the amount of $210.00 which was to cover 25 t-shirts and 100 vinyl stickers. He agreed to have the stuff ready within two weeks which was good news to me because we were leaving for tour in the first week of August. Three weeks passed and still nothing, I e-mailed him and he replied that he had not received the check and asked me to send a replacement. I found that funny because I called and found out from the bank that the check had been cashed on July 4 which was about three. After telling him this, he responded by apologizing and stating that he was absent minded(?) We picked up the shirts from him and found that instead of the 10 L, 10 XL, and 5 XXL, we got 20 XL and 5 XXL. Adding to our disappointment was the fact that he had not made a separate image for the darker shirts, resulting in them having a photo negative look on the image itself. They still looked ok so we didn't complain a whole lot. He said the stickers would be in the mail the following week (which would still have them to us in time).

Surprise, surprise...they never arrived. We got back from tour and I e-mailed him once again. In this response he asked me to double check to see if he has cashed my check because he didn't remember doing so. I had to wait to get my check returned from the bank and e-mailed him with the when/where details of the check cashing. Once more he blamed absent mindedness and apologized. Once again he explained that the stickers would be in the mail the following week. It's been almost three weeks since my last contact with him and he seems to be ignoring my attempts to e mail or phone him. I figure I'd write a letter to MRR so that other people people could be forewarned of his apparent "absent mindedness" in regard to services that he promotes. I know he plays in a self-proclaimed "DC-esque math rock band" called LUNGBUTTER and puts on shows in Stratford, Ontario so beware on that note also. Thanks for your time...note to self...never pay in advance.

Mike/70 Stokes Rd.#11/St.Thomas, Ont./N5R 6A9/Canada/oxbaker@sprint.ca

Hey people who work at MRR,

This is Larry from the band Don Austin. Recently the band took a little trip east and southeast to play a few shows. To call it a "tour" would be a bit much, but calling it a road trip would be a little unfair as well. We played seven shows and had a great time.

The trip started off really rough, as we had several days off (almost one every other show), invested nearly $200 dollars into the battlewagon by the second day so we could continue, and quite possibly put on the worst performance of our short existence at our second show. To say we were pissed by the time we reached our third show in Boston would be an understatement.

However, I didn't write this letter to complain and moan and tell tales of road terrors. Actually the trip as a whole, from Boston on, was a great experience and we are excited with the idea that we might be able to do it again.

Although our sojourn was brief, it was tough to put together, especially since we are a relatively unknown band with only two releases and no other tour experience. Not a lot of people were able or willing to help us out, so if it is possible I'd like to take this opportunity to thank everybody who had helped us out with this trip. A few people I'd like to mention by name are; Pittsburgh: Ian Ryan and the folks at Mr. Roboto, Killed In Action, Philadelphia: Andy Nelson, Greg Gartland, Boston-Dominic Desiata and all the nice people there for their hospitality, NYC: Steve at ABC No Rio, I Farm, Shelly and Tammy and Carlos, Jersey: Laura Vega, Joe, Dave, and Oprichniki, and Joe's parents for letting us destroy their backyard, Baltimore: Pat Vogel, Erin, Jamie and the Crispus Attucks house (especially Erin for sitting in a house with six complete strangers for six hours), Greenvile: Billy and the twins at the Backdoor Skatepark, and all of the incredibly cool people we met in North Carolina. We played with a lot of bands but the band we feel deserves a special mention is Down In Flames. We had a great time hanging out with these guys and they are great kids.

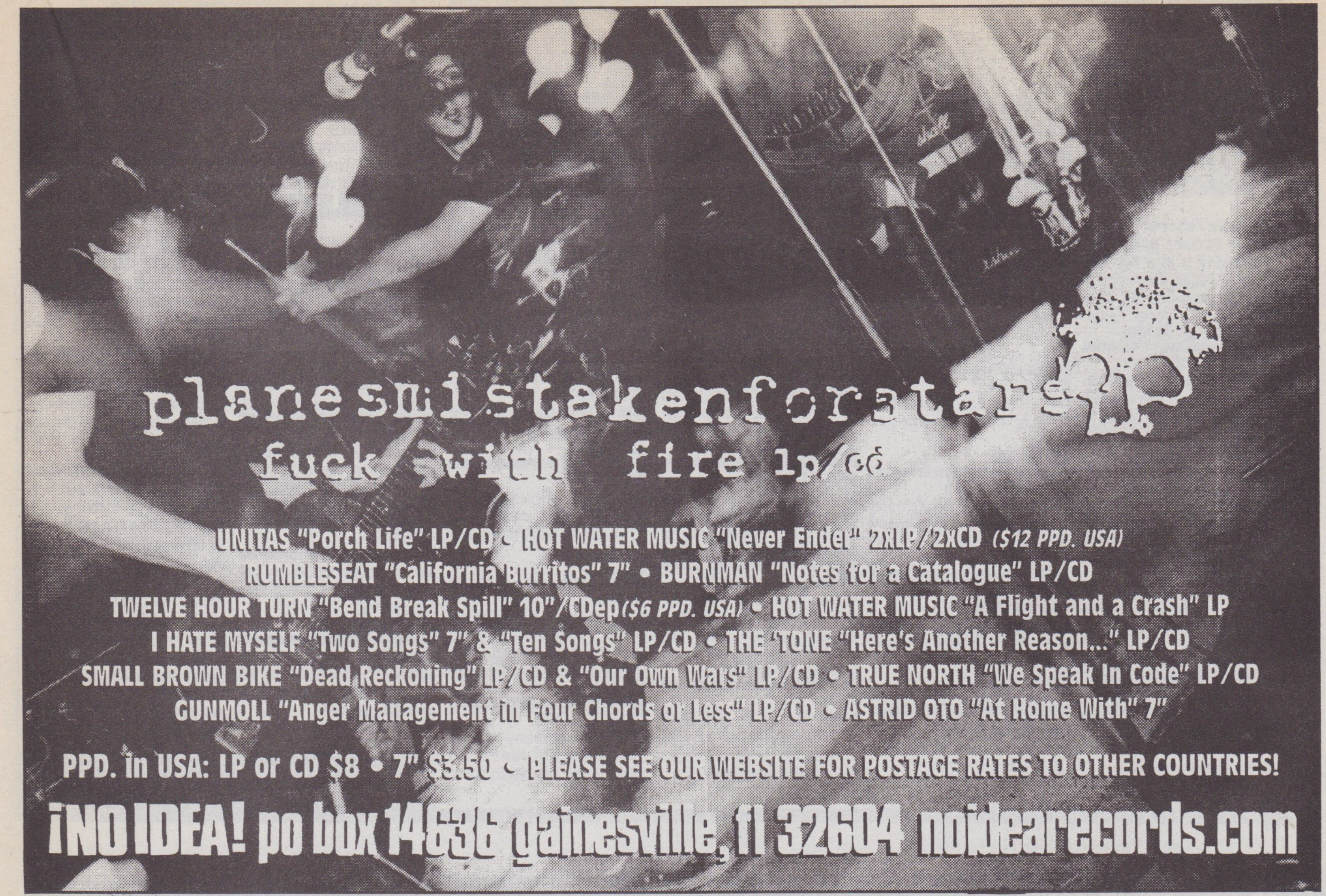
I don't want this letter to simply be a list of "shout outs," but a testament to what a lot of people have been telling me-that the hardcore punk scene is back in full swing and is better than it has been in years. Not only are there a lot of great bands, but there is a whole network of people who are out there simply to support the bands by doing labels, putting on shows, giving people a place to sleep/eat/shower and just showing up to the gigs. A lot of time is spent on singing the praises of the bands who are out there busting their asses to keep this thing alive, which is commendable, but I hope we don't forget all the folks out there doing what I have always considered the hardest and most thankless tasks involved with keeping this thing viable. The truth is—all we do is pick up some fucking guitars and scream at people—and we, the bands, get thanked for it.

So consider this a thank you note to all of the folks who have helped us do this and keep on doing what we love. Making music and playing shows. With you guys it wouldn't be possible. Also note that the aforementioned people are reliable folks and if you are in need of a show you should consider seriously contacting them—you won't be disappointed.

Thanks for letting me ramble and if anyone wants to get in touch please use the info below.

Thanks,
Larry Gargus/Don Austin
c/o Rubber City Records
PO Box 8349, Akron, OH 44320
<mail to:bleachmouth@hotmail.com>bleachmouth@hotmail.com

PS. Mike—if you are gonna call me out by name, at least get my name right. It's Mr. Bleachmouth, or Mr. Crunchface. Either one is acceptable.



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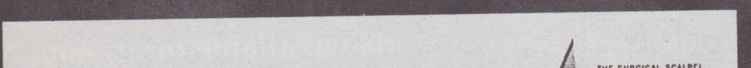
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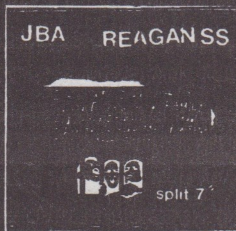
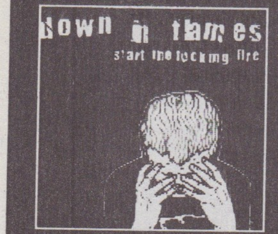


12 fast ones - east vs west coast



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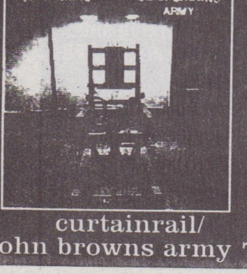

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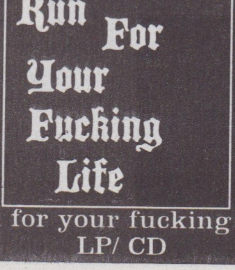

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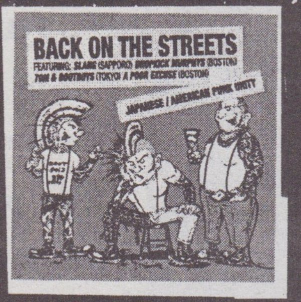

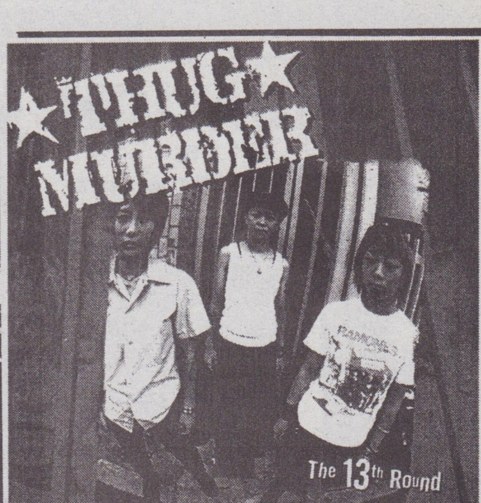

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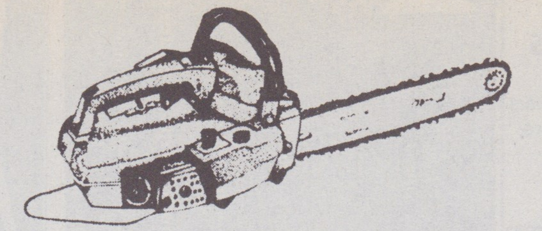

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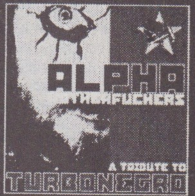

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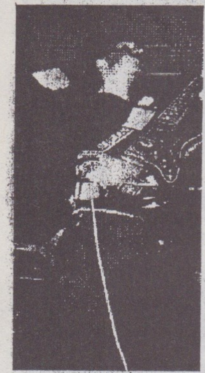

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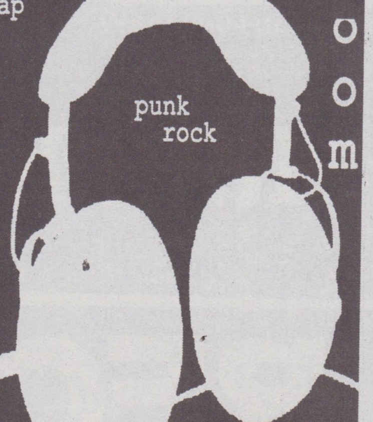

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COLUMNS

Mykel Board sez:
YOU'RE WRONG!

"I'm thinkin' about movin' back to Portland or The Bay Area. I'm gettin' tired of New York."

It's Dave D, fellow columnist and vocalist of the revitalized MDC. We're in Tompkins Square Park. The 5th? 8th? 10th? The I-can't-remember-th anniversary of THE RIOTS. I was there then too. With Jane Guskin. Remember her? Running from the cops. A protest riot. Against the bums' eviction. Against the midnight closing. Against gentrification.

New York is not Seattle. The cops won. Ever since, there's been an annual concert to celebrate the defeat. This year, the bands perform in a trailer, with a permit, a careful schedule, and a few police hanging around the edges of the crowd. They don't bother people very much.

"Last year there were a ton of cops," says Dave, obviously disappointed at this year's lack of blue. "I didn't attack them directly. I just pointed out how little they were getting paid for such a shitty dangerous job. I asked them if they liked their boss. I asked them if they knew how much cops on Long Island were getting paid." Dave and I are both from Long Island.

"Sounds good to me," I tell him. "It's much better to make the bad guys feel used. It creates a brotherhood. We're fucked over. You're fucked over."

Where am I going with this? This column is going astray. I never got to see MDC anyway. My friends left early and it was so hot, I had to leave before they played. I'm sure they were good. I just hope they did "Chicken Squawk," my favorite.

What I wanna write about this month goes back to Dave's first statement. About being sick of New York. About moving back to The West Coast... the Bay Area.

I've traveled more than anyone you know. And while the world gets more homogeneous, Starbuckized, Gapped, McDonoldated, most places still manage to hold on to a personality.

Sometimes those personalities change. I used to like New York, for example. Now I like it less. But it beats the shit out of Northern California. That's what I want to write about. Northern California and what it's like to live there.

Right now, San Francisco is the most expensive place in America. Since New York is now more expensive than Tokyo, it's probably the most expensive place in the world.

It was the internet that did it, of course. With the coming depression, that should end. But San Francisco has always had this aura around it. This idea of freedom. This idea of avant garde. This idea that it's a place where you can be yourself.

I've written before how, when people come to San Francisco, they change their names—often to fruits or vegetables. Peter Zucchini or Suzy Boisenberry would not raise the eyebrows of the most conservative San Francisco banker. People change the way they dress. They way they speak. Their hairstyles. More.

Is it because San Francisco fosters a kind of individualism? Do people change because they want to explore the parts of themselves they've repressed in other places? NO FUCKIN' WAY. They change to fit in. They change to become part of the massive conformity ruling that city with a pot-stained fist.

I walk down Mission Street. It's where the old Mexican neighborhood was. Timmy used to buy me these fat burritos there. Nowadays, it's not where you meet Mexicans. It's where I meet THE URBAN PIONEER.

"Dangerous? I spit in the face of danger!" The man talking is in his mid-thirties. He wears a sports jacket over a bright-colored shirt. His jet-black hair is greased into a pointed crewcut.

"I moved here when it was cheap," he continues. "My place cost less than two-thousand a month. I'm tellin' you. it was shit."

As he speaks, THE URBAN PIONEER tucks his thumbs behind his palms and points his fingers down, rap style.

"Listen up," he says. "I'm DOWN with this stuff. This is my neighborhood. Those other guys are movin' in now and ruining it for everyone."

And who are *those other guys*? Here comes one now: a DOT COMMUNIST. DOT COMMUNISTS are easy to recognize. They look like fanzine editors. We see this one approaching. He's shaped like a bulbous nose. His belly hangs over a pair of khaki shorts. His spindly pasty legs show little sign of any use beside moving his foot to turn the surge protector on and off. His thick glasses have the kind of black frames a riot grrrrrl would envy. He must be about 30, but he has the acne of a teenager. A thick lower lip sticks out above his weak chin, as if in a perpetual pout. He carries a laptop sized bag slung from one shoulder to the opposite hip.

I walk up to him. I wanna ask him if he plans to stay in San Francisco now that dot-communism has gone the way of that other communism.

"Excuse me, sir," I say.

His eyes widen.

I'm 5'3" tall and this guy is terrified. He grabs the bag and hugs it to his chest.

"Not the computer!" he says in a voice that sounds like his shorts are too tight. "I have money. My wallet. Take my wallet. But leave the computer. You can't use it. It's got a password. If you don't know it, it will kill you. I'm telling you. Anything but the computer."

I step forward to reassure him. He shits. Right there. In his khakis. A horrible smelling stink rises as the brownness oozes down his legs. I take off and head back to more urbanized places in the city.

I'm back in San Francisco. San Francisco of yesteryear. San Francisco of flowers in your hair, and dancing on mushrooms. Back to Haight Ashbury. It's here that I stumble over THE HIPPIE BURNOUT.

What's left of his hair is a tangled mass of straw. He sits in front of a liquor store, the bags under his unfocused eyes big enough to carry THE DOT COMMUNIST'S laptop. He wears the remains of a tie-dyed t-shirt, probably bought when Jerry Garcia was a teenager.

"Hey man," he says to me. "You got a dollar."

"A dollar?!!" I say, "What kind of bum asks for a dollar?"

"Man," he answers, "this is San Francisco. A dollar won't buy ten cents in this town."

His math is beyond me.

He gazes up at me. His eyes wet with chemical nostalgia.

"I remember back in '66..." he starts. I take off.

I'm not long on my run before I trip over THE STREET PUNK.

"Hey motherfucker," he says, "watch where you're goin'."

With more facial piercings than THE DOT COMMUNIST had blackheads, this 16 year old gazes up at me with eyes that say *You old fucker. Just give me money and get out of here.*

"Fuck you too." I look back. "I invented punk rock."

He's one of those retro punkers who think that '70s punkrock was plaid bondage pants and a mohawk, instead of leather jackets and torn jeans. He wears a Fear t-shirt, as if Lee Ving would care enough to spit on him.

"Hey man," he says, "you got a dollar?"

"Are you kidding?" I say. "A dollar? Why don't you just sell your face? They could melt it for scrap metal."

“Fuck you,” he answers creatively. “You yuppies are moving into my neighborhood. Gentrifying. You know what that means?”

“Listen, you little punk,” I tell him. “You wouldn’t know a real punk if he sucked your dick. Where’re you from?”

“Awa” he says.

“Awa?” I yell back. “Where the fuck is Awa?”

I think I’ve scared him. It’s amazing what I can do when I’m pissed off.

“Awa, he repeats. “You know, it’s in the middle. Near Wisconsin.”

“It’s Iowa, you moron,” I tell him. “Iowa. And you’re from Iowa, asking people for money on the street. Then you say *they’re* gentrifying the neighborhood if they don’t give it to you? What is gentrification?”

“It’s where somebody you don’t like moves into your neighborhood, right?” he says.

I don’t hit him.

Instead I wander off continuing my exploration of the San Francisco types. Though there are about a half dozen of these types, there is no variation *within* the type. All the URBAN PIONEERS, DOT COMMUNISTS, HIPPIE BURN-OUTS, and STREET PUNKS look exactly like one another. There’s no variation. No creativity. Each has a uniform as severely conformist as that of any yuppie in Iowa.

As I sit in that big park with the Buffalo, contemplating the misery that is San Francisco, I feel a presence sit down on the bench next to me. Wearing a polo shirt with large red horizontal strips, his long khaki pants end in neat little cuffs. His white face is smooth as a Nazi’s head. His blond crewcut doesn’t have a trace of new wave greasiness.

“Hello,” he says moving closer to me, “nice day, isn’t it?”

Uh oh, I’ve run into THE RESPECTABLE HOMO.

How can I tell? By the way he moves closer to me? Nope. By the way he has his sweater tied by the sleeves around his neck? Nope. Does his clean-cut face and perfect mouth with brace-straightened teeth have a trace of a lisp? Nope. Does the hand that houses the perfectly shaped fingers with perfectly manicured fingernails dangle from a limp wrist? Nope.

I can tell he’s a RESPECTABLE HOMO because he’s so straight. Add a tie and he’s a Mormon.

“Hello,” he says, reaching over to shake hands. A homo who shakes hands! Oy vey!

“My name is Roger Bell.” he has a voice like a radio announcer.”You can call me Roger.”

As he speaks, another Roger Bell, this one with dark hair and blue instead of red stripes on his polo shirt, comes and sits next to him.

“This is Stephen Waltham,” he says, “my partner.”

Partner? Is this a Western? Cowboys have partners. Small business owners have partners. Homos have fuck buddies, lovers, boyfriends... but not partners.

“Hello,” says Steve, “pleased to meet you.”

He too shakes my hand. I feel like I should wash it.

“Er...” I start, not knowing exactly what to say. “Can you tell me where there’s some good homopunk bars these days.”

Stephen and Roger’s face simultaneously go ashen. It’s as if I’d asked “where’s the nearest toddler rape market.”

“We don’t drink.” says Roger. “We certainly don’t go to bars. And we most emphatically are NOT *homos.”*

He nearly gags when he says the word.

“We are GAY,” continues his partner. “No different from anyone else in the world.”

I excuse myself and run off to find someone who *is* different from anyone else in the world. I don’t get far. In fact, I don’t even get out of The Castro before I run into THE RADICAL FAERIE.

About 6 feet tall, he’s got a thick black beard and a bald pate with Ben Franklin fringes. He’s cube-shaped, built like an industrial air conditioner. I can count the manhole size pores on his nose. From that nose, thick black hairs grow and mingle with his mustache. Oh yeah, he’s wearing a dress.

“Hi,” he says, making a slight curtsey. “My name is Eddie Looselips. Can I sink your ship?”

My face conveys the *huh?* I’m thinking.

“You know,” he says, “loose lips sink ships. Hahahaha.”

He seems to be trying to affect a feminine flip of the wrist, but he’s so hirsutely masculine that it looks like he’s throwing a football.

“Hi,” I say, trying to keep my politeness. “I’m Mykel Board.” I extend my hand.

He doesn’t take it. Instead, he takes me. Wrapping his arms around me, he pulls me to him, squeezing me as if he were trying to pop my brains out.

He puts his mouth against mine and thrusts his tongue inside. I taste tofu on his breath.

Somehow I manage to free myself from his grasp.

“I’m a gender bender.” he says. “I want to destroy the difference between male and female.”

“A worthy goal,” I say. “And how do plan to do that?”

“Easy,” he says, “I wear a beard and a dress. That way nobody will be able to figure out what I am. A boy or a girl, they just won’t be able to tell.”

“Brilliant,” I answer, stepping away onto public transportation, back to Noe Valley where I meet THE LIBERAL. The closest to a New Yorker of anyone I’ve met so far. THE LIBERAL is Jewish-looking with the nose, the 5 o’clock shadow and the diminutive stature. He wears a blue suit jacket with a bright pink shirt underneath. Like the DOT COMMUNIST, he wears khaki shorts. Unlike the other guys, though, he wears sandals. Brown ones, with thick soles and a leather strap that wraps around the big toe.

[ASIDE: I’ve written about my opposition to the death penalty. I won’t go into detail here. BUT, one of two things I DO support that punishment for is the wearing of sandals in public, especially by males over 15 years old. The other death-deserving crime, by the way, is the use of cell phones on public transportation.]

A button on the lapel of THE LIBERAL’s suit says, in red type on a green background, FREE NELSON MANDELA.

“Can I interest you in contributing to Save The Children?” he asks me.

“What children? Where?” I ask back.

“Hmmmm,” he says, stroking his chin. “No one’s ever asked me that before. I guess it doesn’t matter. Right? A child is a child no matter where she is. Right?”

“I gave at the office.” I tell him.

“Hey?” he says, “You wanna come over and use my hot tub?”

“Aaargh!” I scream. I’m outta there. Gone. Through the magic of literature, back safely in the hovel I call home. Back to the horror house that Guiliani’s New York has become. At least everyone will be rude to me in her own unique way. At least I can count on being insulted by an endless variety of ethnicities, all within a very small area.

It’s not long before I’m delighted to be abused by an Indian cab driver. Soon after, an attractive Puerto Rican boy with no shirt on raises his head and spits at me. “What’re you lookin’ at?” he asks. Ah, home!

As for Dave. I wish you good luck back on the West Coast. You might want to consider staying in Portland though. If you move to San Francisco, there’s no telling what you might become. But you won’t have a hell of a lot of choices.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*When bad names happen to good bands dept:* One of the bands I *did* see at the Tompkins Square riot nostalgia fest was the all-girl band SICK OF THE ABUSE. Yeah, I know it’s a lousy name, but they are great. What a bunch of pure hardcore anger! Wow!

They’re not big girls, but little ones. Ones you could put your arms around and grab both of your own elbows... but you’d better not. While they were performing, this dancing dork jumps on stage and grabs one of the singers. WHACK! The microphone slammed against his head. You could hear it in Cleveland. Nearly knocked him out. That is TOUGH! You MUST see this band of angry girls. Maybe someday soon, they’ll change their name. My suggestion: Bloody Head.

—>I got this a long time ago. I don’t even know if it’s still good. You might wanna check it out, though: *http://www.verbalassault.com,* the new, official web site of Verbal Assault. If you don’t remember them, then, well, how about THE ZERO POINT. They were one of the first Danish hardcore bands and for many people, the best. You can find their new website at www.zeropoint.8k.com. Don't remember any of these bands? Well then, check out the N'Sync site. Remember them?

—>*David Steinberg does it again dept:* Long time readers of this column know I often quote from COMES NATURALLY. That's a sex column written by David Steinberg. (You can subscribe with an email to: EroNat@aol.com). A few months ago, Dave had an interesting column on Yahoo. It seems the internet giant started a "porn and erotica" store for on-line sex buyers. It was a logical enough decision. Good business, and everyone else was doing it. So why not? What happened? I'll let Dave tell it:

The porn-scorn reaction was immediate and uncompromising. It was led not by Operation Rescue and the American Family Association, but by Yahoo's Internet rivals who outdid each other condemning this supposedly unsavory Internet development, sniffing and snorting like once-upon-a-time society matrons going apoplectic about the first Negro, Jew, or Homosexual invited to a debutante ball.

America Online, which does not permit the sale of adult material on its site and which operates the most grossly overreaching of all Internet website filters (its "Young Teen" filter blocked out 63% of non-sexual websites dealing with controversial subjects in a Consumer Reports test), proudly announced that its anti-porn vigilance would remain strictly in place, Yahoo porn or no Yahoo porn.

A Microsoft Network spokesman, commenting to the Los Angeles Times, lay claim to the mythical black-and-white distinction between good products promoting "healthy sensuality" (sometimes called "erotica" and available, of course, through Microsoft's web browser) and bad products "that simply exploit sexuality" (theoretically verboten via Microsoft).

Blockbuster—the video rental chain famous for its refusal to stock NC-17, let alone X-rated videos— commented archly to the Times that they (as opposed to poor Yahoo) didn't "need to sell adult products to make money."

Then what happens? This is America. Waddaya think? Yahoo backs down. Worse than that, it chucks the porn it HAD been carrying and puts in tough new censorship rules. Now, who was it that said censorship is only what THE GOVERNMENT does? I'll take the government any day over what the... er... free market can do.

—> *Unflaking dept:* Awhile ago I wrote about a great anti-religion pamphlet set. Someone wrote to me asking for info, but I couldn't find it. Since then, however, I've found a website: http://members. dencity.com/aviking/ AntiReligion/ AntiReligion.htm<

This is the anti-religion page, with lotsa quotes, biblical evidence and other stuff you might find useful. Let me know if it's still working.

—>*Can you say asshole? dept:* I got forwarded email from Rick Hall, formerly of THE STALLIONS and now of THE FUSE. It seems he and members of his band were attacked and beaten by ten members of a band called DEAD MAN'S CHOIR. It sounds like a dumb turf war, with DMC as the bad guys. (Does this band have members of another band with the same initials in a different order?)

If this is true, then I concur with Rick's final assessment, "please do everyone a favor and stick to wearing your baseball cap backwards and playing shitty metal music with whiney rapping and leave the punk rock to the people who really care about it."

You can contact Rick for the details at rick@stuporstars.com.

ADDENDUM: [The MRR bosses said I could write a whole column about it. I will. But it's too close. I can still smell the smoke on the street outside. I need time to digest it all. To think it through. To pick the soot out of my nose. So here are the first couple of paragraphs of the *next* column.]

If I hear one more newsman say *It's just like a movie.* I'm gonna take a bag of popcorn and shove it down his throat. Movies are special effects and tricks with mirrors. This rubble is no trick.

If I hear one more politician say, *We're gonna get 'em.* If I hear one more version of *God Bless America.* If I hear one more call for *justice* (read REVENGE), I'm gonna rip that American Flag off his back and hang him with it. *This* was revenge. This act of terror was revenge for *our* terror. It was David taking a potshot at Goliath, and striking home.

If I hear one more *God Will Comfort Us.* If I see one more preacher. If I watch Bush at one more church. If I see one more person thanking God for something or other, I'm gonna take his fuckin' Bible and shove it up his ass. It was GOD who got us into this. It was GOD who killed those people. It was GOD who is responsible for more deaths and destruction than any other force in human history.

[more next week, when I've calmed down]

POP SICKO!
RR
Ray Lujan

It's been a while since my last column so I have a lot of releases to catch up to. So I'll cover what I can now and pick up the rest next time around. I wish my pseudo break was all fun and games but the rigors of work related demands left me short on time for leisure activity but things are getting back to normal if not better. Once again I can frequent the clubs as well as the occasional A's game. Now on with the music.

First up is the TRAVOLTAS *Teenbeat* CD on Coldfront Records (www.coldfrontrecords.com). This band from the Netherlands is dishing out some seriously great power pop stuff. Always described as a cross between the Beach Boys and the Ramones, this holds up to power pop's best of all time. Fueled by a great "wanna be catchin' a wave" attitude, this could be the summer band of our time. The last LP was great and the hits keep coming here.

In a similar vein is the YUM YUMS *Singles n' Stuff* CD on Screaming Apple Records (www.screaming-apple-records.de). If you don't know about these power pop masters you've been wasted. Where the hell is that second LP? Anyway, a singles comp of a bunch of great records you probably didn't know existed even if you are a fan. Twenty-six tracks of Plimsouls meet The Paul Collins Beat type of stuff circa West Coast 1980. These two bands have distanced themselves from the pack on the growing power pop revival.

The DICKIES are back with a good dose of new material on the *All This And Puppet Stew* CD on Fat Wreck Chords (www.fatwreck.com). So what if they haven't changed a bit, they are the fuckin' Dickies! There are certainly a few keepers to add to their legacy on this disc including the great "Donut Man" of which I had only heard the Gigantor version. Speaking of GIGANTOR! (Segues can be so predictable.) They are back with the *Back To The Rockets* CD on Rotten Records (www.rotten-records.com). These mostly German pop punk icons keep the punchy produced stuff coming. They have been around awhile now and have yet to put out a sub-par release. One of Europe's best!

Boss Tuneage (www.bosst.freeserve.co.uk) has released a great CD from the UK's PERFECT DAZE, *Five Year Scratch.* This is a comp of all their releases and unreleased tracks. One of the legendary fuzz pop punk bands circa 1990 with Mega City 4 and the Senseless Things. 20 something tracks of raw pop bliss. Considering their records have been gone for years, this is a welcome release and a part of UK history. In the post Perfect Daze vein is the LOVEJUNK *Tribulations* CD on the always great Crackle label (www.crackle.freeuk.com). Connected to P. Daze, these guys continue to crank out the Hüsker Dü-esque pop that rocks. I thought this band had broken up too so this was certainly a surprise release. Two great releases for Euro pop punk fans.

Also out on Crackle is the MILLOY *Autodrivel* CD. This is cool UK stuff with a J Church meets Face To Face quality. The latest discovery from Crackle does not disappoint with its punchy emo-core. Also in the emo-core vein is the debut full length by local boys MERRICK *An Album For Raymond* on Deafinit Records (www.soapdog.com/merrick). With a quality Samiam influence, this is a good listen for fans of the genre. Strengthened by the always solid Kevin Army production, this blends in just fine in the East Bay scene. The SOMMERSET *Fast Cars, Slow Guitars* CD on Phyte (PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090) also has that emo-core thing going on.

Except these New Zealand boys have a more muscular Hot Water Music sound. This pretty much rocks intensely with some great riffs and chops thrown in. A great new band to keep an eye on.

Speaking of great new bands! The STRIKE ANYWHERE *Change Is A Sound* CD on Jade Tree (www.jadetree.com) is awesome emo meets hardcore. This band got a rave review of enormous proportions (and length) in the regular review section. There is definitely something special going on here. Even more so than let's say, Kid Dynamite. Screaming anthems away! Maybe punk's next hope?

Back to the pop front, on the previously mentioned Boss Tuneage is the WOOLWORTHY *Back Into Ashes* EP. Strong pop with a Figgs meets The Stereo pop sense. Their first LP was so-so but this follow up EP holds up just fine. The YELLOWCARD *One For The Kids* CD on Lobster Records (PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102) is one of my favorite releases of the year. A great blend of poppy emo stuff with strings, keyboards, and acoustic guitars mixed in. This actually has a groove going on instead of the usual watering down effects of the extra instruments. I played the hell out of this when it came out. Fans of Jimmy Eat World and Promise Ring will like. The UK's LORIMER sent in two CD EPs, *Repeat Offender* and *Sectioned*, on their own label (www.lorimerhatewebsites.com). Cool perky pop that blows away similar bands like Supergrass and the latest Elastica stuff. It won't be long before *NME* "discovers" this band. I sense greatness in the making so you UK pop fans should track these down.

New York's HISSYFITS finally have a full length out, *Letters From Frank* on Top Quality Rock And Roll (www.topqualityrockandroll.com). More cool indie pop punk from the all-gal band with just the right amount of amateur-ish charm. Lots of folk dig this genre, so you popsters shouldn't hesitate to pick this up. Makes me want to break out my Blake Babies and Tiger Trap records for some reason. The BRISTOLS *Introducing* LP on Damaged Goods (www.damagedgoods.co.uk) is fun '60s pop with a camp feel a la the Delmonas or Miaow. No overproduction or Marshall stacks on this baby, just some simple basic stuff with the obligatory organ. Coulda been a Purple Onion band back in the day. Slampt darlings PUSSYCAT TRASH have a complete discography CD on Troubleman Unlimited (16 Willow St., Bayonne, NJ 07002). If you miss the Riot Girl rants of Bikini Kill and Huggybear then grab this piece of riot history. Although you might want to take in the 40 tracks in several sittings.

In a similar vein is the PUTA-PONS *Return To Zero* CD on Vinahyde Records (www.theputa-pons.com). A little more dissonant, this has a Mocket meets Bikini Kill quality. Maybe it's time for a Riot revival! The SHERMANS have a great five song CD, *Falling Out Of Love*, on Sky Blue Records (daggerboy@prodigy.net). This is pure UK-esque indie ala Aisler's Set and the UK Motorcycle Boy. Sugary sweet and proud with great gal vocals from the recently wed Tim Dagger's label. Congrats!

Now for some oldies: the OFFS' *Live At The Mabuhay Gardens Nov 7 1980* on Vampir Records (vampirrecs@hotmail.com) pretty much says it all. A decent live release from the band in their heyday or damn near. "Ska-punk pioneers," unfortunately. All the classics are here: "Bigot," "Johnny Too Bad," "My World," and so forth on this fairly raw recording. Captain Oi is at it again (www.captainoi.com). First is the CHELSEA *BBC Punk Sessions* CD which is four Peel-like sessions and a live set. One of my all-time faves, this is a set of recordings never before released to the best of my knowledge. Also on Captain Oi is the classic SECRET AFFAIR *Glory Boys* release on CD. Awesome mod from 1980 with a few bonus tracks. If you like your mod with a soul bent, go get this. Go get this anyway, one of the major players in the early '80s mod revival. Rocknroll Blitzkrieg (rnrblitz@mindspring.com) has re-issued the great Australian band X's *X-Aspirations* LP. Last out on CD on AmRep, I believe, this release needs to always be in print! Recorded in 1979 in the vein of Wire, the Fall, and Gang Of Four, this is a jaggedly raw classic.

That will do it for this issue. Slowly but surely I'm catching up on the stuff sent in so keep sending those releases to PO Box 7963, Berkeley, CA 94707. Email still at popsickoray@yahoo.com. Later.

My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

a letter to my daughter

Today you are 18 months old. Four long days ago, terrorists struck the World Trade Center twin towers in New York City and the Pentagon in Washington, DC.

It was early in the morning when your Abuela called from Montana to tell us the news. I didn't believe it until I turned on the radio and heard what sounded like total chaos. Two hijacked jets had just crashed into the towers. I couldn't imagine what was going on in real terms. What had just happened?

When I arrived at work less than an hour later, the first thing I saw were my co-workers glued to the internet and radio. Most of them were crying. I, too, glued myself to the radio and learned that there were two other planes that were hijacked. One of them had just crashed into the Pentagon and the other had crash-landed into a rural part of Pennsylvania. The latter was presumed to have been on course for Washington, DC also, but it's being speculated that some passengers fought back against the hijackers, thereby crashing prematurely.

I had to go teach my class, but could barely do so. My skin was tingling and had goose bumps that wouldn't go away. Involuntary tears had filled my eyes.

An hour later, classes had been canceled all over the country. We were sent home. Everything was at a halt. Everything.

I hopped on my bike and pedaled home as fast as I could. The only clear thought I could muster up is that I wanted to get home to you as fast as I could. You were the only thing that made sense to me.

Home, I scooped you up and we proceeded to play all afternoon. As we played, your Dad and I had our ears glued to the radio. Tens of thousands of people were dead or injured. The towers had collapsed to the ground. The entire country was paralyzed and the media took advantage of their captive audience.

After only a few hours, my brain started to kick in again and I realized that every mainstream media outlet was already relying on the rerun. I kept hearing the same summary report, only with new frenzied, speculative words. And none of them were critically asking, "Why?" They were pointing their shaking fingers at the Middle East, saying "How dare you do this on our soil!" I turned the radio off.

I felt like I was a little kid again, remembering the vague stories of Vietnam told to me by my father, your Baba. I remembered my innocent childhood longings for world peace, how I just didn't understand why people killed people over things that didn't make any sense to me. They still don't make sense to me and I'm struggling to understand them now. I've never been forced to understand them until now. It's time to learn some real history.

I remembered my Dad telling me that he hoped I would never see a war in my lifetime. He made me feel very safe and until now, I've felt relatively safe, free to do as I please without having to think about a bomb or anything exploding along my path. I remained feeling safe because war was always something that was happening somewhere else, even if it was my country that was waging war.

My illusion of safety has been shattered. I feel vulnerable. I am scared. I am your mother who wants you to know what peace is. I feel powerless in being able to protect you. I feel like a child who has a single wish to make when blowing out her birthday cake candles.

My childlike illusion of safety allowed me to live a relatively happy, sheltered life. As a child, I never realized how sheltered I was. I just remember feeling lucky to have so much good fortune. I was always thankful for everything. We weren't rich, but I never went without anything I needed. As I grew into an adult, I started to realize that my white, middle class American life of extreme privilege has not come without great cost to many people both domestically and worldwide.

And I feel sick knowing that children all over the world have had to endure bombs and war in their faces, some for their entire lifetimes, and I didn't feel paralyzed and shattered like I do now. Sure, I wanted it to stop, but it was a fleeting want, one

I didn't have to feel all the time because our media kept it successfully out of my face.

My American childhood's war was the cold war; yours will be much different. There are ugly, scary times ahead. Until now, I actually thought that I was politically aware and that all of your Dad's and my progressive, radical activism and organizing was really working. Now I just feel like all of my prior thoughts and efforts have been deemed insignificant.

As I write this, you sleep peacefully, unaware of the turmoil and the frenzy that this country has been whooped into. I want to join your innocent consciousness. I want to hear a booming mythical voice call out, "Game Off!" and for it all to stop. I don't want you or any one else to have to endure the warring wrath of the Empire.

As the saying goes, children are the future, and for the first 18 months of your life, I all of a sudden saw that there was one. I hope that there still will be. I hope that your generation will actually think critically and get things right because all the ones before you have done a great job of getting them wrong.

Love,
Mom.

Scott Soriano
Rama Lama Fa
Fuck You

I write this within the first week of the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Regarding the attacks, the only things that I am quite certain about is that the attacks happened, that a lot of words will be generated as a result of them, and that, from those words, some unfortunate actions will result. Hopefully, my ramblings will offer a bit clarity and perspective to what has and will happen.

After concerns for personal safety, the first response to such a tragedy is trying to peg who is responsible. As much as the media claims restraint, the "answers" come quickly. We are told the terrorists are the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Moments later, we are told that is not the case. Libya, Iran, and Iraq are rolled out as possible suspects, and then dismissed. The Taliban are tagged responsible. Then we hear not. Osama bin-Laden's name surfaces, as a still photograph from long ago flashes on the screen.

Those with conspiracy on their minds question why four planes were "allowed" to be hijacked and how three of the planes were "allowed" to take out the preeminent symbols of American economic and military power. Some speculate that the attacks came from within, that Presidents Bush and Cheney came up with the plan, or, at the very least, allowed it to happen in order to increase the military budget and strengthen police power. Others believe that a secret shadow government, or renegade elements within the state's security apparatus are responsible.

And then there are those of us who scan the globe, who figure the attackers could be any number of pissed-off people, including American, Right-wing, paramilitary types. Just as the search for blame is varied, so are reactions to the attacks. If we are to trust the mainstream media, Americans are either pissed off and demand vengeance or are filled with sorrow and demand justice. We see images of the rest of the world condemning the attack and mourning the victims. Perhaps somewhere, in some dusty shithole, a dozen people surround a burning American flag, a couple dozen cameramen surround the flag burners. However, what we see, hear, and read in the mainstream media is far more simple than what is really going on in people's minds and throughout the world.

While no one can deny that the sight of two airliners taking out the World Trade Center is visually spectacular and that the results of the attack are brutally devastating, many throughout the world are surprised that the attacks did not happened sooner. From radical to reactionary, world opinion is either the United States "had it coming" and "it's about time the US got to feel the fear the rest of the world feels" or that the US was "fair game." That is not to say that people outside the US agree with what happened: many view the attacks as what they are: uncivilized and barbaric. However, those outside of the US have a clearer idea of the US's role in the world than the US's own citizens. The facts are that America is not always well regarded in the world and that many of our brother and sister Earthpeople do not always appreciate American cultural, economic, and military dominance of the world.

For those who read, the above bit of information is nothing new. Newspaper reports on the last five years of anti-globalism protests—those that shut down the WTO meetings in Seattle and disrupted the G7 in Genoa—have pointed out that there are people who do not like the US's role in the world. While most news reports on anti-globalism protests have been shallow, disgruntlement with the US has been mentioned.

Books, of course, offer a much better picture of international dissent to US power, especially corporate power. Walter LaFeber, in his book, *Michael Jordan & the New Global Capitalism*, does an excellent job of documenting the global conquest of American corporate power and the reaction to it. LaFeber quotes *New York Times* columnist Thomas Friedman, hardly a radical, as saying that many nations, "including such friends as the French and Japanese, believed the United States is the capital of global arrogance." Countries and city-states such as Malaysia and Hong Kong have organized on a international level to blunt American economic influence.

LaFeber repeatedly notes France's attempt at keeping American corporate culture from "corrupting" the French. What LeFeber neglects to mention is that part of the resurgence of the Right-wing in Europe is based on anti-American feelings and the belief that US corporate culture is a threat to national purity, even more so than the usual scapegoats—North Africans, Arabs, and Pakistanis. On the Left, Europeans take a more class-based approach to American capital, however they, too, view the US dominance of the world as *the* problem.

Inside the US, these criticisms are pushed to the margin. If they appear on TV, they are on some statistically nonexistent cable program. On the radio dial, they might take up one or two slots in one hundred. And, in print, dissent is lacking. The result is that millions of Americans believe that the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon happened because the attackers don't like "our values," hate "our way of life," and are "jealous of what we have." Not only are such catch-phrases left undefined, attempts to get beyond cliche and understand why the attacks happened are limited to issues of security and lack thereof, or written off as apologetic, liberal, egghead claptrap.

Unfortunately, the same people who remain ignorant to the many reasons why the US was attacked will also demand a reply that will be blunt and dumb. This reply will not be limited to "kill the towelhead" and "let's kick some ass," but will also impact our civil liberties.

Mere hours after the attack, legislators lined up to support Congressman Curt Weldon's statement that, "Education should not be our number one priority...Health care should not be our priority; the number one priority of Congress should be the security of the American people." This statement is chilling. In a country like the US, where there is much intellectual freedom and freedom of movement, total security is impossible without severely restricting our rights.

The president and others have called the attack a "declaration of war against the United States" and, thus, we are now "at war." The president and Congress have pledged that any nation found lending support to the group responsible be met with "full force." What "lending support" means is not explained. Does it mean logistical support? Economic support? Ideological support? Moral support? Does sympathy imply support? Can one be sympathetic to the cause of the attackers, yet not support their actions? Does being sympathetic to some, but not all of the attackers, views, count as support? Will insight into the actions of the attackers be taken for sympathy, and, thus, support?

Please do not think I am nit-picking. We live among people who believe that the US would be better off as a police state. We have elected people who are out-and-out fascists, and I am not using the term in the "Lefty-throw-the-word-around-willy-nilly" sense of fascist. Because part of being an American means refusing to believe that fascism can happen here—we fail to name it when it exists. How else to frame the Christian Right, with their insistence on a theologically based state? Is there any other way to describe those in law enforcement who think that the Bill of Rights "gets in the way" of their job? Or the opinion that all Arab-Americans should be placed in Manzanar-style internment camps? What is even more alarming is that the enemy is being framed as "terrorism," as if terrorism is a noun, an object that can be detected and removed like a tumor. While people are told that the "War on Terrorism" will be a long one, they are led to believe it is a battle with an end. "Give us the tools," we are told, "And we will win."

There is a problem here: Terrorism is not corporeal, it is not a thing. You can no more kill terrorism than you can kill "math." Terrorism is a tactic, a means to an end. Or, in the US Army's words, terrorism is "the calculated use of violence or the threat of violence to attain goals that are political, religious, or ideological in nature." It is important that we understand this definition of terrorism. Because to understand that terrorism is "the calculated use of violence...to attain goals that are political, religious, or ideological in nature" is to understand that behind terrorism are causes—situations and experiences that lead people to use terrorism as a tool.

It is also important to know that the use of terrorism is not limited to small groups or individuals. By definition, terrorism is a tactic available to any organized group, including the state. In fact, the word "terrorism" was coined in the late 1700s to "refer to violent acts of governments designed to ensure popular submission," specifically the Terror that occurred following the French Revolution (Noam Chomsky, *Pirates & Emperors*, a handy read for the coming days). In the 1970s, the word was redefined by those in power to apply only to acts carried out by individuals and groups, ie "retail terrorism." Terrorist acts committed by those in power, ie "wholesale terrorism," continued and still continue to occur.

The US justifies bombing civilian targets in Sudan, Iraq, and Panama as a way to send the message to the citizens of the target countries that the US will not tolerate "terrorism," "aggression," "drug trafficking," etc. The US claims that by putting such "pressure" on the people, these noncombatants will see that "they" face a hefty toll if they oppose "America's will." Rather than suffer more punishment, the people are expected to do away with their leaders. What the US does not allow is that many of the countries that are bombed are not democracies and have rulers who deal with dissent by killing the opposition. Unless the US considers suicide an acceptable and effective way to "take back the government," bombing "to send a message" is little more than terrorism, as defined by the US Army. So, let's agree with the US Army definition of the word "terrorism," as applied to *all* its practitioners, and now try to find what terrorism means when it is applied, or, what, according to the US government, makes "terrorist activity." The place to start is with the last major-overhaul in "counterterrorism" law, the Omnibus Anti-Terrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act of 1996, signed into being by President Bill Clinton, a Democrat, in the wake of the Oklahoma City bombing.

In Section 302, titled "Designation of Foreign Terrorist Organizations," the act defines "terrorist activity" as "defined in section 212(a)(3)(B))." Okay, but "section 212(a)(3)(B))" of what? I searched through the Act but there is no "section 212." The act jumps from section 211 to 221. I do some more digging and found that the section 212 that I am looking for is not in the Anti-Terrorism Act but in the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952.

According to Chapter II of the Immigration Act, section 212(a)(3)(B), I need to look at section 212(a)(3)(a)(iii), which says terrorist activity is "any activity a purpose of which is the opposition to, or the control or overthrow of, the Government of the United States by force, violence, or other unlawful means..."

On January 25, 1995, President Clinton modified that definition to include any group that disrupts, i.e. opposes, the US position in the Middle East peace process. In other words, opposition to US foreign policy is now "terrorist activity." Thus, the legal definition of terrorism can include groups who legitimately organize against American allies or client states, providing that the opposition, in part or as a whole, uses violence, including "violence" against property, to express their disagreement with the policies of the US *and* its allies.

In October 1999, Secretary of State Madeline Albright, as required by the Anti-Terrorism Act, came up with 29 foreign terrorist organizations. Foreign terrorist organizations, as defined by the Anti-Terrorism Act, are determined a) by their point of origin (they must be foreign to the US), b) whether they engage in "terrorist activity," and c) whether that activity "threatens the security of United States nationals or the national security of the United States." As almost any political act, violent or not, can be interpreted as "threaten[ing] the security of United States nationals," the definition of terrorist activity is blown wide open.

Violent cult groups, such as Japan's Aum Shinrikyo, and separatists who engage in guerrilla struggle, such as Basque Fatherland and Liberty in Spain and Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam in Sri Lanka, none of which operate on US soil nor target US citizens, can be considered terrorists. Also included on Albright's list is HAMAS, an "outgrowth of the Palestinian branch of the Muslim Brotherhood," a Islamic self-help organization. While the State Department, and Israel, consider HAMAS to be violent, many of its supporters see it as resorting in violence only as self-defense against Israeli aggression. The debate about HAMAS illustrates the notion that one person's terrorist is another's freedom fighter.

State Department also considers "engaging in terrorist activity" as "[committing], in an individual capacity or as a member of an organization, an act of terrorist activity or an act which the actor knows, or reasonably *should know*, affords material support to any individual, organization, or government in conducting a terrorist activity at any time, including any of the following acts...the preparation or planning of a terrorist activity...the gathering of information on potential targets for terrorist activity...the providing of any type of material support, including a safe house, transportation, communication, funds, false identification, weapons, explosives, or training, to any individual the actor knows or has reason to believe has committed or plans to commit a terrorist activity...the soliciting of funds or other things of value for terrorist activity of for any terrorist organization...the solicitation of any individual for membership in a terrorist organization, terrorist government, or to engage in a terrorist activity" [emphasis added].

Albright's 1999 Foreign Terrorist Report also defines terrorist activity as any activity which is unlawful under the laws of the place where it is committed (or which, if committed in the United States, would be unlawful under the laws of the United States or any State)" and which also includes acts such as kidnapping, hijacking, violent attacks, assassination, property damage as a result of explosives, and the "threat, attempt, or conspiracy to do any of the foregoing."

I give you the above information not to put you to sleep, but to show that what constitutes "terrorism" and "terrorist activity" is muddled, vague, and sometimes contradictory. Considering that the US uses other country's laws, including laws regarding conspiracy, to define a person or group as terrorist *and* that many of our allies and client states are not known for excellence in jurisprudence or their openness to dissent, who is terrorist is pretty much determined by who has power.

Also, even though you and I might consider an attack on innocent people or noncombatants to be a prerequisite for terrorism, that is not included in the definition used by the State Department. Thus, a legitimate revolutionary group, such as the EZLN, or Zapatistas, who engage in armed struggle and deliberately *avoid* civilian casualties *can* be defined as terrorist. Likewise, those who raise money to educate people about the Zapatistas *could* be tagged as terrorist. (The Zapatistas were considered terrorist by the Mexican government; however, broad and early support of the EZLN by Latinos in the US, a group both political parties were courting, kept the US from following Mexico's lead.)

What this all comes down to is a War on Terrorism is basically a blank check. We might agree that the people who attacked the World Trade Center are terrorists, but once (if) they are caught, then what? Does the US go after the rest of the world's terrorists? Who will determine who is a terrorist? Will peasants fighting to keep Shell Oil from wiping out their village be considered acting in self-defense, or are they terrorists? Will Fundamentalist Christians who bomb health clinics and assassinate doctors "to attain goals that are political, religious, or ideological in nature" be enemies in this war? Will we send assassins out to take care of Randall Terry? Will the Capitol Christian Center be target of a Terrorist Task Force bombing raid because some of it's members give "support" to terrorist organizations and they *should* have known better?

And what tools will the US government demand in order to "win this war?" What freedoms will we be asked to sacrifice so that "we" will be able to "kick some ass?"

These questions need to be asked. Already, some of our basic rights have been trashed in the name of counterterrorism. The Anti-Terrorism Act of 1996 makes it OK for the government to use secret evidence in trials of those accused of "terrorist activity," whatever that is. Under the guise of "Habeas corpus reform," appeal of deportation due to "terrorist activity" (which includes education and fundraising) is severely limited. While much of the Anti-Terrorism Act applied to immigrants, it serves as a precedent and a foundation upon which to further attack our rights.

Do not think I am overstating my case. The last 20 years of War on Drugs legislation punched big holes in the Bill of Rights. Backed up by the Supreme Court, rules of evidence were relaxed. The reading of basic rights were tossed out the door. The amount of discretion given to law enforcement and prosecutors was greatly increased. The list goes on.

What is frightening is that unlike drug use, terrorism has a political component to it. By definition, terrorism is a tool for achieving "political, religious, or ideological goals." So, any War on Terrorism is bound to include an attack on what people think and believe. Unpopular strains of religion and politics will be open game. Legitimate protests such as the street actions against the WTO in Seattle can be framed as terrorist activity or, at the very least, the spawning ground for terrorism.

Again, I am not exaggerating. During the first Red Scare of the 1910s and 1920s, thousands of anarchists and socialists were jailed, deported and killed. US Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's raids against those legally organizing for things such as the Eight Hour Day were justified by National Security. There was no distinction made between those peacefully working for change and the very small handful of people who embraced violence. Tactics such as sit-down strikes and industrial sabotage were equated with bomb throwing. And though those struggling for their rights were doing so because they wanted a better life for themselves and their children, the government portrayed the activists as soldiers in service of "the Huns" (Germany being the bogeyman at the time).

In the 1950s, again under the umbrella of National Security, the House Unamerican Activities Committee, organized by Congress, harassed and jailed members of the Communist Party, "fellow travelers," and people who refused to submit to Americanism. Fifteen years later, the FBI, CIA, and various local police department "red squads" began a decade-long campaign of heavy surveillance, subversion of dissident organizations, and disruption of legal activity engaged in by Civil Rights workers, anti-war protesters, and socialist groups. While Congressional hearings on the FBI and CIA led to decreased activity by law enforcement against activist groups, harassment of radical groups on both the Left *and* the Right have continued up to the first anniversary of the year 2000's WTO protests.

Still doubt that our rights are in jeopardy? Check this out: Days after the World Trade Center attack, Attorney General John Ashcroft asked Congress to rewrite anti-terrorism laws so that law enforcement does not have to go to a judge in order to get authorization to use a wire tap. This rewrite would apply to everyone, not just suspected terrorists. Ashcroft also requested that people convicted of "helping terrorists" be given the same punishment as convicted spies: death. Given the elasticity of anti-terrorism laws and that those "helping terrorists" includes people who *should have known* what they were doing—including donating money to what turns out to be a "terrorist" group—I think it's time to check out job listings in Melbourne.

What makes this situation so grim is the ignorance of many American people. As I stated above, awareness of US foreign policy, especially from a point of view not propagated by the state department, is shallow. Of those who do read history, knowledge is concentrated on the Civil War and World War II. Our schools do little to inform people of our country's lack of respect for its dissenting citizen's rights. Few realize that a right repealed in the name of a War on Terrorism (or Crime or Drugs) is a right that applies to *all* of us, not just terrorists (or criminals or drug addicts). Apathy and cynicism, coupled with the horrible lack of substance in the mainstream media, has made insight into current events an esoteric preoccupation. Much of what you are now reading would be regarded by many, if not most, Americans as arcane mumbo jumbo or just plain boring.

To get what they want, the government will appeal to the ignorant, the people who can't tell the difference between a Sikh and a Muslim *or* one suspected Muslim and all Muslims *or* the words "presumed innocent" and "proven guilty." Do not be surprised if "nothing to hide: nothing to worry about" becomes the national mantra. It is very possible that discussions on US foreign policy and its results will be framed as traitorous. And once this "War" is over (yeah, right), do not expect any of the rights that the government took away to ever come back.

This threat to freedom makes it oh-so-important for those who have dissenting points of view to speak up. It does not take a genius to see that reacting to September 11's barbaric acts with a round of US-supported wholesale slaughter will just increase sympathy for those who attacked the World Trade Center. I have no doubt that those who attacked the US did so because they believed they were responding to what they see as terrorism on the part of the US. They will interpret our response to their terrorism as more terrorism and respond with more terror, which will be countered with more slaughter, to which the reply will be more barbarism, and on and on. The casualties in this War on Terrorism will be more elevator operators, janitors, bike messengers, day care workers, cafeteria employees, receptionists, hairdressers, building maintenance people, window washers, secretaries, coffee jocks, shoeshine men, newspaper salesmen, firemen, and paramedics, as well as dirt farmers, rug makers, well-diggers, peasants, and peons.

If this cycle is allowed to continue, we will all live in an ultra-violent world, restricted of freedom. The word fascism will no longer be an epithet, but an everyday reality. Life will be fear. What a tribute to the many innocent work-a-day folk who perished in September 11th's atrocity!

Those who make the decisions that lead to atrocities such as September 11's attack—whether they be in the White House, a corporate board room, a palace, or some remote terrorist camp—will not be the ones who suffer in this war. The people who embrace irrationality in their attempts to accumulate more power and wealth will not feel the reaction to their insanity, at least not immediately.

We live in a web of a world, one in which all actions have consequence. If you strike one class of people, another one will suffer, and then another, and another, and another. There is no out. But there is hope.

The actions of September 11 once again give us an opportunity to embrace what Buckminster Fuller called "utopia or oblivion." We can push forward and reject the wholesale use of violence to achieve "our goals," embrace ethnic and racial unity, open our minds, and learn from those around us. Or, we can go hurl ourselves into darkness, forever striking at whatever we can hit, taking out whoever gets in our way in an attempt to find the goodies at the end of a tunnel that never ever ends. Utopia or oblivion. Again, the choice is ours.

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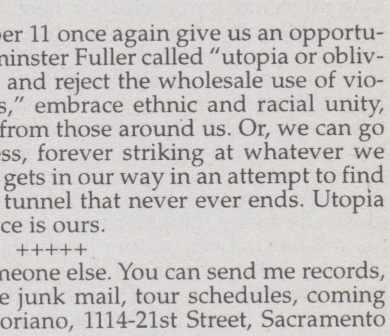
Vexxing questions? Ask someone else. You can send me records, letters, etc. Do not send me junk mail, tour schedules, coming release notices, etc. Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814 or scotts@sl.net



"La vida es eterna en cinco minutos" —Victor Jara, Chile, 1973

I find it really hard to stay in grad school these days. I never thought I would ever think about taking time off from school, but I'm now seriously thinking about it. I finally realized what has been killing me, especially in the last couple of years. I have not been playing music like I used to, on a serious level. I have played drums here and there but not in a serious "band/project." I recently received in the mail a CD discography of Struggle, a band I used to play drums for. I was about seventeen years old (I'm now 27 years old) when we started this band. We were all still in high school and this was our very first experience making music. So listening to this CD, almost ten years after, really made me reflect on the bands I have been in and the stuff that my friends went on to do.

There is something about being able to communicate my feelings through music that I have not been able to do in any other way: my anger, hope, frustration, cynicism, insecurities, faith, and happiness. I like teaching, I like writing (yes, even this monthly column), I like working with others as we try and build something new, something different than the society we currently live in. I want things to change fast because for so many of us, time is running out. But how could I have completely omitted playing music from all the many things I do? Mainly because I have been extremely fucking busy with other stuff. However, I can't live without listening to music, nor can I live without playing music. This is a fact. Sometimes I remember the days when Bread and Circuits was around. That was an intense band with intense friends. I realize now that sometimes it takes a bit of time (a few years) to start something new after one is an intense band like Bread and Circuits was. Now, I look to future projects and to playing music. There is much more to it than just "playing music." The politics of DIY are really a way of life for me. Always has been and I hope it will continue to be. In the mean time, finding a place to practice in the Bay Area fucking sucks and really makes it harder to get something going…

So much for the intro, I mention all this because I recently talked to Justin Pearson about the release of the Struggle discography CD on Ebullition Records (we were both in Struggle and Swing Kids many years ago when I lived in San Diego). Justin now plays in The Locust and runs a label, Three One G. Justin was up here for the Mordam convention a while ago. We caught each other up on stuff like we usually do every few months. We went out to my hangout place (more like study place) "Wall Berlin," a coffee shop here in Berkeley. Out of all the kids from Struggle and Swing Kids, Justin is the only one I keep in touch with. Justin and I have been friends since we went to high school together. I wanted to interview him about many different things, but I found it quite hard because there was really no structure to our conversation and in all honesty, I could not come up with any questions for an official "interview." So, here is part of the conversation I had with Justin about the Struggle discography CD, The Locust, life in San Diego, touring, etc. Our conversation/interview took place on July 27 this summer. I edited this long interview for publication here.

Jose Palafox: So, how did you feel about putting something out that you were part of, many, many years, almost ten years ago? How did you feel about doing this?

Justin Pearson: Well, we talked about it, remember? Actually when Swing Kids started, we talked about putting it out but it just took a lot of time. I think it's just something that should be documented, especially in CD format. But I also think it served its purpose in time, musically. I don't know if it still holds up musically today [laughter from Justin and I]. I mean some people still like it. Even on tour [with The Locust] I'll meet a kid that will say, "Oh yeah, that's cool, I like that stuff." That's fine, I mean there's worse stuff out there these days.

Jose: But in terms of documenting this history, it's interesting that you use the word "document" in describing the release of the CD. Do you think it's important for people to know this history, and the history of your involvement with something like Struggle? Like we were talking earlier, people know you because of your involvement with The Locust now and other bands. But, in terms of what you did with Struggle, how have things changed for you? I actually read again the stuff we wrote for our Struggle 7" [unfortunately, these writings did not make it into the CD discography] and it reminded me how young and pissed off we were. How have things changed for you?

Justin: Well, it seems like back then, there was a sense of urgency and it seems like it's coming back around again. I see it more in bands today. But, for me and how I go about and do things musically, I don't consider what I do with The Locust as less political then when what we did with Struggle. I mean, we don't come right out and say, "Fuck the Pigs" or set American flags on fire like Struggle did, but, we definitely are taking a stance politically and taking things a step further, musically. Even the esthetics of a punk band not being so typical and traditional like most hardcore bands are these days. I don't wanna be in a stale band like so many bands out there. I wanna do something different. The thing is that, if I was to be in a band like Struggle right now, it wouldn't be in your face like it was with Struggle. For a while, it just seemed like what we did became the norm. I want something different. I also remember how I used to get my ass kicked all the time by skinheads that would come to our shows. I guess I was doing something right if these people wanted to beat me up though.

Jose: On your recent tour, you were on tour for how long? It was six weeks right? How many more weeks do you have to go?

Justin: Well, we did two months of touring earlier and we have two more months of touring. We're going to Europe later and we did Japan earlier this year for about nine days. It was cool.

Jose: In all the touring and playing that you are doing these days, how do you keep making new music that is not boring for you, that is not static? How do you keep your passion in playing music, especially when experimenting with new stuff like using more computerized stuff and keyboards?

Justin: I think that the people I'm playing with are fucked up. They are out of their minds…in a good way. That comes across in their music, how they play. For me, I think that I'm a better musician now than when I was in Struggle. I think I'm more creative, my influences have changed, I've broadened my knowledge of music, and I'm into weirder shit now. I like playing with other musicians that challenge me and music itself.

Jose: So what are the things that make the people you play with "fucked up"? What are their situations like? How do you see that reflected in the music you all do? Is it where they grew up? Their parents?

Justin: It's weird because, from day one, they have had crazy shit happen in their life. And, the thing is, that the other three members of the band are really smart and very talented. Joey is in college, Bobby is in school. Those kids are smart. Being on tour and in the van with them for hours and hours, and the discussions we get into are intense. We talk about many different things. I'm glad to be around those people.

Jose: I think this is the part that a lot of Locust fans don't really know about you all.

Justin: The things is that, a lot of people, or not a lot, but a good few number of people that go to our shows, are a bunch of shitheads that just go to our shows to start shit with us. And, the thing is, that they will throw shit at us and yell stuff at us, but they can't win against us. I mean this not like in a physical way, but more in an intellectual way, because we are not a bunch of dumb fucks like a lot of hardcore bands are these days. We are not a privileged, upper-middle class band with nothing going on in their lives. For instance, when we were in Florida, there was supposed to be this band called Tone Locust that was going to do Struggle covers to make fun of me. Fuck, I wish I had time to do a band like that. I wish my parents paid my rent and that I didn't have a job so I could start a band to cover somebody else's songs and make fun of them, like for one show. Fuck them. Florida sucks anyway. Florida is a wet dick, it's like the wet dick of America. I can't relate to that or those kids.

Jose: So, what is it then that you like to do? What keeps you doing what you're doing? Why do it? How do you continue doing The Locust without it becoming a job, just another boring job?

Justin: Well when you're not on tour and/or playing music, you're probably at home or at work. Which would you much rather do? Play music or stay at home and work? You probably would want to play music. I mean, The Locust is not like a job for me. When I'm on tour I'm learning a lot.

Jose: What is it that you learn and what more would you like to learn on tour?

Justin: There's a lot of things I learn. Everything from having to learn how to deal with hicks at a truck stop who call us "fags" to meeting kids at a fest. Or playing with interesting bands. Just learning.

Jose: What are some other things in hardcore that you find interesting or inspirational?

Justin: Actually, I don't want say "hardcore" because honestly, I think hardcore is very narrow-minded. I'm experiencing this now. Because, even the Locust esthetics are not looked at as "hardcore." For whatever fucking reason, I don't know and I don't care. Everything that The Locust does derives from punk rock or punk ethics. It seems like with hardcore, you can't fuck around. When the Locust went on tour we all had these mesh vests and hot pants with goggles. It wasn't a big deal. We weren't trying to make any political statement, but for so many people it was like: "You can't be a hardcore band! You can't be serious." And then these people will talk shit at our shows at throw shit at us. Whatever. For us it just feels cool. I mean, for us, fashion is fucking stupid. Just because we're from San Diego they think we all dress the same. It's stupid, so we'll just do something ridiculous and dress up with hot pants to make fun of them. Some people are more concerned with the way we look than with our music.

Jose: Do you ever feel that this might have something to do with the whole commercialization of Locust material and merchandise?

Justin: Well, some people do misread us. I mean, I never sit there and criticize the other crap that is out there like the Revelation watches. We're just trying to do something different. For example, the mirrors that we sell, we stumbled over them…why not sell them for a buck? I think people make this more of a big deal than it is…

Jose: What is the Locust about? As one person in the band, how would you explain, say to my mom (since you know her) what you're all about?

Justin: For one thing, I don't think I can do that. But I can say that we are playing music that is stimulating to us and we're doing things that are esthetically stimulating to us. Even the way we package our records, how it's a little bit obscure, or the ridiculous merchandise that we sell, is not boring and bland. We're not putting out the same shit over and over, we're doing something different. Sometimes I think that's why we get so much shit. It seems like bands these days don't want to take chances. I want something that's challenging. Like that band, Good Clean Fun. I just can't relate to that type of thing in hardcore. I don't know them personally but what they portray as a "good, clean, straight" thing—my life is not like this, it's fucked up. Don't get me wrong, those kids are cool. But I just can't relate to the whole macho thing and macho kids at shows that call us fags and shit, …fuck them.

Jose: It almost reminds me of what you wrote in the Struggle 7" many years ago when you wrote: "I will not obey, pledge allegiance, follow in step, accept your history that represents only white men, participate in 'scientific experiments' on other species, or compete in your physical education where neanderthal jocks control the class…I hate their nice cars and Barbie doll girlfriends. Fuck school standards." It seems to me that you have always had a strong anti-authoritarian strand and that that continues in all of what you do and that…

Justin: Well, even when I was like a little kid, when I used to be a skater at ten years old, I was always inspired by punk bands that were a threat, dangerous. I was into Black Flag, JFA, Sex Pistols. These bands were in your face. Hardcore bands are not honest these days. Everything is already laid out. It's like, "this is the path that you as a band will go through" and I'm not into that. Bands like Wholesome, you can tell where their changes are gonna be, and all their friends all look cool, they all look the same at their shows. They're all going to go home in their nice cars and live their stupid fucking lives and work their 9 to 5 jobs and be boring and be sheep. I want to be challenging. I mean, there are people dying in this world—and not that music is going to change all that—but I think life is more than just about going through the motions… The Locust makes it a point to try and do as many benefit shows as much as possible to help other people get started on good projects in their cities.

Well, folks, Justin and I talked about so much other shit that it would take another column to finish. Most importantly, some stuff—like Justin's discussion about the murder of his dad at an early age, our history teachers at Mission Bay High School, being kicked out of our homes at an early age, and dealing with our moms and friends—well, this is just stuff that I decided not to publish here.

PS: If any of you want to check out the Struggle discography CD, *One Settler, One Bullet*, it is available through Ebullition Records for $7. PO Box 680 Goleta, CA. 93116. (By the way, the CD has a CD-rom of our last show and a Struggle cover song by The Locust). Go bug Kent McClard at: www.ebullition.com/ .

PPs: Another plug. Bread and Circuits has a split (with Alfonsin) coming out late October of this year. Even though we recorded this shit a few years ago, Mike Amezcua of El Grito records (PO Box 18198 Los Angeles, CA 90018) will be putting out the split 12" for $6 ppd. Bug him also at: miguelgrito@hotmail.com Finally, bug Justin or check out his Three One G web site: www.threeoneg.com/.

The Inevitable Takes the World Trade Center

NEW YORK. Images of iconic edifices flashed on the screen as my civil engineering professor clicked the forward button on his slide projector. The Parthenon. The Eiffel Tower. The Coliseum. The Hoover Dam. The Great Pyramid at Cheops.

The World Trade Center.

"What do all of these things have in common?" asked my instructor. My first guess was "they're all man-made," but I'd been in college for two whole years. In college, simple answers are always wrong, so I shut up. A hand shot up a few rows up.

"They're all man-made."

"Wrong. The common thread—a slide of the White House, then of Stonehenge blinked by—is that all of these things will eventually fall down."

"You mean, over time?" someone asked.

"I mean, all of them will fall down. It's inevitable. It might be tomorrow or it might take ten thousand years. But it'll happen. The job of the structural engineer is twofold. First, stave off the inevitable as long as you can. And second, never build anything so big that it will cause big problems when it comes down."

He used the Twin Towers as an example. "The World Trade Center ought never have been built," he told us back in September of 1983. "It has magnificent hanging-curtain construction. Its main support piles go 40 floors down into solid bedrock. But it will fall down someday. And when it does, it will kill not only the 40,000 people who work there (by 2001 it was 50,000) it will kill countless thousands of people in the buildings and streets around it."

I never looked at those skyscrapers after that without considering those words. About a year ago a friend from LA and I strolled across the concrete plaza in front of the two buildings. A security guard was hassling two skateboarders; I wonder if he made it home alive yesterday? "They're just so huge," she noted. Not only were those 110 stories incomprehensibly high, each floor was itself massive. Office space in WTC was considered undesirable because the walk from the elevators to individual offices could add ten minutes to your round-trip commute. The place had its own zip code—10048—and it needed it. "Just consider," my friend remembered me saying, "the mess that these things would make if they ever came down."

But New Yorkers considered the World Trade Center indestructible. My wife was describing the suicide attacks on live television via cell phone as I sat on a New Jersey commuter train en route to Philadelphia. I relayed each twist and turn to my fellow passengers. All listened raptly until I reported that Tower One had imploded.

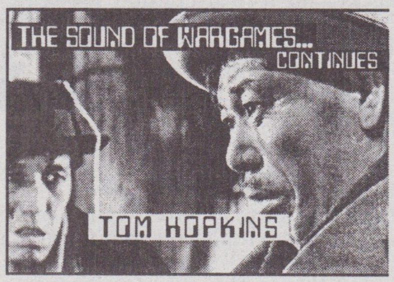
"No way!" my traveling companion scolded me. Several people turned away, convinced that I was talking crap. Damage, sure, but total collapse? That was impossible.

Any building can become a target, the victim of an accident or an act of God. But building on a grand scale not escalates the potential death toll, it makes damage control exponentially more difficult. Ladders can't reach people stranded on the 90th floor. Firemen can't drag heavy equipment up 75 flights of stairs. Everyone knows that extremely tall structures can't be evacuated in the event of an emergency. It's a grim trade-off: in exchange for the bragging rights to a dramatically tall structure, thousands of people tacitly risk their lives every day they show up for work. And if you place that huge edifice in the middle of one of the most densely-populated urban centers on the planet, you risk thousands more.

It's like my professor said: They all fall down sooner or later. If it hadn't been passenger jets commandeered by terrorists, it would have been something else. September 11th was inevitable. If anything, it could have been even worse—what if one or both towers had fallen over rather than vertically imploding?

And yet, the gap in the skyline is galling. Leaving it blank after the rubble has been carted away would be a concession to mass murderers. World Trade Center ought to be rebuilt, bigger and taller than ever, as a testament to the indomitable American spirit embodied by New York itself. We too often forget that symbolism is important, so let's rebuild this thing.

Don't forget, though. Someday, it will fall down.



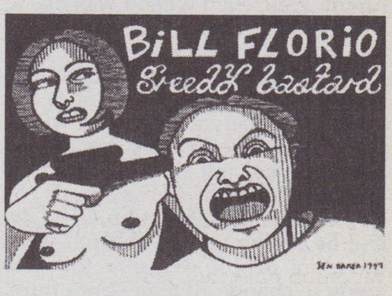
My grandmother once told me about the anti-war movement in the farmed and strip-mined corner of North Alabama that was her home. A movement she was most assuredly not a part of. Every day, members of the Quakers would stand in front of the post office and silently protest the "Good War" with signs and pamphlets. During a war that had always been pitched to me as the simplest meeting of good vs. evil, those few Quakers refused any part. My mind's image of these people got me through the daily installments of the Gulf War that were beamed into my high school via Channel One. The same image, coupled with a better understanding of politics and history, will get me through the brewing bloodlust.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

This summer I set up the DS 13 tour and Thrash Fest II. Thrash Fest II was a total moshstrosity. Onward To Mayhem, USV, Holding On, Code 13, Assembly of God, Spazm 151, Tear It Up, DS 13, and Nine Shocks Terror all played ripping sets of hardcore punk rock. From Ashes Rise had to cancel and were sorely missed. There were no fights and no trouble with police. In fact, the owner of the skate park hired three off-duty cops to do security. This was a little unnerving at first, but they mostly just sat in the back and looked bored. I know some people will have a problem with off-duty cops at a hardcore show, but the owner of the skate park is in trouble with the city and might lose his license. To him, hiring cops to do security was the best way to make sure that the show wasn't shut down by noise complaints. There were about 550 kids in attendance. Of those, just about 500 paid to get in. At the $15 cover, there was still only about $1500 to split up among the bands—not nearly as much as I'd hoped. I kicked in another $600 from the money I made selling records and shirts at the gig to pay the people who helped, and to help pay for Spazm 151's airfare from Texas. I had honestly hoped for one or two hundred more people and that I would be able to pay the bands much more handsomely. So next year I'll work harder to bring in more bands and hopefully find a cheaper place to set up the fest so everyone will want to come. The Skate Park cost over $5,000 to rent with PA, portable toilets, etc. Hopefully I can find a better deal next year, although the ability to skate and thrash is pretty appealing. Despite fears of a riot during Nine Shocks Terror, the tomfoolery was constrained to throwing dangerous missiles and I got my damage deposit back. Thanks to everyone who showed up, the bands, and everyone who helped out at the door with security, etc. Next year we are working on bringing more bands from Europe and I'm even considering doing a Thrash Fest in Europe.

So far the DS 13 tour is going really well, although we are only one week into it. So far we have been playing where hardcore punk rock is the strongest (In my opinion), the Midwest and East Coast. The shows have all been great, with good turnouts, good crowd response, and great opening bands. A lot of the shows have been house shows. I think house shows are cool, totally DIY, and the punks are in control. However, I think the DIY hardcore scene should strive to grow and expand. I think there is a real crisis in DIY show booking that will eventually come to a head. There are too many bands who want to play and not enough people booking shows. Furthermore, there needs to be a greater network of DIY gig spaces on the Gilman St./ABC NO RIO model. Mr. Roboto project in Pittsburgh is a good example. I think every scene needs to strive to form a gig collective and open a DIY show space. Especially in Minneapolis and Portland, but also in Boston, Philly and every other town with a big hardcore/punk scene. The fact is that show booking is hard and thankless work. It's no fun, there is little glory and no money in it. Therefore, the rate of burnout is very high. Most people who set up shows regularly (such as myself) eventually quit and now only book shows occasionally, if at all. The only solution I can see to this burnout is to form large gig collectives to take on booking as a team effort. Unfortunately, in my experience, most collectives boil down to one or two people doing all the work. The other factor I want to stress is cooperation. A street punk-only venue probably won't last too long, but a venue that books street punk, crust, sXe and even indie rock or hip hop has a better chance of staying on financially and in terms of staff size and burn out. I'm laying down this challenge to the DIY scene to get things moving and create the final missing link in the DIY network, a national chain of DIY punk gig spaces. Once and for all, let's separate our scene from the music business and expand our scene beyond the confines of small house shows.

I really mean it when I say the future of hardcore is in your hands. It's time to get involved. Hardcore is the number one thing in my life. I dedicated my life to hardcore so I could put out records and help bands tour, etc. Inevitably, money became involved, and I do make some cash from my efforts, but nothing compared to what I could make at my day job, which I happily forsake to take bands I love like DS 13 and Vitamin X to the people. It's high time that more people got in the ring and started clubs, booked tours, and helped bring foreign bands over to the States to tour. Europe has a DIY network far ahead of the US and it's time we caught up. Putting out records and booking tours isn't rocket science. If I can do this shit, anyone can. Once again, I'm laying down the gauntlet to the DIY scene. It's time to see how far our movement can go.



Hey I think this is my first political column. Something I really never do. Most of you probably think I'm pretty dim in this department. Normally I take a position that we are basically powerless to evoke change because so many people are so stupid in this world. But nevertheless, it's about 50 hours since America was attacked and I'll let everyone know what I think.

About 9:30 am Margo calls me, waking me up. I turn on CNN just after the second plane has hit the tower and just before the plane hits the Pentagon. I call my mom—she is crying. I walk up on the roof in my socks and I can see the smoke coming from Manhattan. So I basically watch TV all day. By nightfall, everyone I know is accounted for including one person who was actually in the building when it was hit.

It was really disturbing to think of the thousands of people dying. But when you step back, all you need are the basic principles that your mom always taught you. Violence brings on more violence and history repeats itself. Therefore I could go into certain things I believe could have prevented such an attack. Airport security here is probably the most lax in the entire world. Hey never mind the airport—I remember a certain person bringing a plastic gun into City Hall and realizing hours later that no one checked his bag.

I sincerely believe that NATO should have been a lot harder on Israel. It's very hypocritical for the US to set up peace talks while we sell Israel helicopters and bombs to kill Palestinians. Any other country that supports such oppression would be sanctioned, much like South Africa was. Since Israel has such an influence on big business, and the guilt of the European nations for creating a monster, there is a double standard. A lot of the other columnists will go into why strong cultures hate the US's homogenizing of the world. Anyhow, it's way too late to remedy any of this. Dammit! The only thing on TV today is a freaking western starring Tom Selleck! How many days of no TV do I have to suffer through!

So by the time you read this, it will all have unfolded. Ties will be discovered to Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan. Air strikes, the complete idiotizing of mainstream media. Race riots.

The mainstream media is a joke. Reporters on television are hired on looks, on radio by voice. The vast majority are no-nothing brats and the anchors and power within are in cahoots with things like Bilderberg meetings, where the lives of everyone in the world are manipulated and controlled. I checked a couple of White Power websites and saw support for Israel for a change. They will incite all your flag-waving next-door neighbors to start a nuclear war. And it will be one: Pakistan has nukes, India as well. If this turns out to a real world war, there is no telling how many of us will live another ten years.

A lot of people in the world look up to these terrorists regimes. Much like the scary militia groups that dot the American countryside, they don't play ball. They know that there is a power elite and in some ways they are no different than the founding fathers of this country. They are taking direct action for what they believe in—yet luckily this country wasn't founded by a bunch of religious fanatics or overtly racist military groups.

So, what can you do about this besides watch Tom Selleck movies? You can educate yourself on a little history. Here are interesting things I've looked up in the past day that have sent my head spinning about all of this. I think if you put things in perspective and let people know what's really going on and what the consequences will be, maybe public opinion will eventually sway. It has happened before.

Some of the "experts" on TV are sent there to give us a bunch of propaganda. ABC News Analyst Vincent Cannistraro worked for the CIA, helping to train terrorists such as Contras in Nicaragua, and Mujahedeen rebels in Afghanistan. Probably some of the same ones we now suddenly have a problem with.

The US has committed its own acts of terrorism, namely bombing a pharmaceutical plant in the Sudan as an apparent failed retaliation on terrorism and probably killing as many if not more innocent people than this recent attack. The US then blocked UN inquiries to the amount of death and disease that occurred there. Obviously this show of force was no deterrent.

The war in Afghanistan is one of the major reasons the Soviet Union crumbled. A war there will cost us trillions of dollars and decades of cannon fodder will deplete all our young soldiers who would normally be slinging fast food for us. This and reopening Star Wars projects could cause the US to fall, just like the USSR. Toilet paper lines—can't wait.

There is evidence that Gulf War Syndrome is actually mild radiation poisoning from Depleted Uranium (DU) shells. It hasn't even been long enough to calculate the real cost of that war on the environment and the heath of this and the next generation. The long war that is to follow is going to make future societies into bands of mutants.

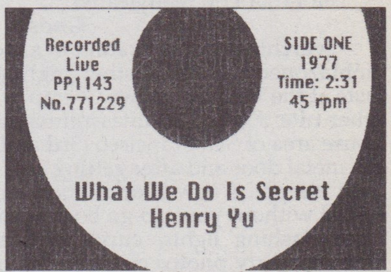
The US has actually declared war on Muslim terrorists in 1801. The Barbary pirates terrorized the sea for 300 years and all other nations paid them off. Basically they hijacked ships and forced their governments to pay ransom. Since the US was a new nation, we could not afford the tributes. Thomas Jefferson initially declared war on them. Much like most half-planned American invasions, one of our ships was stranded and captured by the pirates. Then another mess was made when a ship was planned to be used as a bomb. It was loaded with gunpowder and sailed into the harbor with the idea that it would be exploded as an offensive weapon. The pirates got to them first and it was a horrible disaster. In the end, peace was achieved through smarter methods, namely using covert tactics where all broad military actions had failed. These actions by the poorly equipped US Navy were the first attempts to gain respect from other nations since the revolutions. Anyhow, the war was won with brains, not might. And this was 200 years ago. I think this is a good example of how the US should act when it comes to problems in the Middle East.

We will never have resources to defeat an enemy that we can't find, in a part of the world where no one wants to fully cooperate with us. The more we bomb them, the more they will hate us. All we can do is protect ourselves, not resort to more horrible destruction. This part of the world is not going to accept Starbucks and the Gap. We have to move on and leave it alone. We have no business in places we are not wanted. It's time to stop relying on this region for its resources.

Al Gore or Ralph Nader trying to help environmental policy will be moot if they win the election in 2004. Nuclear fallout is a lot harder to clean up than carbon dioxide emissions.

Anyhow, there's my lame attempt at making a serious point. Next month look for more stupidity. Write me at bill@candids.com.

Pop Schtuff



Pop's not got the scum droolin' but many of the world's top collectors have a not well publicized fetish for such fodder. Heck, the first rec I traded to Devereux was the "Red Lights" 45 by THE MARBLES on the Ork label. Mop topped boys with an earnest croon without any of the artiness of the early NYC wave. Ten years later, I traded another copy of that same rec to Roger Brain Transplant Mah in our very first trade. Not that I was hoarding the single—these were literally the only two extra copies I ever owned, and I wasn't peddling them either. They just sat there innocently on my trade list in the non-punk section. I myself prefer the second MARBLES 45, "Forgive and Forget/Computer Cards," which I think came out on the Jimboco label (best known for it's pop-punk classic by NASTY FACTS). It's a bit edgier, cooler sleeve too.

Priciest among the pop collectibles are invariably those first outings by later big bands. THE SMITHEREENS' "Girls About Town" EP on D-Tone came out in 1980, and is tuff to come by. Bleeker Bob's NY always seemed to have a copy for a cool $80-100 back in the late '80s, which was a lot for any record at that time. Virtually no copies have found their way out since that time, I've only come across two, one of which surfaced at an FMU swap in '93 or '94, the other on eBay in 2000. The pre-BANGLES BANGS 45 "Getting Out of Hand" seemed to be more prevalent, a seemingly regular item on eBay altho pretty hard to find while the band was at their peak popularity.

The Power Pop axis has gained cred with the Powerpearls comps hyping such, leaving a wake of drooling Japanese. Among the eminently affordable yet thoroughly satisfying are the NERVES and its offspring. The band, composed of Paul Collins, Peter Case, Jack Lee, and Gary Valentine often shared bills with preeminent LA punk bands of the day as 1976 became 77. Their one and only 45 EP sported a plaintive version of "Hanging on the Telephone" by Jack Lee, whose stint in Blondie yielded a bit hit out of it. Jack Lee put out a very inappropriately named LP "Jack Lee's Greatest Hits Vol 1" given that was his only output. Collins pumped out a quintessential must have pop classic "Walking Out On Love" which appeared on Bomp's Waves Vol III Compilation LP. Clocking in at under a minute and a half, it is a perfect a power pop song these ears have ever heard. Later, he redid the song in far lesser form with his combo THE BEAT, also known as Paul Collins' BEAT. Peter Case of course went on to THE PLIMSOULS, the best known of these bands. Their "Zero Hour" 12" EP on Beat Records is the one to get. By the mid-'80s he went acoustic and solo, adopting the singer-songwriter persona. Gary Valentine post Blondie founded THE KNOW, releasing a great 45 called "I Like Girls" in England. Rhino included it on their DIY Power pop CD series. Euro-label Penniman just released a 10" with the NERVES EP plus a coupla extra tracks.

Paul Chastain lay at the center of pop activity in Champagne, Illinois, beginning with the B-LOVERS and THE NINES, which came out in the early '80s. Both 7" EP's are good. Ric Menck, another stalwart did THE REVERBS a couple of years later. Chastain later went solo with his "Halo" 12" in the mid '80s, pre-dating the Bus Stop record label, a vehicle for numerous side projects of the two, such as CHOO CHOO TRAIN (whose "This Perfect Day" 45 is a pop essential), VELVET CRUSH, and THE SPRINGFIELDS. This kept pop lovers satisfied till the end of the '80s.

Jangle Pop reared its wimpy head in the south, Winston-Salem, NC to be exact. While artier popsters THE DB's moved their talents to NYC, the success of REM cum Mitch Easter production led to a straightforward wimp pop bid for college radio airplay that was studiously followed by dozens of intellectuals. Girls entered the fray in bands like OH OK and the MUTETTES, while girly boys like TURNING CURIOUS and ART IN THE DARK were posing in their paisleys. Certainly REM's first 45 on Hibtone set the standard with garagey fast tunes that resembled nothing from their pale contemporaries.

Not that you really cared.

Ghosts

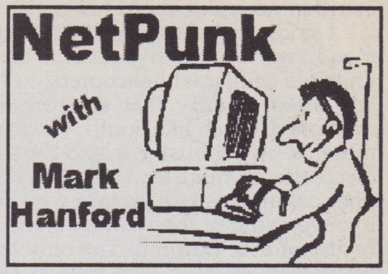
Searching for inspiration in a world where NOFX logos are emblazoned on every other high school backpack, I found a taste at the Werepad (www.werepad.com for you nerd boys) the other nite. Firstly, an unassuming storefront over in the warehouse area of San Francisco (3rd and 22nd or so), you enter thru the metal door and after getting past the seven buck stiff and the hoof stamp, a new world opens up, a place where you feel naked without your go-go boots. Black and white swirls, multicolor flashing lights, curvy mirrors, projection screens with slumber party photos circa 1971, vintage sofas with little coffee tables where you can rest the drink from the hep bar, this is bad trip/mod fun.

Werepad usually caters to the movie geeks, with showings of trash movies, sometimes augmented with human intervention. Me'n fellow MRR stalwart Jeff Yih caught "Hatchet for the Honeymoon," a 1969 Italian psycho thriller with enough camp to last you all summer, book-ended with a few short blasts from SF-based goof-garage schlock band THE GHOSTS.

THE GHOSTS were a spirited group of guys and gals whose predilection was to play their rnr under 200 thread count with the requisite above-the-neck orifice holes to maintain some contact with the outside world. As they launched into "Jack the Ripper," THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS' "The Shah Sleeps in Lee Harvey's Grave" flashed thru my brain for the first time in ages. A nice lady passed out cookies shaped like ghosts. They did a cover of "Sex Bomb." Occasionally, the holes got misaligned and a ghost would stagger around on stage, trying to get his/her bearings back. Occasionally the sheet got stuck between the drumstick and the drum, leading to a dull thudding rock steady. Fretwork was sometimes accomplished thru a sheet, reducing three chords down to two. The musicianship was nothing less than an obstacle course of perseverance. Charm pops wrapped in tissues with happy ghost faces drawn on them were tossed into the audience. Could these misfits be the "feel good" band of the year? Or were they a junior varsity MUMMIES? A band to watch out for.

"Hatchet for a Honeymoon" must have served as inspiration for "American Psycho" cos Christian Bale was a dead ringer for the plastic looking psycho-protagonist played by Stephen Forsyth, not to mention the similar emotionless monologue intro. Heaps better than the average B.

Email to henry@killedbydeath.com (note fuggin' new cool email address—thanks Jesse!) Lastly, Pier from Raveup informs me that a flood of new releases are coming from his KBD hit factory. DENNIS MOST, INJECTIONS, and a live PENETRATORS will be out at the end of September, while KILL THE HOSTAGES, CHAINSAW, BRATS, SLUGS, KILLER BEES, SHITDOGS, MANIC DEPRESSIVES, NOTHING, RED SQUARES, CORPSE GRINDERS and ALCOHOLICS will be among the many releases coming over the winter months. He also warns us that the entire first pressing of THE SKINNIES 45 indeed was mispressed, leaving off a track at the pressing plant.



I am deeply disturbed by the reaction I've seen, mostly from mainstream America, but also from some in the punk community, to the terrorist attacks in New York. Yes, the people responsible should be held accountable, and yes, it was a very tragic event that killed thousands, but the wave of nationalism that has erupted and the call for retaliation and war against other nations (Afghanistan in particular) is downright scary. It seems that most people see it as an Attack on America (the media catch phrase), but I see it as an attack on the human race. Boundaries are artificial constructs and, especially with the growth of the internet, seem much less relevant. So, put down your American flags and your calls for retribution and instead think about those that died innocently, simply for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. A great online resource of essays relating to a more thoughtful view the terrorist attacks (and anything that happens between the period that I've written this and when you read it) is Alternet.org. You can get all of your flag-waving from the mainstream media, but for truly thought provoking essays you should visit this site. You owe it to yourself as a punk rocker. And now, back to my regularly scheduled column, written before everything turned to shit...

Got a band but can't afford decent amps or pedals? Has your band ever played a show that sucked because all of the lights in the rental hall had to be left on because there was no lighting in the stage area? This month's column might have the answers you're looking for. I'm talking DIY, baby. If you can't afford equipment, why not build it yourself and save a bunch of money? There are a ton of resources available for free on the net that will give you all the information you need to make all kinds of equipment.

For most electronic projects, you'll need some tools that you may not already have, but that are useful and not too expensive. You'll need a small soldering iron (30 watts or less), rosin-core solder, a pair of needle nose pliers, and a set of wire cutters. You should be able to get everything you need for less that 20 bucks.

The other things you'll need are the parts and circuit boards necessary to put together whatever it is you are building. You can scrounge everything yourself from an electronics store, or you might be able to buy a kit that contains the parts you need. The cost of all of this depends on what you are trying to make.

Probably the easiest way to get started is to buy a kit and build something from it. Some kits with great instructions are available from PAiA Electronics (http://www.paia.com/). For example, the book *Electronic Projects for Musicians* by Craig Anderton shows you how to build 27 different pedals and the like, and you can buy individual parts packs for each of the projects in the book. The book is 30 bucks, but check with your library and see if they have a copy or will order one. PAiA also makes build-it-yourself synthesizers, compressors, pre-amps, and even a theremin. I'm currently working on the theremin kit myself.

Of course, buying a book and all the parts in a kit is probably a more expensive way to go than just getting free information from the net and heading to your local electronics store to buy the necessary capacitors, resistors, and the like. But, if you don't know what you are doing, it's probably best to go with a kit.

Before you get started, you might want to teach yourself a little bit about electronics, and, in particular, how to read a schematic (a "map" of a circuit board). You'll find some useful electronic tutorials at http://users. supernet.com/sokos/ELECMAIN.HTM .

Another great site for guitar effects is the GEO (guitar effects oriented) webpage. GEO (http://www.geofex.com) not only gives you information on building your own guitar effects, but also provides info on fixing those old effects pedals that you find at a thrift store or that no longer work. Anyone with a serious interest in maintaining their equipment should check out these pages.

I also found a bunch of guitar effects projects, including the Big Muff and a Fuzz Face at AMZ. Their address is http://www.muzique.com/ . In particular, the projects, the schematics, and the links sections seem quite useful. They also have a large list of books that you can buy at Amazon, of which the DIY Guitar Repair guide looks very interesting.

The Univox Superfuzz is a killer guitar pedal, but a used one from the late-'60s or early-'70s can cost upwards of 200 bucks. This is the pedal that gave Mudhoney their wall-of-noise sound and can be used to make even the cheapest guitar sound nasty. You'll find complete details on building a replica of this pedal at http://www.geocities.com/vincentthu/pedal.html . Way cool.

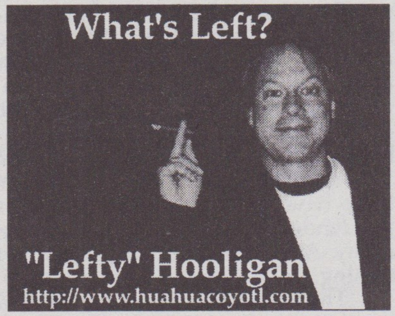
If you have all the pedals you need, or you want to try something even more interesting, why not build your own amplifier, or better yet, your own *tube* amplifier! While PAiA (mentioned above) has some guitar pre-amplifiers you can build, you'll want to visit the AX84 (http://www.ax84.com) project to really get into building your own tube amp. AX84 is the "co-operative tube guitar amp project" and they have a bunch of different amps you can build, as well as amp kits and a discussion forum where you can get help from other amp-builders.

I found a slew of information on different DIY projects at Shavano Music Online. You'll find information on building speaker cabinets, including layouts for classic Fender and Marshall cabinets. You'll also find information on audio cables, speaker wiring, how to solder correctly, and how to use a volt ohmmeter. Finally, this site also contains information on building your own portable lighting system that you can take to gigs and use when you show up and find there is no stage lighting. Check it all out at http://colomar.com/Shavano/construction.html .

Another cheap method of stage lighting is to build a PAR38 light can by using a #10 coffee can. Cost ends up being about five bucks per light, assuming you can get your hands on the cans. You can even set these up to take gels so that you can have different colored lights. You can find instructions for building these at http://www.geocities.com/seanpavery01/parcan.html .

If you're interest is in building your own analog synthesizer, then http://www.musicsynthesizer.com/ should be your main destination. This site is a collection of links to other places where you can pick up schematics and parts, and find others who are building their own synths. Heck, I even found a site from this one where there were plans on making electronic drums from margarine containers. Fun fun fun.

That's it for this time around. Next time, I'll have some more music sites for you, so keep them coming at me. Remember to mail me about *your* site at netpunk@diehippiedie.com or visit http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/ for my past, present, and future columns. See ya.



"[It's a case of] the chickens coming home to roost."
Malcolm X, 12-4-63

Malcolm X made this comment after a speech, upon being asked about the assassination of John F. Kennedy on November 22, 1963. Barely three weeks before, the corrupt South Vietnamese dictator, President Ngo Dinh Diem had been assassinated, reputedly on Kennedy's orders. The US has become the leading rogue nation internationally, dishing out state-sponsored terrorism around the world. Ask common people from Colombia to Cuba, from Iraq to Palestine, from the Sudan to Afghanistan who the real terrorists are, and I bet the name Osama bin Laden doesn't even come up. On September 11, 2001, two hijacked airplanes crashed into the New York World Trade Center and demolished its twin towers. Another hijacked airplane took out a section of the Pentagon. The chickens are coming home to roost. Now, back to my regularly scheduled column.

Show me a person without contradictions, and I'll show you a corpse.

Christ, ...er, Marx knows I've got plenty of contradictions. I'm usually the first to admit them, having paraded a few in this column over the years. Perhaps my most egregious contradiction is being ultra-commie "Lefty" Hooligan on the one hand and on the other hand being a sucker for hip capitalism as a regular working stiff. I know, intellectually and emotionally, that all capitalism sucks, but I routinely give my hip capitalist bosses more than the benefit of the doubt.

I've had a long and varied employment history. Checkered might be a better term. I've actively distrusted and covertly resisted most of my bosses from the start, since they were without exception conservative, autocratic asswipes. Yet when it came to the hippie printer or the punk rock music distributor or the newspaper publisher who was a Campaign for Economic Democracy supporter or the graphic design agency owner who was active in Greenpeace or the two or three other liberal employers it was my displeasure to have worked for, well, I guess I bought that they were somehow cooler and better than other capitalists. They were often easier to work for, the work environment was always more casual and relaxed, and they frequently bestowed quirky benefits on their workers like hiring a vegetarian chef to cook lunch once a week or stocking the refrigerator with beer on the last Friday of the month. I'd hold my natural misgivings in abeyance and pull my class war punches as a consequence, on occasion going so far as to give them my loyalty and defend them against detractors. Sooner or later however these hip capitalists would show their true, scum sucking colors, I'd get disappointed or disillusioned, and then the "Lefty" Hooligan side to my character would come to the fore.

With a vengeance.

My "lost" column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com details how this particular contradiction of mine played out with my last hip capitalist employer. One of the main criticisms of the "lost" column comes in a standard form I've often heard in response to my criticisms of hip capitalism. How dare I fuck with my small capitalist boss in the name of class war when there are real asshole corporations like Sony and Microsoft dominating the world. And how dare I slack off on the job, burdening my fellow workers with the work I should have been doing.

Those infected with the work ethic—who consider work the foundation of their identity or a special calling or a reflection of their character or even a necessary burden to be accepted and borne with maturity—wholeheartedly embrace bogus workplace virtues propagated by the *bourgeoisie* like job loyalty and teamwork. Combine this with drivel that small scale capitalists are somehow more noble by virtue of their size, and in the case of hip capitalists that they're extra cool because they are hip, and you have all the ingredients for a self-rationalized slavery. We are expected, and expect ourselves to be loyal to our exploiter, even to cooperate as a team with our fellow workers in our exploitation. The only loyalty we owe is to our class to abolish wage labor, and the only teamwork we need is what's required to organize against our bosses individually and as an oppressive, ruling class. The main way I fucked with all my bosses was to take longer to do work than was actually necessary. When a task required an hour, I estimated it at two, etc. Whenever I slacked off and failed to do "my job" so that someone else had to do it for me, no one was ever endangered or forced to work without pay. Everybody got paid by the hour and compensated for overtime, whether they worked "their job" or "my job." In reality, these were all the boss's jobs; work our employers wanted us to do to keep their businesses commercially viable and earning them a profit.

I'm speaking like "Lefty" Hooligan again. Let's get back to the contradiction.

I've protested sweat shops and sweat shop labor. I consider those who claim that companies like Nike are actually paying their foreign workers higher-than-market wages and benefits in their native countries to be crass apologists for outrageous exploitation. Yet the hip capitalist bosses I've worked for usually paid their workers below industry wages and benefits in this country. I'm outraged when corporations like General Motors move their manufacturing facilities overseas so they can cut overhead and labor costs, and avoid environmental regulations. Yet at least two of my former hip capitalist employers moved to cheaper parts of the country to do the same. While I'm no fan of affirmative action, I've decried the racism evident in corporate hiring and promotion. Yet the employment practices of most of the hip capitalists I've worked for have been virtually lily white. I'm appalled by the tyrannical working conditions in border *maquiladora* factories, where Mexican workers are penalized for talking, taking breaks, even going to the bathroom. I've had hip capitalist bosses who clandestinely monitored employee telephone calls and emails, and who spied on their conversations and behavior however. I've raised a fist in solidarity with striking Korean steel workers, only to stand by when labor disputes at various hip capitalist employers resulted in workers being summarily fired or leaving in disgust. I'm not a big union supporter, but I'd rather have a union at my workplace than not. Every one of my hip capitalist bosses adamantly opposed their employees ever organizing. I am horrified by how fast corporate capitalism is ravaging the planet, even as I excused the less than ecological practices of my hip capitalist employers.

Clearly, this contradiction runs deep in me, but just as clearly there's very little difference between the big corporate capitalists we all love to hate and the small mom-and-pop capitalists that inspire more ambiguous feelings. My present employer is also a hip capitalist; a medium sized, new agey book publisher. I've tried to short circuit my usual contradiction by being realistic from the start. I insisted on being paid what I was worth instead of settling for the lower-than-industry wages they initially offered. I jealously guard my free time and exact compensation down to the minute. And I've given this company none of the regular job loyalty I grant hip capitalists, all in the hope of avoiding being disappointed and flipping into full class war mode. Because when I'm at the point of open class warfare with my boss, I'm only a step away from angrily quitting or getting fired.

I guess what I'm saying is that this contradiction ruins my perfect bad attitude. I'm fighting for myself and my class from the first bell against most capitalists, except I give hip capitalists a break. I hate capitalism, except for the soft spot I have for hip capitalism. That chink in my class war armor is a little embarrassing.

The discussion so far of course presumes that everybody knows what class struggle is all about. Class warfare can range from reporting workplace health and safety violations to doing on-the-job slowdowns or work-to-rule, from union organizing to working class direct action and sabotage, from intimidating the bosses and owners with violence to organizing workers councils to seize and run society. This broad spectrum of class struggle tactics needs to be arranged strategically in order to be effective, and then the question becomes whether one or another strategy is better for winning the class war.

The Left historically has divided over what strategy to follow to achieve working class victory. Both social democrats and Leninists tout the efficacy of unions and political parties, though the political party is clearly paramount given the goal to take state power by either democratic or revolutionary means. I'll debunk the notion that a political party can ever advance the interests of the working class next issue, given this column's space considerations. Now, I'll concentrate on the effectiveness of unions and union organizing. Unions are promoted by everyone from Democratic Party liberals who want unions to share in the administration of society alongside capital and the state, to revolutionary syndicalists who want an entirely union run society. As noted above, social democrats and Leninists see unions as important, primarily as the political base for their respective parties. A good cross section of independent progressive thinking on unions can be found in a recent, special Labor Day issue of *The Nation* (September 3/10. 2001). Entitled "Let's Get Organized," it features a forum "Changing to Organize" launched by Kate Bronfenbrenner's essay that calls for "changing the structure, culture and strategy of the large, entrenched, democratic institutions that American unions have become."

"Union success depends on using a multifaceted strategy." according to Bronfenbrenner, who continues, "Including a broad range of union-building tactics: committing sufficient and appropriate staff and financial resources; using strategic research to select organizing targets and to increase bargaining leverage; emphasizing grassroots, person-to-person outreach and leadership development among the workers being organized; training and utilizing rank-and-file members as volunteer organizers; focusing on issues that resonate with the workers being organized and the broader community; building for the first contract during the organizing campaign; and engaging in escalating pressure tactics in the workplace and the community to foster commitment among the workers being organized and to deter employer opposition." The nine-person forum enumerates a number of other tasks and tactics for union success; expanding organizing in the service sector while not abandoning the industrial sector, building rank-and-file democracy, keeping independent of politicians, preventing turf wars between unions, recruiting immigrant workers, educating non-union workers, exploiting the cracks in the edifice of corporate management, and devising an industrial strategy that can take on multi-nationals and capitalist globalization.

None of this however addresses the problems inherent in "the large, entrenched, democratic institutions that American unions have become," or for that matter in any genuine union anywhere in the world. By genuine I mean unions organized by the workers themselves, not by the government or by capital. Such unions are genuinely organs of working class struggle and self-government, even if they ultimately serve to subdue the class struggle and integrate the working class into the capitalist economy. This process begins with Michels Iron Law of Oligarchy, for unions don't escape the tendency for a gulf to grow between leadership and rank-and-file. Bureaucratization invariably follows, and these feed the imperative central to any institution; to perpetuate itself, its bureaucracy, and its leadership at all costs.

The problems of institutional conservatism aside, the centrality of work to unions presents its own concerns. Unions are as deeply steeped in the work ethic as are capitalist managers and owners. There is no challenge to the slavery of wage labor, let alone the concept of work, and unions frequently enforce the boss's "teamwork" and workplace discipline, especially when these are codified into a union negotiated contract. Organized around the daily struggles of the workplace, unions tend to emphasize economic over political issues. When they exist at all, union politics in the US rarely extend beyond the extremely narrow Democratic-Republican party range. Aside from vague calls to "give labor its fair share" or to "make society responsive to its working majority," there is little if any class consciousness fostered by American unions. Certainly, there is no attempt to promote the self-emancipation of the working class, which would require that unions demand not merely labor's fair share, but absolutely everything in a society not just responsive to, but actually run by the working class.

Combine this lack of class politics with the fetish made of work and an institutional conservatism, and it's little wonder that unions like the AFL-CIO function to coopt revolutionary activism, suppress class warfare, integrate the working class into the capitalist economy and shore up the capitalist system. Such unions are no more than labor brokers, whoring out their members for the best price. Political struggles become economic struggles, rank-and-file activism becomes ossified bureaucracy, revolution becomes reform; this inherent tendency in unions applies outside the US as well, in capitalist countries with unions dominated by social democrats or Leninists. The scandal of CP controlled unions in Italy and France diverting, holding back and betraying working class insurrection from the late 1960's to the present immediately comes to mind. Historically, there have been two prominent examples that run counter to this tendency for unions to be incorporated into capital's hegemony. As exceptions that prove the rule, they are worth mentioning.

The Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) in the US and the Spanish Confederacion National de Trabajo (CNT) during the first third of the 20th century were unabashedly revolutionary; the former radical syndicalist and the other anarcho-syndicalist. Both the IWW and CNT proposed that the working class take over and run society, abolish wage labor and reduce human toil to a minimum. And both unions had exemplary histories of uncompromising class warfare; of working class direct action, sabotage and insurrection against capitalism. Elected union officials were paid a worker's wage, if at all. Strike funds were rarely, if ever maintained, so that striking workers were propelled to win their strikes by whatever means necessary, as quickly as possible. Finally, both the IWW and CNT had the capacity to evaporate during periods of state and capitalist repression—when workers hid their union membership cards in their shoes—only to emerge stronger and more militant the next time around. Yet we can see the problems with unionism emerge even here, as when the CNT achieved legal status during the period of the Spanish Republic and then real working class power during the Spanish civil war. The failure of the CNT-FAI to take social power during the latter revolutionary period is particularly damning.

My solution? A struggle to abolish wage labor and eliminate work through working class direct action, sabotage and insurrection that amounts to a class wide revolt against work propagated by small groups of workers on the job and in society. That's my labor strategy for the 21st century in a nutshell, but I have only the space to mention it now, along with my oft-repeated promise to expound on the subject in greater depth and at greater length next issue. For I'd like to start bringing things to a close by revealing yet another one of my myriad contradictions; calling my Congressperson and pledging my undying voter loyalty even as I finish writing this column as "Lefty" Hooligan. I live in Oakland. With Berkeley, we form the Ninth District and are represented by Barbara Lee in Congress. Barbara Lee was the only one in Congress to vote against giving Junior Bush sweeping war powers against the new enemy of "international terrorism." What amazing guts! What fucking balls, as Mykel Board might phrase it! I was so moved when I heard how she voted, I called her office and told the staffer essentially that, and that I'd vote for Lee whatever office she ran for, whenever she ran.

Speaking of fucking amazing, let's talk about New Yorkers. I've vacationed almost annually for the past 14-15 years in New York City, so no one has to tell me how great New Yorkers can be, but I have to say I'm blown away by how they've reacted to the destruction of the World Trade Center and the slaughter of so many people. The expression of human solidarity, mutual aid and plain old honorable behavior in the face of such tragedy is truly extraordinary. I hate to admit it, but I'm even beginning to respect Rudy Giuliani, especially when compared to our President-on-the-run and all the other gutless wonders in Washington DC so prominent in the news. He's behaving like a real human being instead of a politician for the first time. I guess that's because, when all is said and done, Giuliani is a New Yorker.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. (Swedish book info forthcoming upon publication.) I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

Happy Birthday To Me

I just turned 30. And I'm damn proud and excited about it.

Age is a funny thing. It means nothing and yet everything. Someone asked me recently if punk gets better with age. And I've continued to think about that. What gets better is a stronger sense of self. A strength of who we are. And I think that is one of the reasons why being punk at 30 is cool—'cause we know damn well who we are, and the chances are that at this point, we're really here to stay. This is our life. We're not going to "grow up" by society's standards. This is our life. And I think it's something to be proud of. What does get better is knowing who I am. Knowing what I believe in. Standing strong and true to my convictions and really *living* my life by my own terms and means. Living by my own intentions and believing in it all 100%. Knowing I'm not gonna "grow up" or "out of it"—that this is my life and I'm here to stay. That solid ground on which we stand is what gets better. And of course maintaining the friendships which continue to grow. Time does strengthen all of that.

Someone recently said that once you reach age 30 you're likely to have fewer friends. I have thought long and hard about that. While I can agree that in general, the older you get, the less opportunities you may have to meet new people (as opposed to being in school, etc). But it really depends on your lifestyle. And part of the punk life is continually being introduced to a lot of new people. I think that with time, the friendships that you have solidify. It's a lot easier to focus on the quality of relationships rather than the quantity. But in all honestly, I feel as though I'm lucky to have so many dear friends and to be surrounded by peers in a community of semi-like-minded people. We have so much to share, so much in common in potential... we are not being pushed into a corporate world of finding a mate and a career and being cut off from others. We maintain our youth by living young. By embracing our life. Likewise, I have found that I don't feel 30—or think I look 30. I meet people who are younger than me and look so much older because they are wearing suits and playing a corporate game which I don't understand. We who don't play the game, who follow our path and our hearts and in turn do what we want on our own terms—maintain a vibrancy of youth. We live young. Happy people don't age as hard as those who are miserable. If you are not stressed under the pressures of a job and life you hate, chances are you will look not only happier, but younger by society's standards. One of the best things about punk is the youthful energy—the searching, the yearning, the exploration, and the discovery. I think that punk brings vitality and youth to us, at whatever age. It's a youth movement. It's about pursing our dreams and working to change things in our life and in the world, and of course doing it on our own terms. When you follow your dreams—when you live life on your terms—I think you maintain a youthful vitality. I feel it. I want to keep it.

Punk at 30.

MRR did a piece on punks over 30 ten years ago or so and it seemed that there were only a handful of us. In the time that's passed I've often thought about how much it needed to be done again. Of course now there are so many "punks over 30" that not only is there no way to cover it, but it would almost be pointless. Nonetheless, 30 becomes a landmark age for punks, so I think it's important to make a big deal about it for myself.

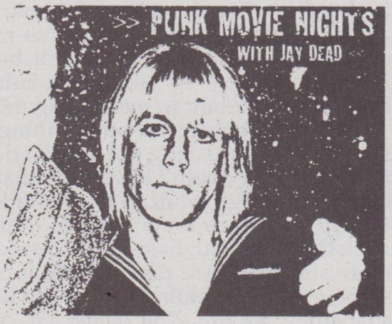
As we get older sometimes things close in a bit. People stop searching and pushing the boundaries and don't meet as many new people. It doesn't have to be that way. I'm one who doesn't ever want to "grow up." I don't think we have to. When "growing up" becomes a status quo adult mainstream expectation. Fuck that. Granted, many walk away. But again as time passes—more stay. As more people stick it out—and stay active in the scene, while continuing to adapt to life's changes, the more self-sustaining we are. The better *our* culture, and *our* movement becomes. And the more valid. And long-standing.

Year by year more and more of my best friends have hit age 30. Some freaked out hard. Some didn't. Each time I'd think, it's no big deal—it's just a number—something to be proud of, if anything. I was there though, and it seems I've gone though it with so many people. Many chose to mark it in some ceremonial way, but all too often as in the end of an era, even if they didn't intend to walk away from the punk scene. A last tattoo; a normal haircut. Somehow so many people have thought "I'm 30, I've got to chill out now, grow up, get real, calm down, make something of myself." Whatever it was that struck a chord. That never felt right to me. It's not the end of anything. Perhaps it's actually a beginning. Even society would have us believe life ends at 30. Why? So we get quirkier and better. Embrace it. With age comes the wisdom of experience, or so we might hope. I figure that turning 30 and still being as much into punk as I ever was, it would be more appropriate for me to dye my hair green again, or get my face tattooed. I mean—I'm here to stay, right? What stronger statement is there? Okay, well I probably won't get my face tattooed. And I really don't think that dyeing my hair says a damn thing. After all the years of trying to bleach my hair white—I figure my premature grey hairs are earned and again, something to love. Point being—I feel punker than ever. I want to embrace it. To celebrate. I'm damn proud. Punk at 30. Half my life. Half of my life doing my zine. I think it's cool. I love birthdays and I love a celebration—so that is what I want to do.

My kindred soulmate Sharon, who I wrote about last month, said, "Yeah, 29 is hard. A lot of big changes. 30 is great. One of the best. A beginning for sure—for *good* things. And that is very much how I feel. As if the turbulence and growing pains of recent years are going to suddenly focus. And suddenly it seems that everywhere I turn, there is another celebration of punks at 30. Maybe it's not just in the number—but in the solidification of just being who we are. It seems that everywhere I turn I find more and more to relate to. Whether it's Ben, saying I'm a "lifer"—as in "punk for life," or Robnoxious reflecting in his zine, on many of my same realizations as my own—that we're young and we've still go so much to do... and in finding inspiration in the people who continue to chart new paths.

I've long had it ingrained in my mind how Kent freaked out at 30. I think he took a month long soul-searching surf trip. And as I'm turning 30, Kent is talking about celebrating turning 35 in collaboration with issue #35 of *Heartattack*. Which by the way is going to be a theme issue on life after 30—about taking the ideology of punk with us for the long haul—from the cradle to the grave. Yep. That is what I'm talking about. I guess I set myself a landmark, after watching how people I cared about have reacted to certain ages. And I have wondered how I would feel when the time came. More and more people are sharing the same experiences—in their own ways—that I am going through. And as I continue to find others thinking and feeling much the same as I do, it's always refreshing to know that we're never alone. That in turn inspires me. It really is a beginning. And there are more and more of us all the time. I think maybe age is really more about how we feel than a number attached to us anyway. So let's take it to the next level. Let's run with it. Fly with it. Push the boundaries. Break down the barriers. Happy Birthday to me. And Happy Birthday to you. Let's celebrate!

Write to Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632



Anarchy Al's Punk and Hardcore Videos:Notes From The Collector's Realm

The Collector's Realm is a unique business in 2001, but it wasn't that long ago in the East Bay, and especially in Berkeley, that businesses like the Collector's Realm were slightly more common, and when I was growing up they were my salvation, my form of escapism before I discovered malt liquor and green buds. There was one particular shop on the border of Richmond and El Cerrito where I spent countless hours flipping through the pages of every type of magazine you could imagine. There were back issues going back at least twenty years, and when you needed a break from your trips down memory lane, or in my case through the time machine, there was a video game or two, and sodas for sale. Everything was scattered and barely organized—unless clutter is a system of organization. It was the kind of shop that I could live in, and I almost did, literally.

There were shops that had a similar feeling to that one on Solano Avenue and another on University Avenue, and even a couple of video stores and independent hardware/crafts stores that came close, but now those spaces, those stops that were an integral part of my old daily routine, are filled with the same corporate chain stores you'd find in any college town, and even worse, in any "hip" suburban strip mall. I'm not saying the Collector's Realm is exactly like those old shops that I once haunted, but it is probably as close as you are going to get in Berkeley, and especially on Telegraph Avenue. Although I have to admit that I can't help but notice that instead of young punk and mod employees behind the counter like in the stores of my youth, there are instead older, fatter, creepier employees that won't let you forget that just beyond the blue light poster lined hallway is a wall of fetish videos and other various kinds of pornography for rent.

One day, I was on my way to the UC Theater with three other zine editors from the East Bay when we decided to stop in at the Collector's Realm. My friend Jake Skate was flipping past some empty UFO record sleeves and a POISON 8x10 glossy when he stumbled across the heavy metal motherload. For no apparent reason, mixed in with empty record sleeves and Jolt Cola posters, were three of four metal records that Jake had been searching for in local record store bins for several months. At one point, Jake lifted a stack of comic books or old movie magazines and underneath them found GRIMPLE's *Up You Ass* LP on Murray and Eric records, which he then brought to me so I could inspect it.

It was after that visit that I began to return to the Collector's Realm at least once a week, and on my very next visit I found the Boner Records compilation *Them Boner Be Poppin*, which features tracks from SPECIAL FORCES, TALES OF TERROR, VERBAL ABUSE, FANG, BONELESS ONES, and BL'AST. The album was shoved in between a box filled with laminated backstage passes and SLAYER photos. A couple of visits after that one I noticed a wall with several punk videos on it. Each cover was hand drawn, and all of the videos were shot locally. The artwork was so bizarre that at first I thought it was just some decorative store display, but that's when my speculation was interrupted by the gravely voiced, red faced man next to me.

"I shoot those videos for the bands. I give every band a video, if they want one. I do all of the artwork too. Each band gets their own artwork. Some people actually buy the videos to get the artwork, so I started making extra copies of just the covers." It was Al or Anarchy Al as it says on the videos. After that initial meeting, I've run into Al at several shows, and whether it's a FLESHIES show at the Stork Club or a CRUEVO show at the Covered Wagon, or even a drunken violent SPECIAL DUTIES show at Gilman, Al is always there "for the bands" and "for the punk rockers," or so he claims. Recently, on a visit to the Collector's Realm, Al gave me two different videos to screen at our monthly Punk Movie Night here in the pages in MRR.

WOLFPACK at Mission Rex • Anarchy Al

I remember seeing Al videotaping this show, along with the bass player from DRI, and on this video he has captured everything but the intense heat of that day at Mission Rex. WOLFPACK (Who are now known as WOLFBRIGADE) blaze through a set of some of the best Swedish hardcore I've ever witnessed live, easily besting the set they played at Gilman the night before. The sound quality is decent, and quite a bit better than most live videos that I've come across, and the picture quality is excellent. Al did a good job of capturing the action and energy of the pit, and even hints of the drama that took place in front of the stage, which would take too long to explain here in this column, but let's just say that some of the folks in attendance were taking it all a little too seriously. The digital video effects are kept to minimum, and when they are used they are well placed and not too distracting, which can often ruin a video of this type. WOLFPACK play what were for the most part newer songs at the time the show was videotaped, or in other words, tracks from their most recent LP, *All Day Hell*, as opposed to the *Hellhound Warpig* EP. You can see the sweat pouring off of the band, and you will be amazed at how the old singer from AXIOM's charged hair never moves even once, while everyone else looks as if they've just stepped out of the shower. It was such a good show (that also featured DEFACE and AXIOM, who aren't featured on this video), and this is a very good representation for anyone who wasn't there and who is a fan (as I am), of WOLFPACK, hardcore, and Mission Rex. (Anarchy Al c/o The Collector's Realm, 2566 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94704 or call 510-540-1182)

Yellow Machine Gun at The Covered Wagon • Anarchy Al

Al shot this video from the back of the Covered Wagon, which gives the viewer a slightly distant and removed feeling, but thankfully the CW Saloon is small enough that you'll still get a good sense of the excitement YELLOW MACHINE GUN conveyed to their San Francisco fans, who looked mostly clean cut and balding from the camera's point of view. If you are a fan of the band already, then you'll definitely want this video, but even if you aren't the biggest fan, there is a lot to like about this video and YELLOW MACHINE GUN (mostly their bass player). Technically, the performance here is nearly flawless, which makes it hard to enjoy in a video format, but it's a short enough set that you don't have to feel as if you are wasting a precious hour of your life that you'll want back when you are a tired and decrepit vegetable wasting away on the musty, moldy sheets of your death bed. The total time on this video is 35 minutes, and that's including two encores. Damn. The blast beats fly fast and free from YELLOW MACHINE GUN, and the pit is as pathetic as I've probably ever seen, even for a Covered Wagon show. The sleeve to this video features the quintessential Anarchy Al artwork, and that has to be factored in to the entire equation when considering the purchase of any of Al's productions. Other bands whose videos Al has for sale are: HELLBILLYS, SPECIAL DUTIES, CRUEVO, INSIDIOUS, FRACAS, FLESHIES, and a bunch more that I can't remember. It's probably best to contact Al directly, and you should probably be accompanied by an adult if you are the kind of punk who has his parents pick him or her up from the front of the club every weekend. (Anarchy Al c/o The Collector's Realm, 2566 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94704 or call 510-540-1182)

Sacto Scene Report, featuring Carlskin

This is the second video I've received in the mail from Carlskin, and I want to point out that it's Carlskin who sends me these videos and not anyone from PRESSURE POINT or anyone from anywhere else. Carlskin wanted me to make that clear. Recently Carlskin helped to organize an anti-racism concert in the Sacto (Sacramento) area featuring numerous bands from all over California and the country, which gives you an idea of what kind of community minded, active punk Carlskin is. Of course, in addition to booking anti-racism shows, Carlskin does a cable access show called the *Sacto Scene Report*. This video features several episodes of the *Sacto Scene Report*, which I mostly enjoyed on the last video compilation of the show Carlskin sent me. This time around it's an entirely different story, however.

When you call your show the *Sacto Scene Report*, it sort of suggests that you are going to at least try to cover the local Sacto scene and its bands. On this most recent video that Carlskin sent me, you will find a lot of promotion for Epitaph records and English oi! bands. I am not oblivious to the fact that there are also TKO bands on here, and even some very bad footage, both in terms of picture quality and sound quality, of RAW POWER and DR. KNOW, but it is all overshadowed by the blatant and numerous advertisements for LARS FREDRICKSON AND THE BASTARDS' new album, not to mention the polished MTV style music videos by AGNOSTIC FRONT and again, LARS AND THE BASTARDS. Appearing in the video with the BASTARDS are Tim (Lint) Armstrong and members of PRESSURE POINT, who were all members, as I recall, of that US Thugs crew Rob Coons talked about in one of his previous columns (go read it).

If anyone ever wanted to know the effect that money and fame can have a band, then just check out RANCID. Lint and Matt were there, at the razor's edge of what we call the punk community. They were part of the East Bay's underground scene on almost every level, and they were members of fucking OPERATION IVY. Yet they have become caricatures whose music and fashion are based on some fictitious '77 punk scene that never really existed, or at least it didn't until some time around 1980. It's sad watching these retro punks who seem to know the lyrics to every English oi song ever written, but couldn't tell you a single thing about the world or the music of today. I find myself drawing comparisons to the '50s craze of the '70s, and bands like SHA NA NA, rather than to the rockabilly craze of the '80s and halfway decent bands like the BLASTERS. Maybe I just don't get it, but when Target and Walmart are selling bondage pants and sleeveless screened t-shirts featuring the British flag and the word "Punk" on them, then you tell me. It's not so different in my mind from hip hop and MTV's fascination with '70s disco and arena rock band fashion.

So, you know, curse at me and talk shit about how you'd kick my ass if I were in Sacto or whatever, but while you're at it, how about including a wider range of bands and music and most importantly *Sacto* bands, zines, record labels, cafes, pubs, or anything else that would make me want to go and check Sacto out. I know that there has to be a more grassroots, underground, active scene in Sacto, and I just wish that a guy as concerned and active as Carlskin could find it in him to focus a show or two on bands that don't look as if they and their fans just stepped out of Hot Nitro Hellcat Topic or whatever. (Contact Carlskin in Sacto for copies of this and other Sacto Scene Report videos).

Well that's it for this month's column, but I encourage you to tune if for next month's column, because we will not only be getting back to some less music oriented underground films, but I will also update you on how it all went at September 15th's Punk Movie Night at Gilman. That show has undergone some changes since my last column, but here is the final line up of events we have planned. Music will be provided by TRAGEDY, RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE, HARUM SCARUM, FUNERAL, and fire breathing will be courtesy of Ben, and of course we will have films by Bob Moricz, Nick Zedd, Eban and Jules from Kwik Way, and last but not least, *Behind The Screams*, which is Martin from LOS CRUDOS' film about Latino punk and hardcore. See you there, or at least here for the next Punk Movie Night (www.wethepunx.com). Please send your underground films or videos to: Jay, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709.

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL
WHO CARES?
mark murrmann

School's back in session, the President is back from his vacation, Congress is back in Washington...it's gonna be a long fall. Good thing so many good records have been coming out. But then, if the US economy keeps up this beautiful swan dive, no one around here is gonna have enough cash to keep up. While we still can, let's get down to business.

Wrench Records (BCM Box 4049/London WC1N 3XX/UK// www.wrench.org/mail@wrench.org) unleashed a wonderful shitstorm of rock 'n' roll this month. They have three new singles: MENSEN *Stand Up For Yourself*, SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. *Indicted* and TOKYO KNIVES *I Keep Thinking 'Bout You*.

Outta Norway, MENSEN prove that Scandinavian girls rock just as hard as the guys, but without nearly as many bullshit wanky riffs or the crap attitude and posture (or maybe these girls do that...but it doesn't come through on this records). They are wearing the cliché cowboy hats on the cover though. Still, the three songs here are rooted heavily in rich, thick melodies carried through by the singer, Mary Currie. The vocals stand well on their own, without trying to sound menacing or tough or any of that bullshit. A totally solid record.

You may recall me raving about SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. in the past. Charlie from Wrench promised me this single would top their past few records. And *holyfuck!!!* Their new EP is a scorcher. Completely blowout, a total trashfest with guitars on fire with distortion, feeding back and squealing. The drums stomp through the songs as the singer yells over the top of it all just to be heard. Beautiful. Fans of the OBLIVIANS, take note! Supposedly they have a 10" out that's a real crashandburn riot.

And then there's the TOKYO KNIVES, featuring Jonas from HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE on drums. My interest was immediately piqued, despite Charlie's assertions that the Tokyo Knives sound nothing like HFOS. Charlie was right. The Tokyo Knives (who were named by/for their Japanese bass player) carry themselves with a steady rock 'n' roll swagger that swings hard. They actually sound like something you wouldn't be surprised to hear on Rip Off. The first song, "I Keep Thinkin 'Bout You" is a real scorcher, not held back by the standard three chord, 4/4 shuffle. These Swedes let it rip, throwing in well-placed riffs to kick the songs into high gear. If this is just the start of this band, I can't wait to see what follows.

A lot of great stuff has been pouring outta the Midwest lately. Here's a number of reasons why the Midwest Can Be Alright.

Todd Tricknee gets his label off to a good start with a 12" EP, *920 Blues*, featuring unreleased tracks by a number of Wisconsin-area bands (TEENAGE REJECTS, REDS [okay, they're not from Wisconsin] SAGER, LEGHOUNDS, MYSTERY

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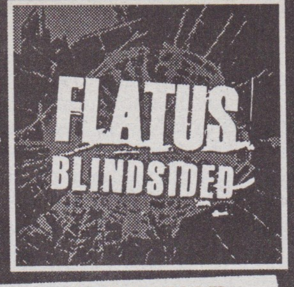

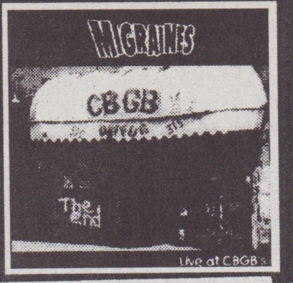

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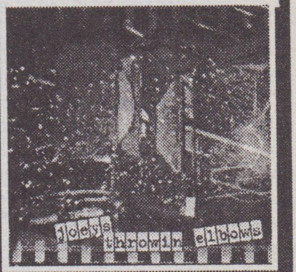

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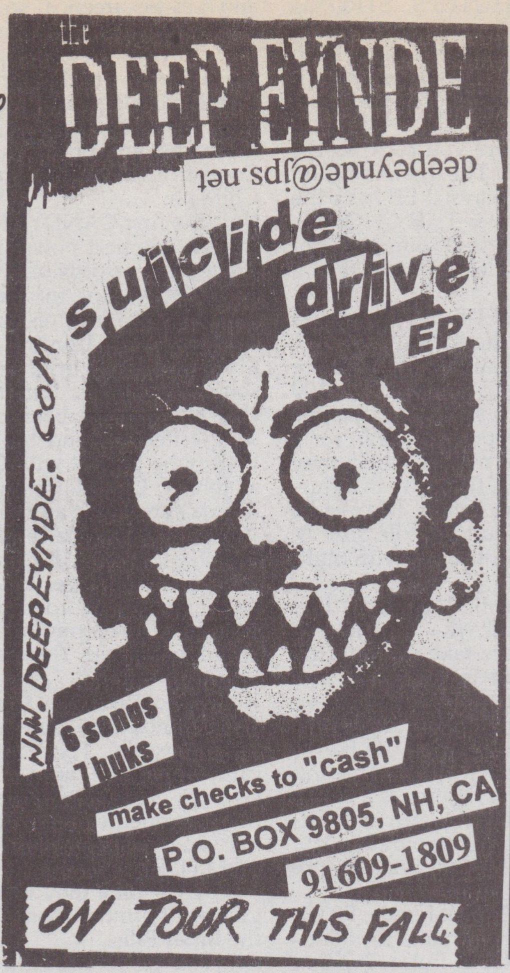

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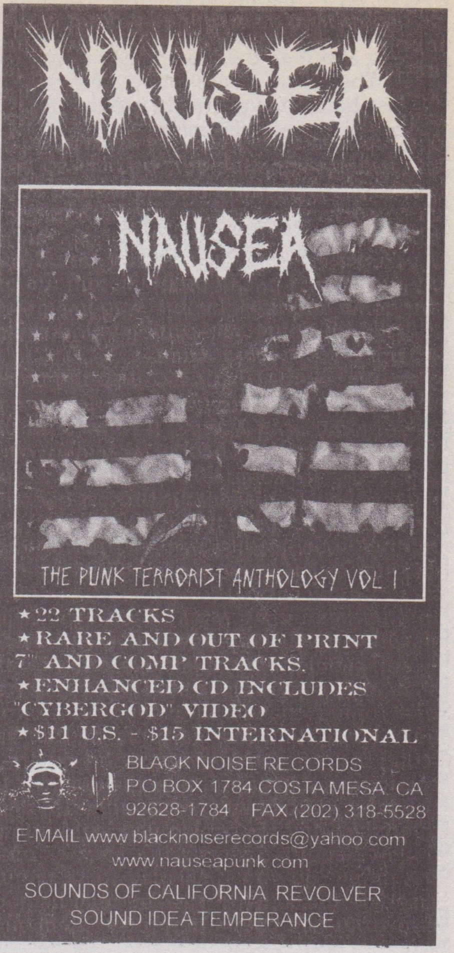

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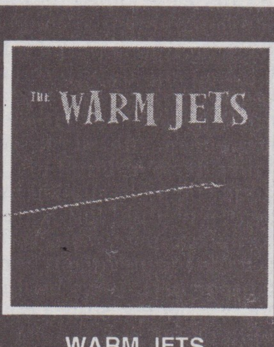

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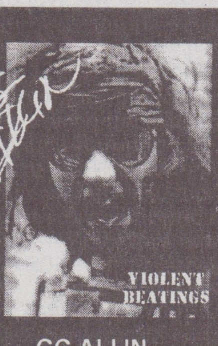

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NO FRILLS NO FRONT NO FRAUD

GIRLS, DERKS, YESTERDAY'S KIDS, SHUTUPS, STRONG COME ONS, & MISTREATERS). There's a lot of great rock 'n' roll coming out of that area. People from around there have been barking about all the great bands playing in their basements for years. The rest of us are finally getting wind of it...too bad most of these bands have already broken up.

Speaking of Wisconsin bands, make sure you pick up the awesome TEENAGE REJECTS 7" on Rip Off! The three songs on their first (and last? they've already parted ways...) EP have the same blunted stupidity/simplicity of LOLI & THE CHONES. Very straight-forward, nothing too challenging going on, but absolutely great. Easily one of the best singles on Rip Off in a long time.

I'm sure you're well aware that the REDS (R.I.P.) have a new album due out on Rip Off soon, as do the KILL-A-WATTS. If the Kill-A-Watts' new single on Yakisakana (51, rue Pierre Renaudel/76 100 Rouen/France//www.yakisakanarecords.fr.st/yakisakana.rec@wandoo.fr) is any indication of what to expect, we're in for a helluva treat. Two songs that barely top two minutes (hell, they probably just trip over the one minute mark), flying by in a flurry of hurried, screeching chords and howling vocals. The a-side, "Dig These Kids" has a thicker, meaner sound, while side B, "Snotty Bastard," is like a bolt of lightning, in and out with high-pitched precision. This is their best yet.

From Flying Bomb in good ol' Ypsilanti, Mich. (PO Box 971038/Ypsilanti, MI 48197) come MHz and what I believe is their debut 7", *Action Figure*. This three piece take off with the title track, a loud and fast ride on the express train into the second song, "Schizoid Man." Both songs are ablaze with heavy distortion, distinctive of the Ghetto Studios/Jim Diamond sound. "Schizoid Man" and the song on side B, "Like A Switchblade" take a more calculated approach to plummeling your brain with their hulking music. "Action Figure" is a direct assault, like a boxer who lunges at you, swinging left-right-left-right until you're down for the count. The other two dance, jab, dance, dance, duck, jab, jab, jab and BAM! Either way, you're out before you know what hit you.

With members of a number of notable Detroit bands, PAUL E. ESTER & the CRUEL SHOES make a helluva name for themselves on their excellent first 7", *Eyeliner* (Rapid Pulse/PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460//www.undergroundmedicine.com). The first song, "All Your Friends Hate You Now" has an amazingly catchy chorus, which the singer spits out in a wonder snarl that's pure Detroit. The guitars are sharp and deadly as a box of Gillette razors, doubling up on each other to slice through chords with a howling buzz. "Eyeliner" sounds almost like a DEAD BOYS outtake, with vivid lyrics sung with an air of disdain, killer guitars and solid rhythm section, all working together. Then, just for yucks, they throw in a cover of "Train Kept A Rollin'," which works much better than you might think. They do the song justice, adding their own touch of fireworks to the classic. Dare I say these five guys might have one of the best bands in Detroit right now? Since that CLONE DEFECTS album has gone MIA, check this out for a *real* dose of snarling Midwest punk. This is one you've gotta get this month!

Solid Sex Lovie Doll is an Italian label who has released ultra-limited 7"s by bands such as the DIRTBOMBS, the LOST SONDS, and WALTER DANIELS. Well, King Z is at it again with a 7" (limited to 400 copies) by the KNAUGHTY KNIGHTS. Who are these Naughty Nights, you ask? Well, they're from Memphis and feature a truly stellar line-up, consisting of: Jack Oblivian, Rick Crook (REATARDS, LOST SOUNDS) and Shaggy (PERSUADERS). King Z promises four firecracker hot songs, pretty much what you'd expect from such a group of southern gentlemen. They're gonna go quick... (Solid Sex Lovie Doll c/o Federico Zanutto/Via Rualis 101/33043 Cividale (UD) ITALY//solidsexloviedoll@hotmail.com)

Showing absolutely no signs of slowing down, Sympathy continues to release a big mess of fine rock 'n' roll.

Foremost, LES SEXAREENOS are back!!! Their follow-up album, *14 Frenzied Shakers* isn't quite as over-the-top, breathless as their debut album, but *wow!* they absolutely deliver on the promise of the title. In addition to their own finely penned raucous numbers, they throw in a few killer covers, including "Don't You Know Yokomo" by HUEY SMITH.

The DEL-GATORS feature members of the SPACESHITS and Les Sexareenos, so you know you're in for a good time! Their debut 7", *Mudpit* is out on, you guessed it, Sympathy.

On your first listen, you're likely to think the STUCK-UPS are a limey band. The simple garagey music and accented female vocals sound just like any number of girl garage punk bands from the U.K. Yet, this trio of girls comes from the soggy northwest city of Seattle, Wash. I attribute this album's heavy English accent to the fact that it was produced by Sir Billy Childish.

The first CANDYGIRL 7" (now out of print) remains one of the all-time best power pop records and is hands down one of my top ten records of the past few years. Thus, I've been biting my nails, waiting for the TINA & THE TOTAL BABES LP. This project band features Tina Lucchesi (BOBBYTEENS, TRASHWOMEN, etc.) fronting a band made of some of Minneapolis, Minn.'s best and brightest. Critical in this equation is the genius songwriter Travis Ramin, guitar player of the SHORT FUSES and mastermind behind CANDYGIRL. He's one of the best songwriters around today. Ramin is accompanied by Jacques Wait (who played with Candygirl and the Short Fuses), as well as Johnny O'Halloran, who plays bass from the MAGNOLIAS. This is sure to get all the kids hot and bothered.

LE SHOK finally have a new record out. This one's a 6" titled *L.A. To N.Y.* (Kapow). As the title suggests, this includes a track recorded live in Los Angeles (a SCREAMERS cover no less) and one recorded live in New York. In true Le Shok fashion, about 100 copies of this record come in a stunning anodized aluminum cover. They also have a 7" called *S&M* due out very soon.

Out of nowhere, I found myself in possession of a sharp 7" EP by Knoxville, Tenn.'s BITTER PILLS (Domesticity/PO Box 763/Knoxville, TN 37901). These four lads rip out four songs carefully styled after '60s mod monsters, tempered with a swampy, slightly trashy recording. They nail the sound and feel of the tormented, twisted teen garage songs of the '60s, sounding like they'd be right at home tucked in between the MOXIES and J.D. ROGUES on *Teenage Shutdown*. The a-side is a bit stiff, but by the time they work their way to the flipside, everything gets a little more loose. Hopefully we'll be hearing more from the Bitter Pills.

The CUTS have moved back to the Bay Area, thankfully. One night this summer, shortly after their return, they played a show at the Cloyne Court Co-Op on the UC Berkeley campus. The Cuts were joined by the FLAKES (who put on an amazing show and are still one of my favorite Bay Area bands) and an unknown group of kids from Texas called the MIRRORS. Although my show attendance has dropped to the point of truancy, I still get out once in a while and often catch one or two bands I'd never heard of who completely knock me out. Such was the case with the Mirrors. Out of nowhere these lonestar kids start pumping out raw, hot, humid songs, fueled by a mean organ and a guitar player who works surf riffs into thunderstorm psych/rock songs like nobody I've ever seen. They left me breathless. After the show all the members of the band commented that they played more high energy rock 'n' roll that night, since it was a college crowd. Usually, they said, they play more psychedelic stuff. I bought an album to see for myself.

Sure enough, the album, *The Green Dream* (Pop Quiz/2005 Saber Ct./League City, TX 77573//www.popquizrecords.com) is full of psych, some of it dripping and droopy, awash in echo, fuzz and wah-wah action, some of it feverishly red hot. This album sounds as if it were lifted straight from '67 or '68. Definitely not a record for those of you who think the MC5 and STOOGES sound like hippies. The cover features a pixelated eye, with the colors reversed, so it looks all fucked up and...well, psychedelic. The Mirrors draw from a number of influences. They definitely have a STONES-like bluesy grit, but then dive head first into the heavy, swirling sounds of bands like OS MUTANTES, the ELECTRIC PRUNES, and the SEEDS.

Completely switching gears, DS-13 have a new album out on Havoc Records. The consensus among most hardcore kids is that DS-13 have been on a steady decline since their first single came out. Not having followed them that long, nor that closely, I'd say this album is among their finest recordings. I love how the songs work in just a teeny touch of a more melodic element, but still blister your ass raw with straight ahead, no bullshit, non-wanking hardcore. In addition, DS-13 have some of funniest, most inspiring lyrics I've read since...well, since the last HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE record. I said it once, and I'll say it again. Those of you who say you like hardcore—but just the old shit from the early '80s—are missing out. There's a lot of stunning new hardcore coming out, built on a foundation of early '80s hardcore appreciation. It's worth checking out, especially if you're fucking sick of bad bar rock being passed off as punk. This is the real deal.

Having been put together as a project band in 1998, the HOT POCKETS got together, wrote and recorded sixteen songs in five days. They played one show in Groningen, Holland at the infamous Vera Club a few months later. A few days later, they recorded another seven songs. End of story...or so it seemed. Due to popular demand, they played five shows (in five countries) and recorded once more. Not much of a career, as far as bands go. But then, these guys got together with the intent purpose of making some of the best rock 'n' roll music Europe—and the world—has heard. While I wouldn't go as far to say they're the best, I will say these guys make some truly great music. It's often the bands that are formed purely for fun, with no real intentions of going anywhere, that make the best music. They have the right motivation: fun. The Hot Pockets' new album *Mess of Fire* (International Trash/www.internationaltrash.com) is the result of that last recording from 1999. You'll probably have a good idea of what to expect if I say that these guys are influenced by the DEVIL DOGS, that they do a NERVES cover ("Hangin' On the Telephone") and that this album was originally on Screaming Apple. They swagger, shake and have zero metal influence in their sweat-inducing rock stomp.

Moving on to the reissues, compilations and bootlegs...

Taking their tradition of releasing absurdly limited records into the new millennium, the ABSENTEES have released a whole album of slop punk called *Neighbors Against Narcs*. Like their obscenely expensive original 45, this is on UG Records and is supposedly limited to 100 copies. And sure enough, it sounds almost exactly like their material from the late '70s. That's either good or bad, depending on how you feel about their music.

After months of silence on the reissue compilation front, this month I got word of four new LPs collecting rare punk, hardcore and powerpop songs of varying quality.

Following up the great *Killed By Hardcore* comp released earlier this year, *Killed By Hardcore, vol. 2* delivers an album erupting with killer punk/hardcore from around the world, including: ZMIV (Holland, HEADCLEANERS (Sweden), INDIGESTI (Italy), E-13 (USA), IKKA SHINJYUU (Japan), MECHT MENSCH (USA), YDI (USA), RIISTETYT Finland), SUBURBAN MUTILATION (USA), INOCENTES (Brazil), BETONG HYSTERIA (Norway), INSTANT AGONY (UK), NO LABELS (USA), VORKRIEGSPHASE (Germany), FADER WAR (Norway), TARGET OF DEMAND (USA), TMA (USA), AGENT ORANGE (Holland), E.A.T.E.R. (Sweden), KURO (Japan), EXTREM (Australia), KORO (USA), DISARM (Sweden), THE ABUSED (USA), CANI (Italy), and CHRONIC SICK (USA). Limited to 1,000.

At the other end of the spectrum, a new compilation called *Powerpoppers* boasts 14 power pop songs from the '70s/'80s, none supposedly comped before. I'm glad to see Australia's BOYS finally make it on to a comp. Joining them are: 021, TEENAGE FILMSTARS, LES CALAMITES, the VIPS, the REACTION, SPEEDBALL, LOW NUMBERS, WEEKEND, STRANGEWAYS, ADVERTISING, and the CLERKS.

The Bloodstains series returns with *Bloodstains Across Europe, vol. 2*. It contains 15 tracks, all from rare European records. Included are: the SQUAD, RUNNING DOGS, DREAM POLICE, GANGSTERS, ROTZKOTZ and others. The first European Bloodstains comp was great, collecting some of the better (and rarest) Euro punk records. Unfortunately, it doesn't look as if this one will quite live up to its namesake.

Lastly, *No One Left to Blame*, which was previewed on Gift Wrapped Crap Internet radio (www.antennaradio.com/punk/giftwrappedcrap) not only blows the lid on some true rarities, but it's got some really great punk songs...now there's a novel idea! You can end your frustration at trying to pin down what JACKIE SHARK & THE BEACH BUTCHERS (whose 7" tops many want lists [and price lists!] these days) sound like. They have two songs here. Knocking the EAT out of contention as the first punk record to come from Florida, CRITICAL MASS' debut 45—released in 1976—is among the highlights of this album. The song here, "Silver Screen" is a great swaggering, snarling tune not unlike something that would've come from New York City around the same time. Maybe these guys caught the NEW YORK DOLLS on their ill-fated Florida tour. You also get the FINGERS, DV8, MANIKENZ, the COMMANDOS and lots more.

While not too many reissue albums have been coming out, CDs and CD-Rs of rare punk songs have picked up the slack. You all are surely aware of Chuck Warner's great Hyped 2 Death series (www.hyped2death.com). Well, long time collector Chris Plummer has put together his own series called *Everyone A Classic* (http://www.velvetplumms.clara.net/punkrock). Each volume is limited to 300 CD-Rs and features a fifteen tracks. The first three volumes sold out long ago, but you can probably still get volumes 4 – 6. Check the website for track listings.

Remember those beautiful, limited replica reissue 7"s that came out a few months ago? Well, there's another batch due out by mid-September. This time, they aren't so concentrated on ultra-rarities. Again, you have to act fast, these are limited to 300 copies. Here's a rundown: the B-52s "Rock Lobster"/"52 Girls"; the CONSUMERS "We're American" 7" (1980); IMPERIAL DOGS "This Ain't the Summer of Love" 7" (1978; Los Angeles); the MISFITS "3 Hits from Hell" 7" (1981); NEON BOYS "Love Comes in Spurts" 7" (1973, pre-TELEVISION band featuring Richard Hell and Tom Verlaine); the PRIMITIVES "The Ostrich"/"Sneaky Pete" 7" (1964; pre-VELVET UNDERGROUND Lou Reed goof stomp); RAMONES "Here Today, Gone Tomorrow" 7", RAMONES "We are Punk Generation" 7" (Japanese-only 7"s); SHRAPNEL "Combat Love" 7" (1979; New Jersey); the SINS "Mood Music" 7" (1982, California); the SLEEPERS "Seventh World" 7" (1978, San Francisco); SONICS RENDEZVOUS BAND "City Slang" 7" (1978, Detroit); TELEVISION "Little Johnny Jewel" 7" (1975, New York City); WEASELS "Beat Her with a Rake"/"I'm the Commander" 7" (1977, Los Angeles).

Though the CRAMPS have kick-started their own label (Vengence Records) and jumped aboard the USS Mordam, this month they're the victim of no less than seven bootleg LPs: *1976 Demos* (their first demo session); *Fetishism* (live in Toronto, 1982); *Frank Furter & the Hot Dogs* (live CBGB's 1978); *Surfin' in the Dark* (London, 1984); *Tales From the Cramps* (alt. takes from their debut album, produced by Alex Chilton, plus demos recorded by Chris Spedding and Richard Robinson); *Voodoo Rhythm* (1983 demos, rehearsals, live tracks); *Wild Psychotic Teen Sounds* (twelve song from 1979, produced by Chris Spedding).

The BUZZCOCKS also have a new live record out. This one is brought to you care of our friends at Get Back Records in Italy. This double LP, *Small Songs With Big Hearts* was recorded live at the Rainbow Theatre in London on Nov. 9th, 1979 (the day I turned five years old!). Packaged in typical Get Back quality gatefold sleeve.

And the RAMONES also have yet another live album out. This one is called *Eaten Alive, Vol. 1*. It's from a show in Utica, New York, recorded in 1977. 18 songs on dinnerplate 180 gram vinyl.

San Francisco's BREAKOUTS, whom you may remember from KBD #9, KBD 7" #5 and Back To Front #6, see their 1983 LP, *No More* reissued. Same story with the late '70s joke punk band the MONKS.

Dionysus continues to reissue some of the better punk from the late '70s, including the DOGS' classic *Slash Your Face* 7". An original recently sold for a stupid amount of money on eBay. Do us all a favor and just grab this quality reissue instead. Dionysus also just released a 7" by Pennsylvania's the CLAP. This EP contains the Clap's two singles, one of which is a live recording from '81.

Last month I mentioned how Paul Collins of the NERVES teamed up with the YUM YUMS to record a new song (it's available on MP3.com). Keeping the ball rolling, Penniman Records, who brought us such amazing records as the FUN THINGS reissue, just released a Nerves 10" titled appropriately *25th Anniversary*. Though it's fairly pricey, this record collects the Nerves' original EP (with the original version of "Hangin' On the Telephone") with two extra studio tracks, "Paper Dolls" and "One Way Ticket." Now let's hope someone reissues the first BEAT LP legit before it gets bootlegged.

You may have heard, but just in case...the indispensable FLEX US Hardcore/Punk discography has been updated and is being reissued! Burkhard has not only added records which were not known of or otherwise omitted from the first edition, but he's also updated the book to include thousands of records that have come out since the first book was published in 1992! The new book is going to be about the size of a phone book and has an initial print run of 1,000. Pre-orders are being taken, and so far more than half the books have been sold. For ordering details, go to: http://www.fuzzlogic.com/flex or email Burkhard: flex-magazine@telda.net.

That's it this month. Until next month, remember to keep your music loud, fast and fun.

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CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

"What I long for is the freedom of going about alone..."
"Vagabond," by Isabelle Eberhardt

Sitting on the couch in the living room at Cedar St., Greensboro, I thumbed through a few paperbacks on the coffee table. There were some interesting titles in the pile, but the third from the bottom especially caught my eye. *Vagabond*, it was titled. Flipping through, I read a few lines:

"He listened vaguely to the chaotic Babel of conversation going on around him, deep voices joking in different languages, arguments inside the frail tents buffeted by the wind. His place was here now. He would curl up here, make a niche for himself amongst these companions, each of whom had his own secret past. All these lads had had cruel and damaging things happen to them, and now they were blotting them out, escaping. They had abandoned for a while their cumbersome personalities, as if they were shedding a garment that was too restrictive, and assuming another that enabled them to walk more at ease, to live a freer inner life under the tyranny of rules, relieved of the dead weight of responsibility. In this return to the warmth of the herd, to animal life, there was a sense of relief at casting off a burden, a lightening of the chest."

Only moments away from my own departure, I felt a little resonance at this writing, this talk of travel and the casting off of old weights. So, I decided to steal the book. Later, I recognized the author, whose name had sounded vaguely familiar but elusive; it was Isabelle Eberhardt! I'd heard stories of her, the legendary nomad, who traveled through North Africa disguised as a young Arab man, joining up with mysterious Sufi sects and wreaking havoc across the Algerian Sahara, shocking the tame French settlers with her libertine way of life, who remains the only European woman to have ever witnessed the ritual "fantasia," who fought and killed with a dagger an officer of the French colonial police in the uprising at Bone, who lived to survive assassination and conspiracy, who eventually died at the age of 27 in a flash flood in the desert outside of the Ain Sefra military base in Morocco.

Isabelle Eberhardt was born in Geneva in 1877, the daughter of Russian exiles. During her life, she published scores of articles and short stories in various European and African journals, which were collected posthumously into books and published along with her diaries. But her only novel, *Timardeur* (Vagabond), unfortunately remained unfinished at the time of her sudden death. In 1922, a friend of Isabelle, Victor Barrucand, published *Trimardeur* with an ending he pieced together from some of Isabelle's papers. It wasn't until 1988 that the novel made its first appearance in English, translated from the French by Annette Kobak.

Vagabond is the story of Dimitri Orschanow, a Russian anarchist who gives up his life as a student in Petersburg and travels south as a migrant worker and vagabond through Europe and eventually to Africa, where he joins the Foreign Legion. In this highly autobiographical work, Eberhardt discusses many of the dilemmas that she faced herself while the novel was being written: love versus lust, individual emancipation versus the dogma of collective revolution, university study versus the study of life experience, etc. It is a rough, very flawed novel, with an unrefined, unfinished feel. The tone is warm and contemplative, with a distinctly Russian style, as Eberhardt descends from the tradition of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

For me, the book was a guide, a map through the world of adventure, a volume I could consult for advice during my own travels. The words derive their power from the experience of Isabelle's life. Her passionate and relentless search for answers in a world that only offers excuses truly shines through the character of Dimitri Orschanow and pushes me on towards the horizon, towards worlds of which I have not even dreamed. While packing up for my own Drift, I decidedly left out the *Lets Go!* travel guide and threw in Isabelle Eberhardt's *Vagabond* instead. After all, when there's limited space, we've got to keep our priorities straight, right?

Vagabond, and all of Eberhardt's writings, are recommended for anyone who is interested in what life may offer beyond what Ronald McDonald and his army of burger servants can provide. Recommended for fans of Dostoevsky and Alexander Supertramp, *Vagabond* is a tale of raw adventure; a meditation on the price an anarchist must often pay for freedom. It is a testament to what is possible, if we have the courage to follow our hearts, be they frozen or inflamed, focused or confused, so long as they are free.

—Jon Sarrows Stockholm, July 2001
This is the second part of a series of travel articles. Write us at:
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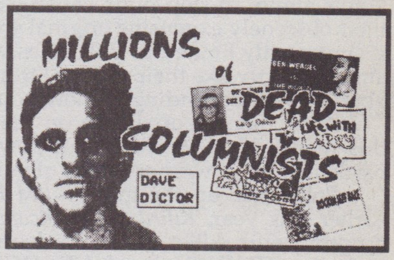

Showtime

I know it has been five months or so and news events seem to get so dated so quickly, but I've got to speak up on this one. If you don't know it, I'm a conspiracy type person and I live by Abbie Hoffman's words, "Just 'cause your paranoid doesn't mean you're not being watched." But stay with me for a few minutes. When I was traveling in Brazil, with Mario of Russian School of Ballet, I found myself listening to Mario, their singer's, conspiracy theory about the power shortages they have been experiencing in relationship to shadowy political dealings with certain politicians on the need for more dams to be built on Indian lands, which will justify tearing down another couple of million acres of Amazon rainforest.

As he clicked off certain facts, my mind jumped on images that stuck in my mind about Timothy McVeigh, the young man sentenced to death for the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City on April 19, 1994, and the surreal countdown to his death this past year on death row. Then came the announcement that the FBI had misplaced certain documents, followed by the postponement by a month of his execution which eventually took place June 11th of this year. I was finding myself killing some time early in the morning this past spring, and I got caught up watching the news with those serious and dour talking heads. They would go on and on about the satisfaction the victims' families would get watching the special simulcast of the execution by injection. The nerve and the pure evil of Timothy McVeigh, to have no remorse. This terrible person, this deranged Gulf War veteran, this gun-loving, militia enthusiast, whom we will never miss. We get to visit his shattered father. We get to meet the many of the victims' families and here how they feel about the execution and their opportunity to witness the privately televised execution. We witness the television news accounts of theirs and the general public's anger and frustration that this young man could take so many people's lives. Then there are folks like us, suffering all this with numbed indifference.

When you look a bit further, you find a young man who was disillusioned by the hypocritical abuse of power by the United States military in the Gulf War, then by the federal police agencies in its war against David Koresh and the Branch Davidians at their compound in Waco, Texas. Here, as you will remember, is where the siege erupted after the federal government, with bad warrant in hand, tried to overtake a private residence that led to four agents being killed by its own friendly fire on February 28, 1993. 51 days later, on April 19, 1993, the United States government mounted an offensive that led to the firebombing and murdering of 80 people, 27 of them children. Of course we were all supplied with the information that cult leader Koresh was high on methamphetamines.

Next, this was dropped on the public, which was supposed to justify everything: "he was a pedophile." So after that 51-day siege where loud music was constantly blared and food and medicine were denied, a six-hour assault took place where Bradley armored vehicles were employed to deliver five fire bombs that led to the death of 53 adults and 27 children. Janet Reno got right on the news afterwards, declared something to the effect that these children were better off dead than in the hands of these child abusers. This is the greatest massacre of Americans by their government since the Indians slaughtered at Wounded Knee in South Dakota over a century ago. Later, 11 surviving members were put on trial for the murder of the federal agents who had attacked them in the original attempted arrest. The jury found them all innocent, but the judge stepped in to overrule the verdict and gave eight of these people up to 40 years in jail. Some of the jurors wondered if the wrong people had been on trial, alluding to the government which led to Senator John Danworth's 14 month investigation into the abuses of these federal agencies. By the way the code name for the FBI's attack on the Branch Davidians' home was "Showtime."

Timothy McVeigh expressed that he felt outraged by this and he decided to strike back right where these decisions were made. Much like the way the US government might target the headquarters of Saddam Hussein. McVeigh says he didn't know that the child care centers were located where they were, but compares it to way the United States military would attack a command center in Iraq whether it was near a civilian area or not. Nobody wants to swallow this analogy. The term "Collateral Damage" has been put into play. People were incensed to have the dead children in Oklahoma City referred to as that, but no one seems to mind the thousands of children dying in Iraq from malnutrition and lack of medicine year in year out.

What has been going on with our federal police agencies? Well, it isn't all that good. It's been a rocky past decade but that doesn't seem to deter them, slow down their funding, or to cause too much introspection in what *Newsweek* magazine describe as "a cowboy culture." Besides misplacing government files till a month before McVeigh's execution, the FBI under Louis Freeh has been busy prematurely accusing security guard Richard Jewell, whose misfortune it was to discover the packaging device that was to blow up and cause death and mayhem at the '96 Atlanta Olympics. FBI profilers just couldn't let go of their profile image of who this bomber was, and prematurely leaked accusations to the press. After months of browbeating and character assassination of Jewell, the FBI announced that it was focusing on new leads.

Then there was last year's frame-up of Wen Ho Lee, the Los Alamos scientist accused of spying, who was wrongly jailed for over a year before having charges dropped to mishandling a government document. All this was occurring under the leadership of FBI chief Freeh, who attended the same Catholic church as apprehended spy Robert Hanssen, who for 21 years, under everyone's noses, was selling secrets and causing the death of Russians spying on their own government while an FBI agent. He gets to keep his house and pension and will live his days out at a club-fed minimum security prison, probably near his family, outside of Arlington, Virginia. All this would almost be laughable if it weren't true.

As an afterthought, you would have to wonder how much Timothy McVeigh actually had to do with making, delivering, and setting off the Oklahoma City bombing that killed 168 men, women, and children and blew that building apart on April 18th, exactly one year after the attack on the Branch Davidian compound in Waco. The *NY Times* editorialized "that elements of the militia movement feel government agents had planted the bomb as a way to justify anti-terrorism legislation." Sure enough, eleven months later Bill Clinton signed into legislation the sweeping Anti- Terrorism Act, which expands wiretapping capabilities and empowers federal police agencies to take over local and police agencies in times of emergency. After Oklahoma City, the *LA Times* reported that 58% of Americans were willing to surrender some liberties to stop terrorism. Furthermore, experts have questioned if fertilizer in a truck could have caused the amount of damage that was caused. The *Portland Free Press* reported that military analysts suggest bombs in the federal building were placed to enable the damage to be as great as it was. Why, also, did no group claim responsibility for the blast? Not until after McVeigh was convicted did he claim responsibility. On May 23, 1994, CNN reported that only five ATF people were in the office that morning and none were hurt. Where were all the ATF employees that morning? Did they have a warning?

Is it truly conceivable that two people (don't forget Terry Nichols) could have acted alone? During Terry Nichols separate trial, many jurors stated that they believed more than two people had been involved. Why isn't the FBI looking further into the leads that were suggested at these trials? Various witnesses indicated spotting McVeigh and Nichols with a number of people in Kansas in the weeks leading up to the bombing. It was reported in the Kansas City Journal that a 2nd John Doe was seen with the Rider Truck days before the bombing in Kansas. Police sketches were sent around, witnesses stepped forward to name people in Shawnee County, Kansas. The FBI was handed this information but has not followed up on these leads. Why? Who are these people and why are they not being investigated? Are we to learn 20 years from now that they work as government informants? Assistant County Attorney for Geary County, Kansas also has reported anti government activities with people that fill the description of these said people and John Doe #2. There are also reports of anti-government anti-tax movement people involved with the Kansas militias from Texas, Iowa, and Michigan, that have not been investigated. And why did the feds need to tear down the federal building in Oklahoma City just 16 days after the bombing? Why were no independent forensic investigative teams allowed to inspect the building? Why the rush to destroy the building and the evidence to be found there? Was the sight of the building truly too much for the victims' families as suggested? *Do you really trust your government and if so, why?* mdcops@hotmail.com
look for MDC's California tour with Final Conflict and Molitov Cocktail in late November/early December.

ALL
$
HAIL
THE
MARKET!
NATHAN BERG

Poverty (with a Purpose)

Take a good look at any critical analysis of the punk scene and you're sure to find something about its lack of diversity. I'm not about to make any arguments against this point as I, too, view our beloved scene as overwhelmingly run by guitar-playing, young, white males. However, discussions on this subject almost always also include something about most punks having a suburban background. Yes, this is an easily visible attribute in the big-bucks-Warped-Tour-Lookout-Records scene being passed off as "punk" these days. As far as the rest of it, there is no doubt that many of us come from middle/upper class backgrounds. But the thing that often seems to get overlooked in these rants is that most punkers, regardless of background, are not currently in a state of financial bliss. This is where a lack of diversity doesn't seem to matter too much.

Truth be told, there isn't a whole heck of a lot of financial diversity on the planet these days, whether you're talking about the punk scene or any other facet of society. To put it bluntly, the bulk of us are in (or near) a state of poverty. Whether this stems from the moral opposition of engaging in the sick system whose membership card is required to obtain wealth or the fact that most punks' lifestyles and appearances automatically exclude them from participation (or just the simple opinion that jobs really aren't that cool) could be a subject of endless debate for someone with a bit too much free time. Whatever the reason, most of us spend the bulk of our days awaiting the next payday or hunting for resources that can help avoid the employment pitfall altogether. With that in mind, how do we manage to get by?

It should be pretty obvious to anyone living with at least 3/5 of their senses intact in our capitalistic society that the rich make their money by figuring out "new and exciting" means of tricking it out of the hands of the poor. The typical economic mode, as I see it, is that those with lots of money spend it acquiring (or supporting) massive production or distribution methods that favor quantity over quality (read: efficiency). They are therefore able to produce goods at a cheaper cost and the poor (read: almost everyone) embrace it, trying their hardest to further stretch that paycheck they got assembling a some other cheap product. Meanwhile, the folks selling a similar product where quality is bit more highly regarded are set on a path to bankruptcy, thereby ensuring that they will soon join those on the bottom, scrambling for the "cheap" version of everything.

As punks, it's not hard to see where we fit into this whole scheme (here's a hint: look towards the bottom). I think we can all recount instances where we've bypassed quality and integrity in our purchases for the simple fact that we don't have the money to choose better (if you're anything like me, probably a few times in the past week alone). Of course, there are many cases in which the cheap choice is also the best. If you're the driving sort, liken this to the difference between a cheap, 4-cylinder and a V-8 SUV. Not only will the former be nicer to your chain wallet, but it's nicer to the environment as well (not as nice as a bike or yer own two feet, but we'll leave that point alone for a bit).

Granted, you're not going to score many points in the status department for that choice, as it means that you're going against the "I'm-a-good-person-because-I-own-good-stuff" mentality that pervades our over-advertised society, but it is a better choice in the grand scheme of things. However, in many (if not the majority of) cases, the cheaper product is also the corporate-produced, moneymaker. The locally-owned, non-corporate (earth/worker/ animal friendly, etc.) choice will almost always demand a higher price tag for a variety of reasons, but mostly because fourth-grade level math tells us that lower-scale production levels amount to a lower cost-reduction. And so, the 12-pack of Budweiser cans gets picked over the 6-pack of quality microbrew; Dominoes pizza beats out the local pie deliverers; and Amazon.com wins over the cool, indie bookstore downtown. As punks, supposedly well schooled in "fighting the system," I see this happen all too often—cheap corporate junk is selected over quality (or morality) so that we still have enough money left over to buy a stack of records telling us to "fight the system."

Many punks/activists/smelly people have supposedly "solved" this problem by living "outside" of the system (inasmuch as such a concept is possible). They get all their furniture from the curbside and their dinners from the dumpster, effectively bypassing "the system" by not having to feed any money into it or rely upon it for feeding. The idea is pretty simple, utilizing resources that would otherwise be making their way to a nearby dump and foregoing the need to add yet more consumption to our already bloated society. While I fully understand and (in some ways) respect such a lifestyle, there are many aspects of it that remain unexplored. First of all, as more and more punk kids get into this "freegan" lifestyle, what happens to the true poor and homeless who quite literally *need* these resources in order to survive? Typically minorities, elderly, and/or mentally challenged, these folks simply could not find other means of survival if they tried and creating competition for the few resources that they do have is not going to help them out—to say the very least. It would seem like a much more intelligent/"punk" thing to do to collect as much of said resources as possible and feed it directly to those who need it most (insert massive praise for Food Not Bombs here).

Beyond that, one must recognize that being a scavenger of mainstream society still means reliance upon mainstream society—not as directly perhaps, but reliance nonetheless. In order to live off the scraps of the system, there has to be a system creating those scraps; if everyone wanted to live said lifestyle (yes, I realize that that is not the case by a long shot), there would be no one left to scavenge from and you'd be back to square one. All things considered, direct theft from corporations could be regarded as much more beneficial than hitting their dumpsters, since the former would affect them financially, causing them to raise their prices and thereby making the local, smaller-scale products and services more competitive with their corporate (read: exploitative) counterparts. (Of course, I would *never* endorse such drastic measures—snicker, snicker.) As I said before, this "punk" lifestyle can respected from a few angles, but it has to be conceded that only a tiny fraction of the population can live like this without doing more harm than good.

What, then, for the rest of the poor? McDonald's and Wal-Mart? Of course not. Basically it boils down to a mixture of wise fiscal spending, sacrifice, and intelligence. Make a mental (or physical for all I care) list of what your money is spent on and decide what's most important on that list. Do some research on those items and see how financially possible it is to support respectable companies/people when purchasing them. Furthermore, is it possible to bypass some of the costs in an intelligent manner (ie growing your own organic produce if you can't afford to buy it, splitting the cost of a computer with some friends who also want one, etc.)? And finally, are there things that you don't really need to buy at all? OK, that's kind of a stupid question—we all buy things that we truly don't *need* (the bulk of our money is probably spent on such things). However, if you're buying your shampoo at Wal-Mart and groceries at Safeway just so you can afford to buy that out-of-print copy of the first Dead Kennedys 7" at the end of the month, you might want to do some rethinking, eh?

Yes, all of this talk of purchasing and finances means involving yourself in capitalism. But, being realistic here, we live in a capitalistic society and until it's gone (don't hold your breath…), you're going to be involved in the infamous "system" whether you like it or not. You might as well study it and give your best effort to support the things you respect and deny your support to the things you despise, right?

Thoughts before I go

1) This column is a bit preachy, I know. Believe it or not, I'm not trying telling anyhow to live their life, nor will I get down on someone for not living up to my ideals. News Flash!!…I don't live up to my own ideals either. The idea of this column was to give you something to think about. If you think its bullshit, so be it. The way I figure it, Visa, Taco Bell, and Nike (and all their good buddies in the Fortune 500) tell you how to spend your money thousands of times every day. Why shouldn't I be allowed to do the same from a different point of view?

2) The address is still Rainbow Bookstore Co-op, c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703 if anyone wants to drop a line. (I am still the zine coordinator there and am always looking for cool zines to carry if you'd care to send a sample.) The e-dress is still naytron@hotmail.com

REWIND

erin yanke

po box 1113 portland, or 97207

It's only four days after the big ol' airplane crashes, and I admit to only getting over being paralyzed by TV pictures yesterday. Mostly because some citizens of Portland are acting like "Brutish jack asses" (says the quotable Doug) and I can't take appearing to agree with it anymore. Tomorrow there is a vigil and march, and an organizational meeting to try and combat vile racist and jingoistic reactions to the tragedy. And really, I can't help feeling for the innocent dead, but not without thinking of the innocent dead all over the world due to American sanctions, American bombings, American secret wars, American funding for brutal dictatorships and secret police, and a litany of stupid shit that we are responsible for. Jacqueline says they should have hit the White House, and who's bummed that the

Pentagon is partially destroyed? So, I don't really think that the vigil is going to do much good, but action, the littlest bit of action is where I'm starting to break out of just taking it. We're going to try and make posters in the next few days to put up about how the real terrorism that's going to effect us in our lives is terrorizing the Muslims and Arabs in our community, and the terror of doing without civil liberties. Not the most original or radical message, but you've got to start somewhere. Start fighting back somehow.

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Some more on Spain

1. This crazy Spanish diet of eating less and exercising more actually works! While in Spain I lost weight faster than Tracy Gold before a big audition.

2. Speaking of food, I have never seen and never expect to see again a culture so obsessed with a particular food. The Spanish love ham. They have restaurants with names like "museum of ham" (which is a popular chain in Madrid) and "ham paradise." Order mixed vegetables or a side of spinach in any kind of restaurant and nine times out of ten, there will be ham in it. At Burger King you can get ham on your hamburger. Ruffles sells ham-flavored potato chips (I haven't yet dared). Apparently some doctor even went on record as saying that ham is good for you! To be fair, they have more kinds of ham than we do. Some of it is tough and chewy, some is like ours. But it's still ham.

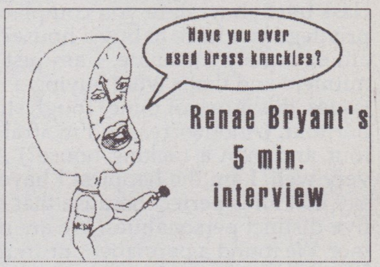
3. While they eat less often and in smaller portions than we do in the States, the Spanish eat some very heavy food. I usually don't eat much meat for all the reasons some people are vegetarians—I'm just not fanatical about it. Anyway, I was sick of ham and thought I'd order a veggie sandwich to lighten things up even though I was in a ham-themed restaurant. I changed my mind after seeing that the veggie sandwich consisted of asparagus, mayonnaise, cheese, and a fried egg all on bread grilled with butter. I came to find that such food is not at all unusual here. But that's light compared to a Spanish hamburger I saw, that very closely resembled something from a *Simpsons* episode: Homer salivating over a TV commercial for the Good Morning Burger, which consists of a bunch of beef soaked in butter, with ham, cheese, bacon, and a grilled egg. In Spain, the Good Morning Burger (minus the butter) is a reality. Hey, did you hear about the *Simpson's* DVDs? A full season for $30! With commentaries, and all kinds of stuff. I shat myself! Oh wait, that's part of evil, mainstream, American culture. Sorry. (yeah, sorry like a fox).

4. Sometimes Spaniards behave inexplicably. I was on a train, making my way through a narrow walkway, when I came upon a group of happy young adults. I gestured for them to move and, rather than step into their compartments, they stood and stared happily. I waited a second and pushed my way through, which elicited surprise. They clearly understood that I was trying to get by—what did they think was going to happen? There was one last guy in the group and we went through the same thing, so I smooshed him against the wall and squeezed past. Same reaction. They weren't mad, they were just kind of like, "that was weird." It certainly was. But not as weird as the old Spanish lady in Grenada (that's in Spain) who approached me on a busy street and asked, in English, if I spoke Spanish. I'm still trying to figure that one out.

5. I went to a bullfight. How could something so cruel be so boring? Here's how it goes, in case you don't know. The bull comes out with this flag thing stuck in his back to anger him. Then the junior matadors run him around to tire him out. Then this guy on a horse comes and stabs the bull in the back with a lance, the tip of which I would estimate to be about four or five inches long and two inches wide. The guy doesn't just stab and run, he leans down on the lance for about 20 seconds and works it all the way in. Usually the lancing is repeated at least once. Then these three guys come out and each one stabs the bull again with two, short, frilly staves that anchor themselves into the bulls back. Compared to the lancing, I don't think they do much damage. Anyway, at this point, the bull is having difficulty staying on his feet and usually falls onto his front knees a couple of times before the matador even makes an appearance. When the matador does come out, he horses around for a while, the bull chases the cape, and then the bull gets killed, ideally by one quick sword thrust at a certain point on the back of the neck. I didn't see any matadors get it on the first try—one needed 13 and was booed and whistled at—but when that nerve is hit, it's amazing how quickly the bull collapses. OK, if you know anything about the life and death pre-hamburger, you know that the above experience isn't as bad. And torros are said to have pretty good lives before they get into the ring.

So why does bullfighting bother people so much—even people who will happily have veal for dinner after watching the fight? I have two ideas. One is that bullfighting is seen as a celebration of cruelty. Watching the team prepare the bull by taking turns at distracting, agitating, and injuring it brings to mind a group of young thugs tormenting a stray dog. There is virtually no risk for the humans involved, so on top of the cruelty, they seem cowardly, at least to the outsider. Secondly, to many, the bullfight seems unfair. The bull is seriously wounded before the fight and no matter how well he performs, dies in the end, unless he is able to hop the fence, escape the arena, and make it to the French border. The matador is at less risk than say, a football or hockey player, and is guaranteed to win the "fight." It's like calling Oscar De La Hoya vs. a retard on crutches a boxing match. I think the first point seems valid. The bullfight is undeniably and unnecessarily cruel. During the match, I said, "why don't they fight the bull as is (this would be much more exciting), then let him live so the best bulls can continue to compete? They don't shoot all the horses after the Kentucky Derby, do they?" I more or less stand by that view. If the bull is too much for a human to handle, put some kind of harness on him. On the second point, I don't think the bullfight is really meant to be a competition between the bull and the matador. The quality of the bull and his disposition are important to a good fight, but his role is more like that of the pins in bowling than an opponent in tennis. The bull is there to facilitate the matador in demonstrating his skill. The stupidest thing about bullfighting is clearly that the audience applauds the bull as its carcass is being dragged from the ring. Applauding a living animal is ridiculous, applauding a dead one is idiotic.

6. The buses in Spain are spacious and comfortable—if you're a double amputee. The legged, however, should avoid them at all costs. When my sister and I were on one, there were four sets of seats that might be occupied by a single person. She, I, and the two other Americanos on the bus wound up with them. I thought to myself, "that's why we wound up with California. Bitches." skipyskip@aol.com


Have you ever used brass knuckles?
Renae Bryant's
5 min.
interview

I am not sure how other columnists decide what their topic will be or what story they will tell, but for me it's either instant passionate idea or a tortured process. Since I have been on summer break from UCR and not journaling like I should, my writing has been limited to comments on my students' homework (which reminds me I have an awesome class this year—hearts of gold). As a result, it takes me awhile to get into the "column headspace." Lucky for me my column avoidance mode paid off. As a was making my list of what I wanted to write about, I decided to open some of my mail. Inside this envelope was the coolest news I'd received in some time.

So, although I usually end my column with a highlighted activist, I will begin this column with one. A few columns back I wrote about these white supremacist bands that were being recorded for this white supremacist label that puts out the Skrewdriver records. Anyway, I was really upset that a local studio recorded them. Then I blagh-blaghed about the issue. Well, the letter that I opened up today was from the CENTER FOR

NEW COMMUNITY's coordinator for the Turn It Down Campaign, Justin Massa. The letter asks any businesses, organizations, and bands to sign and return their enclosed endorsement form and "join the over 100 bands, labels, distributors and stores that have taken a public stand against organized bigotry and turned down the sounds of hate." The group also published the "groundbreaking report entitled 'Soundtracks to the White Revolution: White Supremacist Assaults on Youth Music Subcultures.'" This is so fantastic! I knew something like this had to exist. So anyone interested in joining the campaign or learning more about the work the Center for New Community is doing can contact Justin Massa at 708.848.0319/ PO Box 346066 Chicago, IL 60634/ www.newcomm.org/ Justin@turnitdown.com.

Now to the anecdotal part of my column... Remember the movie *Airplane* with Leslie Nielson? Remember the part of the film where someone says, "The shits really gonna hit the fan now!"? Then you see a pile of shit hit a running fan. Well, I've been feeling like that lately. Not like a pile of shit and not really like the fan either, more like shit is just everywhere. Like the shit is hitting the fan, people are full of shit, I'm knee deep in shit, don't shit where you eat, and most people don't give a shit. You find yourself at a life crossroad, time for major life change. Oh, shit! I am a creature of habit. It could be risky, excessive, deviant habit, but it is still habit. After two whole years of a stable living environment, I have to move. Not only that, I may need to buy a house. I don't see how this is possible. How did this girl who grew up poor with a working-two-jobs-single-mother and an absent-bastard-no-child-support-paying-father (both parents having grown up dirt poor in Indiana and Ohio) find herself in a position to possibly buy a house? How fucking un-punk rock is owning a house? Do I lose my punk rock membership card? For most people, owning a house is a dream. I'm freaking out over this. It's a trip. As a little girl, during my teens and even during my early twenties, I just assumed that I would get married, buy a house with my husband, and eventually breed. My stepdad actually referred to me buying a little cottage somewhere, like for the rebel spinster.

By the time anyone actually reads this I may have found the future home of On The Rag. I guess buying a home is like getting married, in that you have to commit. It also means that you're an adult, you're all grown up. I don't feel all grown up. I don't feel like a future homeowner. I feel like a renter. Rent and run. Fuck and run. Rent and run. Fuck and run. Rent and run. Fuck and run. Holy shit! The next thing you'll know I'll plant a fucking garden. I'll be the 80 year-old lady that lives on the corner, writes books, gardens to the Dead Kennedys, and takes the food to the local Food Not Bombs group. Could the future be so bright? Something about marriage, raising children, and buying a house all make me feel as though I have one foot in the grave.

I know what you are thinking, "You spoiled white middle class bitch, how dare you complain about the opportunity and privilege you have to buy a house?" You are right. I know that I am extremely fortunate. I am just anxious. I'm afraid of commitment and that's what buying a house is. Everyone's got their issues, this is one of mine. Tough shit, eh. Tomorrow we leave on our tour. (Another reason I'm afraid to buy a house....how can I tour and own a fucking house?) All Or Nothing HC is doing very well. I am the happiest I have ever been in a band. Not to say that all is perfect because that is impossible when you have five distinct personalities. We are no longer borrowing a drummer. We found a permanent drummer, Woody. With a name like Woody, you know he has to kick ass. We just played with the legendary Los Angeles Skulls. That was fucking surreal and amazing. I was totally inspired and have found a new role model. We played last weekend with the Atomic Bombs and the Aborted. Both bands have a definite old school feel that in the midst of so much manufactured "pop-punk" it is truly refreshing to see bands that play raw, dirty, gritty punk rock.

The Atomic Bombs fuck you up with their humor, which they are able to do successfully. Whereas the Aborted hit you in a frenzied Poison Idea/Fear sort of manner. Both bands are serious about DIY. Atomic Bombs have their own label and release their own records as well as local band comps. The Aborted's Gnat does a distro., record store, silk screening, etc. all under the catchy name of Puke'nVomit. A new all girl band I have to turn you onto is Killing Zoe (have a Bratmobile feel). Supposedly the Voodoo Glow Skulls will be putting out their full length on El Pocho Loco, so keep you eyes open for it.

I wanted to hype a couple more pieces. The Sept./Oct. issue of *Mother Jones* has a great article on the strategies that the anti-abortion movement is using to make it more and more difficult for clinics to keep their doors open (www.motherjones.com). *Adbusters* #37, a special double issue, whooped my ass this month (www.adbusters.org). Anne Encephalon published #7 of her personal zine, definitely worth your time to contact (aneee@dork.com). Last, but not least, I wanted to recommend a book to those musicians who are looking for advice on business aspects of having a band or a label (even MRR is a business). The book is called *Music Law: How to Run Your Band's Business* (I know it sounds bad but I found it very useful because I need the tax write-off, honestly.) by Richard Stim. Published by Nolo (www.nolo.com). Well, I guess that's about it. If you're ever in Encinitas go to Lou's Records (they have two bldgs, one with used music and one with new). I scored *She's a Rebel* there used. I had never even heard of this comp. It was an all female fronted comp. that came out in 1997 on Shanachie Records. It was inspired by the Gillian G. Gaar book of the same title (which I must say is an awesome look at the history of women in rock and roll). Proceeds from the sale of the CD went to Rock for a Cure (breast cancer). Tribe 8 is on it so you know it kicks ass. The end. Contact me at PO Box 251 Norco, CA 92860-0251/ www.ontherag.net/ webmistress@ontherag.net.

PIERRE LE PEW

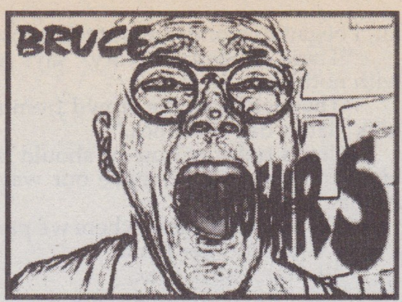
by John S Ringhoff

Well once again all I really did this month was play darts at Tee Gee and watch movies. I got my all time high score last night of 526 points. Kudos to me! I finally figured out the key to darts. I must be very drunk. I'm the same way with pool. OK, I watched *Cast Away*. This movie was hilarious! I loved how the whole first half of the movie is Tom Hanks hurting himself on everything he could possibly hurt himself with on the island. He cuts his feet up, he cuts his hand trying to make fire, and he gets a crab stuck to his dick. If you watch it and imagine you're watching some old good Tom Hanks comedy, you'll love it, especially if you're watching it and waiting for him to hurt himself. The only thing I didn't like about the movie was how he's completely nuts, then gets rescued and he's back to being normal. Whatever! In real life he'd be living in the forest playing with his shit and talking to himself again. Did you see that movie *Midnight Express*? Apparently in real life when that dude got out of prison he went insane and lived in his backyard.

OK, I saw *Quills* too. This movie was terrible except for the fact that Kate Winslet is *hott*. During the whole movie all I could think of was, *why the fuck do all these French people have English accents*?! Even Napoleon had an English accent in it. Did they think that audiences wouldn't take it seriously if they talked like French people? "BONJOUR AWW WEE WEE I AM THE MARQUIS DE SADE! DONDE ESTA ZE FROGS LEGS AND BABIES DIPPED IN SHIT?" The French apparently do eat babies dipped in shit by the way.

When is a good zombie movie going to come out? That's the real question. So if you can find a copy of it rent a video called *Wild on the Hollywood Streets*—it's a paparazzi video that shows nothing but celebrities falling down drunk outside of bars in Hollywood, fighting with cameramen, and random non-celebrity drunken fistfights. It's probably the most entertaining thing I've ever watched in my life. Highlights: Tommy Lee fighting with bouncers at the House of Blues, Tommy Lee getting pepper sprayed, that kid from *Married With Children* getting thrown around in a fight, Leonardo DiCaprio playing softball on the beach and swinging the bat like a little girl, Jon Lovitz in a tennis outfit chasing a cameraman, and Sean Penn being awesome as usual. Oh there's also lots of footage of Tori Spelling with her "breasticles," making an ass of herself. I really hope they make more of these videos.

Well that's about all I have to talk about this month. Please send poems to ringhoff@gurlmail.com. Ta!



TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

The fucking TEMPLARS from NYC, USA have teamed up with STOMPER 98 from Gottingen, Germany to perform on a DSS Records CD called the *ISP Connection* . With support from former members of VORTEX, Carl, Phil, Perry, and friends take you on the consummate "Gottingen/New York Skinhead Brotherhood" journey. This CD starts out hard and pure with Carl's lead vocals and multi-tracked guitar leading the pack with "From Gottingen to New York von New York bis nack Gottingen." We proceed through "Robert 'Modeskin'" and "Real Enemy" right into "Bring Back the Skins" with some saxophone accompaniment similar to some of STOMPER 98's arrangements. Next on the agenda is "Arme Arme" with driving guitars, solid bass and drums, and crafty harmonizing. Song number six is a real skinhead treat! You lucky fucks get to hear the ISP adaptation of the LAST RESORTS's classic skinhead anthem "Violence in Our Minds." Fucking great! This prepares you for two TEMPLARS songs that you are already familiar with from an earlier DSS release: "FTW" and "NYPD." Fuck! The TEMPLARS are always reasserting their dominance in the world-wide skinhead community! After the TEMPLARS devastate all the short n' curlies in the crowd with "FTW" and "NYPD," their friends STOMPER 98 play two of their songs off of the TEMPLARS/STOMPER 98 split EP *We Stick Together* —"Skinhead" and "Paderast." This is more top quality product from Michael at DSS Records!

The BLOODY SODS have another brilliant hardcore punk release for you fuckers. Mad Skull Records continues their reputation of manufacturing excellent CDs by some of the best bands around. The BLOODY SODS hammer down on your head with eleven scorching fast and furious numbers. This is super amplified mile-a-minute HC punk at it's best! The BLOODY SODS scream through razor-sharp songs like "No You Don't." Read the lyrics: "Think you know it all but you don't/No you don't/You put the blinders on as they continue to deceive/Think you know the truth but no you don't/No you don't/Twist the truth 'til it becomes what you want to believe/Always an answer for everything but distorting the facts only weakens your point/Think you know the answers but you don't/No you don't/You're so smart but you lack integrity/Think you know the facts but you don't/No you don't/Your agenda's been set and the facts are casualties/Always an answer for everything but distorting the facts only weakens your point/Twisting the words to get what you want/Warping the truth to gather support/Conforming to propaganda you don't even know what you believe/Change opinions like your clothes it's just your flavor of the week."

The BLOODY SODS rip through "Trojan Horse," "Black Out," "13th Floor," the great "Get Outta My Head," "Jack's Revenge," "Sex Offender," "Zero Effect," "United Forces," "End of the Road" and a smashing finale—"Get Em Up." This is another triumph for the BLOODY SODS, and you fucks need to get your grimy mitts on this CD as soon as you can!

You want bad hardcore music for bad humans? Defecation Nation Records present STOOL SAMPLE with their new EP, *Punk Rock Mercy Killing* . The cover of the 7" beauty is graced with an excellent Gaither painting with guns a-blazing! This is fast, ruthless HC that is brimming with fucked-up attitude, screaming guitar parts, and unsavory lyrics. This slab of unfortunate scum-punk is right up your alley if you like ANTiSEEN, LIMECELL, and RANCID VAT. Some of the songs appear on the new Mad Skull CD *Masterpiece Of Shit* . You get "First Comes the Bottle" and "Dead on the Inside" from that great CD which covers STOOL SAMPLE material from 1997 right on up to the current crop of fecal flirtations in the year 2001. In this CD, you will find STOOL SAMPLE jewels such as "I Fucked Yer Daughter" by NEGATIVE YOUTH, "Tight Little Pussy" by NIG HEIST, "Jerk Off Grandpa" played to the music of "Work Together" by the OPPRESSED, "Fucked in the Ass," "Suck My Dick," "Get 'Em Young," "First and Only Date," "Analicious," and a cover of "Right or Wrong" by BATTALION OF SAINTS. These unsavory men rock like a motherfucker, while maintaining the lowest common denominator with the most reprehensive lyrics this side of GG ALLIN! Fucking great! Contact Mad Skull Records, PO Box 57159 1040 BB, Amsterdam, Holland; www.geocities.com/oebeler.

Kangaroo Records has some brutal hardcore prepared for you this month! This fine label from the Netherlands has been putting out ferocious punk music for quite some time.

The first seven inch offered by Kangaroo is a hardcore compilation jam-packed with great music—all fast and deadly. Right from the onset, TEAR IT UP, from Denville, New Jersey, come out with a face full of fury and blazing fast with their song "Number One Wish." REAL SHIT from Yokohama, Kanagawa, Japan continue the attack with no-holds-barred HC. APPREHENDED VIOLENCE ORDER [AVO], from Australia, are up next with their hard punk song, "Miserable." Check out these lyrics: "I'm always putting my fists through walls/Everyone stabs my back/Sick of being the last in line/Thoughts of suicide cloud my mind/I don't wanna know your name/I'm too drunk to fucking care/Don't ever call me a fucking friend/I hate it when you try and help/I don't need no family/Why can't they just leave me be/This world is what I despise/You all would look prettier with a face full of stitches." Great!!!!

The next bit of hardcore meat for you fucks is the legendary OUT COLD from Dracut, Massachusetts, with their over-the-top punk sound on "It's Terminal." Y.A.W.P. and SEEIN' RED finish off side one with a flourish. Side two starts with two frantic hardcore numbers submitted by MILKMAN. Song three is the NEIGHBORS and their song "Same Shit." Next up you get RAWRIDE from Japan thrashing their asses off with "Sakusou." CREEPING JESUS from New South Wales, Australia, enter the fray with a tough punk song, "Didn't Come to Make Friends." This is very good! DEADSTARE wrap up the second side with "Don't Need You." Yeah! This is a very strong compilation from Kangaroo Records!

AVO (APPREHENDED VIOLENCE ORDER) have a fourteen-song 7" EP called *Solutions* out on Kangaroo this month as well. With only three of the songs going over a minute in length, these guys are all about coming in fast, hitting you hard, and getting the fuck out! AVO drop the hammer on you with "Solutions," "Certified Drunk," "Woodchip," "Students Take It," and "Self Worth"—fucking raw! Side B starts with "Get Over It," read on: "Back stabbing bitch as fake as fake can be/Hiding behind an image the punkest in the scene/Mister fucking know it all who doesn't have a clue/You say we glorify hatred the only thing we hate is you/You say we're not punk—just dumb/'Cause we don't have politics in our songs/You spread shit but never to our face/Always in zines and the songs that you play/Soon you'll be picking up your teeth/Off the fucking pavement." AVO proceeds to blast through "Blow up the Whitlams," "Tested Positive," and "No Straight Edge." For the grand finale, APPREHENDED VIOLENCE DISORDER have a truly great song, "Divorceable," with a churning mixture of guitars, bass and drums that goes completely wild! Excellent shit! Email AVO at kambahyob@hotmail.com.

The third slab of poisonous punk rock for you cretins this month from Kangaroo is DERIDE, with some crazy loud 'n' fast hardcore from Niigata City, Japan. This is an aural blast with scorching fast guitars and drums and shouted vocals. There is a manic energy about these punks that spells "good time." Hold on to your hats—this shit is deafening! Write to Kangaroo Records, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, the Netherlands. Email: tyson@xs4all.nl. Website: www.herry.fee.uva.nl.

45 Revolutions has a decent BLITZKRIEG CD available for you punks! The CD is called *The Future Must be Ours* , and this features the live BLITZKRIEG tour of 1991 with the exception of "Land of Failure," recorded live at Westward Ho and The Anchor in February of 1998. Punks are still excited by the BLITZKRIEG "Lest We Forget" EP on No Future Records from way back in 1982. WHILE YOU ARE ORDERING FROM 45 REVOLUTIONS BE SURE TO GET BOTH ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS EPS!!! ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS are one of the best hardcore punk bands in the United States at this moment!!! You must have the A.P.A. seven inches "Heroes?" and "This is Your Law" Good Shit!!! Order from: 45 Revolutions,

P.O. Box 2568, Decatur, Ga. 30031 E-MAIL: chetknight@hotmail.com or go to : http// 45revolutions.8m.com

Till next month,

See you fucks down at the bar!

George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

"Ruff!" yells P.J., in a tone that means business.

"Does he always do that?" asks my pal, Alex, as I lock the door to my apartment, with my eight pound Yorkshire terrier on the other side of it.

"Just when he thinks I'm going somewhere fun," I explain.

"We *are* going somewhere fun," explains Alex.

Through the door we hear P.J. bark again.

"Don't say that so loudly," I whisper.

"Sorry," whispers Alex.

"We'll be right back," I yell to my dog, "we're only gonna be gone a few minutes."

"Liar," whispers Alex, "It'll take us at least 45 minutes to get to The Meadowlands.

Actually, it takes a little longer. Of course, it wouldn't have if either of us actually knew how to read road signs. Or bothered to read a map, that would have of told us we *didn't* need to get on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Whatever.

On the way out there, Alex asks me if his muffler is overly loud on his old, beat up, silver colored Honda CRX.

"What?" I yell at him.

He then explains to me that he doesn't know what's wrong with it, and that he hopes he doesn't get a ticket for noise pollution.

"Just buy some muffler tape," I tell him.

"Dood," he says, saying it like he spells it, "bullshit!"

"What?" I ask him.

"Huh?" he says, over the Harley sound his four cylinder engine is making.

"What?" I yell.

"Muffler tape! You made that up!" he exclaims.

"No way," I tell him, "I used to fix cars in Florida."

"Nah-uh," he says, "no way."

"Way," I say.

"Dood," says Alex, "Jews don't fix cars!"

"With muffler tape and rubber bands they do," I explain.

The conversation then continues on about how cheap I am, then turns to both of our enlarged prostates, the pain they cause, and video games.

Video games are our favorite things.

Well, next to pussy, that is.

And drugs.

Oh, and rock n' roll.

Anyway, we were on our way to what we considered a real life video game.

The UFC.

The Ultimate Fighting Championship.

A sport where guys literally kick and punch the fuck out of one another. Where the object is to draw blood, and knock the other guy out.

And it was all supposed to be real.

At least that's what Alex, and my pal, Jose, had told me.

"Dude," Jose said to me a few days prior to the event, saying it like *he* spelled it, "these guys actually beat the living shit out of each other. It's not like The WWF which is fake, this shit is the real stuff!"

"Bullshit," I told him, "All that wrestling, extreme fighting, and all that, is fake," I say, "people pay good money to watch staged violence. It's not real, like it is on my video games."

Jose just shakes his head and tells me that I'll see what he's talking about.

So when we arrived at The Meadowlands, and were greeted by balding Jersey meatheads eating sausage and pepper heroes, drinking Budweisers, and smoking joints in the parking lot, I began to wonder about what Jose had said.

"These doods look scary," says Alex as he locks up his car with nothing to steal in it.

"They look like the crowd from a Metallica concert," I tell him, "latter day Metallica."

Alex is not sure how he should take that, so he just shrugs his shoulders and we make our way toward The Continental Arena.

"Try and remember where we parked," I tell him, being the Jewish Grandmother I am.

"Uh-huh," says Alex.

About fifteen minutes later we find ourselves in "The Press Room". It's a large room downstairs, near the floor of the arena, with lots of phones, computers, televisions, and most importantly, food.

"Good thing I got these badges from Maxim," Alex tells me as he scoops up a handful of pretzels, then downs them with a bottled water.

"Right on," I say, in my best California accent, stuffing my face with the free snacks.

"Who do you guys think will win?" asks some other "press" guy, as we stand around enjoying the blasting air conditioning.

"Win what?" I ask, totally forgetting we were even at a fight. In my mind, we were at a rock concert scamming the bands free food while they were on-stage. Something I've done on many occasions.

"The big match!" Says the guy, who, according to his badge, writes for *World Fighter* or *Fighting World* or *Fight World Tonight* or something.

"Tito Ortiz," I tell the guy without flinching.

"Dood?" asks Alex.

I explain that Tito's record is really good with The UFC, and since he joined the ranks of the club, his fist and footwork have been nothing short of amazing.

"I totally agree," says the guy from *World Fighter* or *Fighting World* or *Fight World Tonight* , "the Australian has no chance."

"Australian?" asks Alex.

"Elvis "King of Rock n'Rumble" Sinosic, I explain.

"Wow," says Alex.

As soon as the guy from *World Fighter* or *Fighting World* or *Fight World Tonight* or whatever leaves, Alex just stares at me. His eyes glaring.

"What? My friend Jose told me all that junk," I explain.

Alex grabs another bottle of water and tells me we should go see some of the early fights.

I tell him I agree. I want to see if this whole thing is for real or what. My bet? They stage the whole thing. Would dickheads from New Jersey really know the difference?

I soon found out.

The first fight we see, after finding our seats which are *ringside,* is one between Andrei Arlovski from Belarus (which sounds more like a planet on Star Trek) and Ricco "Pretty Boy" Rodriguez. He's from Staten Island.

Before the bell rings to start the match, a hot chick wearing almost nothing except the number "1" on her halter walks around the fenced in ring with a card which has the exact same number on it.

"Wow," I tell Alex, "her shirt and sign match!"

"She's the round girl," he tells me, looking over his shoulders, embarrassed.

"Doh," I say.

The bell rings and the guys come out swinging. I can't tell you who hit who first because I was busy checking out where the round girl went. As it turns out, she went to where the other round girls were sitting. All five of them. Each with a different number on their teeny-tiny shirts, and each with more silicon than my computer.

"Whoa!" exclaims Alex, "didja see that?"

"What?" I ask.

"That Staten Island Dood just punched the shit outta that Russian!" he explains.

"I missed it," I say.

"Dood!", he yells, "how could you have? It was less than seven feet away from us."

I explain to Alex that I was checking out the round girls, as well as the whole arena. That I'd never seen television screens so big in my life, and how it would be great to play video games on them. I also tell him that the crowd is wonderful, and that never has a group this large ever needed dentists so badly. Well, except for in England.

"What about England?" asks some guy who is seated about three chairs away, with a "press" badge in his hat. A large piece of white paper with the word "PRESS" written in black magic marker.

"They need…" I start to say, but am interrupted by the crowd going crazy. All of a sudden, Ricco is on top of the Russian, in his Speedo-type shorts and leather gloves, rocketing his fists into the Ruskies face. Blood goes flying everywhere and I can hear poor Andrei Arlovski moan in pain.

"Holy shit," is all I manage to say as more blood splatters and I begin to smell the odor of the two fighters.

The next thing I know, the round ends for one reason or another and someone wins. Who? Fuck if I know. I'd noticed Carmen Electra about three seconds before the bell, and was now engaged in staring at her luxurious boobies.

As it turns out, she is there because she was just named as spokesperson for The UFC. In fact, later in the evening, I run into her, alone, in the press room.

"Howdy," I manage to spit out at this bigger than life bombshell, who even in high heels, only manages to come up to about my chin.

"Hi," she says back, checking me out in my black T-shirt, black vest, and black ladies stretch jeans. I know she wants me.

"You look great," I tell her, really thinking that she's tiny. Like one of those little people on "Land Of The Giants". I imagine her in bed with her ex, Dennis Rodman. That basketball dude. During intercourse, he must have rubbed her tonsils raw.

"Thanks," says Ms. Electra, "do you know where I could find more chips?" And something to drink?" I look around at all the bags of unopened potato chips, and at the tub of bottled water and soda dispenser.

"Um," I say.

"You do work here, don't you?" she asks.

I'm about to answer her, but thank God, Donald Trump walks in. I guess she asked him because about two minutes later, I see her back in her seat, with a bag of chips.

The fights continue and blood spills everywhere. The question of whether this is real or not is now moot. Just the fact that the scary Italian guy on Oz who looks like Frank Stallone, and wears a Hells Angels jacket is seated up front, watching, is proof that this is no pussy sport.

Also the proof comes from some guy who looks like a cross between a fat G.G. Allin, and some blubbery Klan member. The audience loves him, and every match, he threatens to climb over the seating rails, and make his way to the on-going bouts. At one point, he removes his teeth and the crowd goes wild. Later, I find out he is some WWF dude or something, and was an original UFC fighter back in the day. Back in the day when there were less rules and more blood. If that is possible, which, I guess it was, judging from the guys chompers being held up in his right hand.

As Alex and I continue to watch the matches, and listen to tunes by bands like Metallica, Megadeth, and Weezer, blasting over the loudspeaker, we are also amused by the camera shots shown on the big screen of famous people in the audience.

Carmen Electra, of course, gets plenty of applause. As well as catcalls.

Some other blond model chick does as well.

When they show Donald Trump, everyone boos.

When they show Fred Durst, everyone boos even more.

Suddenly, I gain some new respect for these Jersey jerk-offs. If they think Limp Bizshit is crap, they *must* have some taste. Plus, they can probably see through his whole tough guy act as well. I bet if old Fred ran into even *one* of those guys in the parking lot, it'd make the UFC look like the KFC.

The night wears on and we see lots of people drinking lots of beer. And we also see lots of fireworks. Inside the coliseum. We soon begin to realize that this is one great evening. It's got the four B's.

Booze.

Blood.

Boobies.

Big Bangs.

Actually, that's five, if you count the last as two words. Whatever. It was almost better than a video game.

Finally the last bout begins and we see Tito Ortiz and Elvis "King Of Rock n' Rumble" Sinosic enter the fenced in ring. One of them comes in from sitting on a King's chair. I didn't notice which one, but I would guess it would be Tito. Although, it could have been Elvis, what with him dying on the throne and all.

Once the announcer tells the guys to get ready to fight, I get a good look at Tito. Standing a little taller than myself, and weighing about 205 pounds, he looks very much like he can kick my ass. It also looks very much like he stole my hair-do.

Motherfucker.

There he was, up in the ring with Elvis, wearing my hair! Bleached white/yellow, and short. Same cut and everything.

"Go Elvis," I yell to the guy from upside-down under.

"I thought you were rooting for Ortiz," Alex says.

"That pussy stole my look," I tell my pal.

The bell rings and the fight begins.

The whole time the guys are fighting, which is very, very short, I'm yelling "Pussy" at Tito Ortiz. It was bad enough when Eminem stole my look, but now some UFC chump? Enough was enough.

About a minute or so into the round, it ends. Blood everywhere. I can't remember if this was the round where the guy knees the other guy in the head, or the one where the guy punches the other guy so hard blood goes everywhere, and the guy's neck twists into an impossible position.

Well, which ever one it was, it was fast and gruesome. As Ortiz' arm is held up as the winner of the world light heavyweight UFC championship, I whisper "pussy" under my breath.

"Dood," says Alex, "I dare you to yell that at him!"

But I don't.

And I say nothing to Fred Durst, either, as I see him exiting The Continental Arena.

Cause I'm a puss.

After a little bit of "Dood! Where's My Car?" Alex and I find his Silver CRX, and along with a mutual friend, make our way back to the city in his cramped and overly loud car.

Later, after Alex drops me off in front of my building, I make my way inside.

Up in my apartment, P.J. wags his tail and has a sneezy attack because he is so happy to see me. Wendy smiles and tells me she's happy I'm home.

Later, when things settle down a bit, Wendy goes to take a shower, and I turn on the television.

Suddenly I hear her scream and run into the bathroom.

"Are you okay?" I ask as I pull back the shower curtain.

"I cut myself shaving my legs," she says as blood is *gushing* out of a three inch gash.

I take one look at her wound then faint.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:
1. The new Zeke album rules, as well as the new one from Stevie & The Trash. Pure New Jersey punk rock. Yee haw! Also ruling is the new Fleshies album on AT, and The Mad Daddys on RAFR!
2. P.J. turns four tomorrow! Cripes how time flies!
3. Hope everyone had a great summer!
4. Bigusdickus@georgetabb.com

GUEST COLUMN

by Adrienne Droogas

I only expected to see small plumes of smoke curling gracefully out of the building. Maybe a couple of licks of flames barely seen through the glass, maybe even a window broken out and a more urgent show of the smoke and fire inside. I had only heard that the World Trade Center was on fire, so I didn't expect much. When I stepped out onto the roof and turned towards the direction of the buildings, it took me a moment of standing quietly with my eyes blinking and my mind frantically trying to reject my small vision of what I thought was going on and accept the destruction that I was actually seeing in front of me. At this point, only one of the buildings had been hit. We didn't know anything and thought that it was a fire gone completely and utterly out of control or possibly a bomb.

We could see a huge, gaping hole in the side of the building where furious flames were eating away at anything that they could burn. There was now a group of people up on the roof with me and someone had come up with a pair of binoculars and we all took turns looking at what was happening and actually seeing inside of the building. Seeing the wreckage, the flames, the smoke, the mangled rooms. I went back inside and raced down in the elevator back to the store to call my boyfriend Todd to tell him to get up and go somewhere to watch what was going on. Someone had put on the radio and I heard the commentator talking about how the streets were jam packed and completely filled with people who were all looking up at the burning building. I went back up to the roof and everyone was yelling and when I looked back at the buildings, the second one, which had been fine when I'd gone down in the elevator, was now consumed in worse smoke and flames then the first.

While I was downstairs, the second building had been hit. From where we were on the roof, nobody had been able to see that it was a plane that had hit it. Someone on the roof had an earpiece on, was listening to the news, and was able to start giving us some information of what was going on. We found out it was airplanes. We found out they were commercial airplanes filled with people. That the Pentagon had been hit. As I stood watching what was happening, I could see the sparkle of glass falling in a continuous stream from both buildings. It looked like silver confetti sparkling in the sun. And then, I saw someone jump from one of the buildings. Someone falling amongst all that sparkling confetti. Then another person jumped from a window higher up and I watched them fall and fall and fall until another building blocked my view. A moment later, the news announced that six people had just jumped from the building. Six people jumped and I was witness to two of them. As I turned back to watch the buildings, the one that had been hit with the second plane began to crumble and slowly, as if made out of clay and a giant child was pushing it from above, it collapsed. A huge, rolling, consuming mushroom cloud of smoke and debris began to envelope block after New York City block.

All I could think of was the announcement I'd just heard on the radio downstairs about how the streets right around the building were filled with people. The streets were jam packed and those jam packed streets were now under miles and miles of steel and concrete. All those people gone. All the people in the building gone. I'd just watched thousands of people die. I ran down the stairs, back into the building. I was at work when this all happened, so I began the process of getting us all the fuck out of there so's we could go home and be with the people we wanted to be with, not the people we had to work with. If I was going to get blown up, I wanted it to be with my boyfriend and my dog Norton. Trying to deal with the store was the reason I didn't see the collapse of the second building and I feel so lucky that I do not possess that memory.

Getting home was completely fucked. Subways had been shut down and most people who lived elsewhere were trapped in Manhattan. I live in Brooklyn and the thought of being stuck in Manhattan with all this shit going on held absolutely no appeal to me whatsoever. While I'd been closing down the store, my coworker Dwayne had already biked through the city and gone to the Williamsburg Bridge in an attempt to get home, but they weren't allowing anyone over so he had biked back. The footpath was closed and the actual bridge itself was closed to traffic. We heard that all bridges were shut down, all tunnels closed off, and that nobody was being allowed in or out of the city. Dwayne and I decided to try the bridge again, so we got on our bikes and started heading out, weaving our way through all the people who were milling around in the streets in a confused daze.

We had just turned down one street when suddenly, around a hundred people began running and screaming directly towards us, yelling that something was going on at the end of the block. We swerved around on our bikes and raced out of there, more scared that we were going to get stampeded by a horde of panicked New Yorkers then whatever might be happening at the end of the block. Every street we went on, there were hundreds of people just walking around, some crying, some in shock, some people arguing about what was going on, others silently comforting each other. Dwayne and I moved through it as quickly as we could and eventually made our way to the Williamsburg Bridge where they had finally started letting people over. Imagine a huge bridge that is normally filled bumper to bumper with cars and now, there are people lining every single inch of it, all of them walking slowly towards their homes.

It was like watching some war flick where all the refugees and soldiers shuffle slowly through the wreckage. Behind everyone on the bridge was the huge column of smoke and debris that used to be the World Trade Center. All of us were hoping that ahead of us was some form of safety and comfort. As Dwayne and I rode over, some people were furious and kept screaming "No more fucking bikes!" and other people jokingly asked for a ride while others were seriously wanting to steal our bikes. Luckily, I'm a big girl with enough tattoos and a bad enough attitude and a big enough bike chain thrown around my shoulder that those wanting my bike were quick to back down and nobody made any serious attempt to grab it. Plus Dwayne and I riding through the crowd together gave me some back up. Dwayne made it home safely and I made it home safely.

Now I am in the position of trying to deal with everything I saw. Unfortunately, the memory that keeps playing over and over again through my mind is the memory of those two people I saw jump from the building. It feels as if my mind is stuck on play/rewind mode. I just keeping seeing that vision of those two bodies. Those two people. Knowing that they were someone's husband or wife, someone's father or mother, a friend or a lover. I see the frantic missing person flyers all over the city, I look at the faces in the flyers, and I wonder if any of those faces belong to the two bodies I saw falling so slowly to their deaths. And mostly, I wonder about that last choice that they had to make. The last choice that they would ever make in their whole lives. We make choices every single day, moment after moment. We choose to sleep in, we choose to go right instead of left, we pick out the pants and the shirts that we want to wear that day, we choose which socks. We make life-altering decisions, we make meaningless decisions, we make choices that will affect the rest of our lives and choices that make no difference in the world. But imagine if the last choice you had to make on this planet was to either die in a room consumed with flames that has no way out and either suffocate or burn alive, or break open a window and jump from a hundred stories up and die on impact. No more choosing right or left, no more choosing socks, no more choosing to quit smoking, no more choices period. The only choice you have left is which way you want to die, and both choices are fucking horrifying.

I keep thinking about this over and over and for some reason, it keeps breaking my heart. It makes me feel as if the choices that I make in my life now are so fucking valuable. That each choice matters, no matter how small. That I am so fucking lucky to be able to make choices. I have the ability to forgive someone or not forgive someone if they have been cruel to me. I have the choice to warmly embrace people into my life or to build up walls and remain isolated. I have the choice of trying to make some kind of difference in this world, the ability to make decisions that will create beauty and passion and bring myself and others to a better place. We all face those choices, every single moment of every single day of our lives together. This doesn't mean that I will always make the right choices, but at least I have those choices to make. We all do. And I hope that the choice made by those two people who jumped brought them to a better place, just as I hope that the choices we make in our lives bring us all to a better place.

peace/equality, Adrienne

You can reach me at my email address which is scullypugs@juno.com. I would also like to take a short amount of space to thank my friends who reached out to me so urgently during all of this. Wendy O-Matik, Donna Droogas, Chris Boarts

Larson, Carol and Dave Brown, Leslie Davisson, Ben from Texas, Jake Sayles, Corey in Pittsburgh, Dave Trenga, Steve and Lynn, Connie Droogas, Kate from Colorado, Rebecca Miller, Rebecca Auer, Rich and Lisa, my roommates Betsy Irwin and Sarah Seacircle, and my heartfelt thanks to all of those who tried to get through and weren't able to. Your words and your love and your caring are so important and so necessary.

GUEST COLUMN

by Lance Hahn

If Death Comes So Cheap, the Same Goes For Life

Stating the obvious, it's been a surreal couple of days. Peter Jennings, who I've really grown to like, really hit the nail on the head when he described the WTC collapse as such. I still find it kind of mind boggling when I watch the re-runs.

It's especially strange because I really feel like I (and others) have been waiting for something like this to happen. I don't mean that we were looking forward to it or would in any way have wished for it to happen. But I've spoken to friends many times before about the subject of terrorism in America. Why doesn't it exist?

There have been active terrorist organizations in almost every other country. Left wing, right wing, religious cults (I include Christianity under that heading) and who knows what else, the one thing that most of them can agree on is that America is the big bully on the block and is the enemy of the world. I never could understand why they spent so much time blowing things up in their own countries when America was such a wide-open target. And the number one target, in my opinion, was the WTC with the offices of multi-nationals in it as well as the World Bank and it's proximity to the Stock Exchange.

It's also so very symbolic. Knocking down those two towers was like saying, "Hey America, you may think you're big and strong. But we just knocked down your two biggest phallic symbols." Have you ever told a big macho skinhead that he was impotent?

So when it finally happened (I'm already talking like it was some event in a US History book), of course it's horrible and the loss of life is horrendous. But I can't say I didn't expect it. I know I wasn't alone feeling that way. I could be wrong, but propaganda by deed is the most powerful. I would be surprised if the WTC attack wasn't a precursor to a new age of terrorism in the US. Like the Oklahoma City bombings, it's proof that it can be done and it's proof that if you're willing to put your life on the line, it's virtually unstoppable.

This seems obvious to me and now I'm realizing what the real danger of a President like Bush is. Of course, Gore is also evil and would probably be just as anxious to please the American public's bloodlust and fragile ego ("We're #1!" "God bless America!" Fuck off!). But Bush is a special kind of stupid. Ultimately, all Presidents' are manipulated by other forces (Big business, the pentagon, the Knights of Malta, whatever.) But Bush is especially likely to do something really rash that could lead to a much more dangerous end. He's obviously flailing out there and has no idea what to do. Once he starts making real decisions as to what kind of revenge America seeks, he could start making a lot of big and extremely dangerous mistakes. Right wing, left wing, whatever: we may all be fearing for our lives.

Americans seem to think that they're Romans in the Coliseum and historically Bush isn't opposed to keeping the people happy with blood sports. If we start attacking Afghanistan or Pakistan or Florida for that matter it will be like the ultimate mixture of Bread & Circuses with reality TV. I don't think that I'm being cynical in saying that ABC, NBC, FOX, etc. are secretly ecstatic. This must be better than sweeps week for them. Everyone is blinded with a sick and joyous rage against helpless targets. I wonder if anyone is practical enough to start thinking about how this is all going to affect the economy? Closing down the stock exchange for a week is one thing. But the President having unlimited access to all government financial resources is another. Do you trust Bush to spend our last bit of savings wisely? Do you remember what lead to the Great Depression? Are we heading for Class War or a right wing coup?

If you're a billionaire or a multi-millionaire, you're not gonna be too concerned about Bush draining all the money from social security. The rich won't be the ones homeless and starving. It's obvious whose interests are prioritized in the hunt for Bin Laden or whoever. It should also be obvious that nobody really cares about the interests of the middle class and lower in this country. The most laughable (and not much is really that laughable) is that tomorrow (Friday) Bush has declared a day of remembrance for the people that died in the attacks. He's urging everyone to take time to pray DURING THEIR LUNCH-BREAKS. Yeah, all those people died but big business and corporate America aren't about to give anyone a day off to remember or contemplate these lost lives.

What's most appalling is how self-serving all the American politicians are. Listening to the Senators making those utterly quaint and self-serving speeches on Tuesday and then singing "God Bless America" was nauseating on so many levels. Thousands of people dead is now a future campaign strategy. It says a lot that, when interviewed for ABC, players for the New York Giants seemed more lucid and sincere than any politician.

Now there's misinformation being circulated about the White House and Air Force One being targets of the attack. I don't think anyone believes it. It may be the White Houses biggest lie in the matter and they're already being a little coy about it. It's a smoke screen to avoid the real question. When Bush claims that "cowards" did these terrorist attacks he doesn't want anyone asking the obvious. What's more cowardly: taking over a plane and flying it into a building or hiding in secret while the country that you're the president of is under attack? Shit, even JFK sat at his desk during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

God, it's so painful. I can take seeing the wreckage. I can take the relentless footage of planes hitting buildings. But I can't take hearing Bush's fucking voice anymore. I think the final straw was that live phone call with him and Pataki and Giuliani. It was so lame. Anyone who believes that it was a real exchange must also think "Days Of Our Lives" is a documentary.

But the propaganda machine in the media is in full blitz. We're bombarded by borderline racist comments about Muslims. We're bombarded by pathetic pro-Israeli editorials about how we should now understand how the Israeli's feel even though they are the occupational government. Is it any surprise that Palestinians were celebrating in the streets? At my most cynical, I'd say they were just as stupid as Americans. Frat boys and jock and other idiots were cheering while they drank in sports bars around the US while watching live footage of missiles hitting civilian targets in Iraq. What's worse?

Within the media itself there are different tiers and while I do respect people (who I may not essentially agree with) like Jennings who's had the decency to respectfully interview Palestinian and Arab leaders there are far more opportunists in their midst. Scumbags are everywhere hoping to capture THE human-interest story. I'm sick of seeing reporters talking to victims or the victims' families and just waiting for them to cry. "How will you feel if you find out she's dead?" "Would you be willing to trade your life for your dead brothers?" Or what about the reporter interviewing the surgeon after hours of work? "How does it feel to be a person whose job is to save lives be surrounded by so much death?" It's sickening.

And Ari Fleischer… For fuck's sake, it's become obvious to everyone that every time Bush opens his mouth, something stupid comes out. More and more, it's fallen to Fleischer to deliver information from the White House and now he's on TV relating some human-interest story on how "touched" the President was when he visited victims in a hospital. God knows Bush wasn't able to convey any emotion as complex as that during any of his public addresses. But does Fleischer have to refer to him as if he were the Great Oz? He and the impotent Colin Powell are definitely trying to make the most out of the utterly empty statements Bush has made.

Of course most people I know, and I'm guessing just about everyone who reads this, isn't your "average American". They're not the doe eyed patriots that can't believe that any civilized people could hate America with such intensity. This attack might be a real crisis in faith for middle America. They've believed in America for so long and without any logical reason, that once they start questioning their belief systems and analyze WHY they have that belief system, their lives could start unraveling.

But my friends and me are in an odd situation. Hey, I don't like Bin Laden or the Taliban (assuming that's who's behind this… we may never know). But I don't like Southern Baptists either. All religions are kind of the same to me. I don't like the Afghani system of government, obviously. But I'd be hard pressed to find any tolerable government amongst the nations condemning them. Putin and Bush criticizing a nation for harboring terrorists? It's absurd. I certainly have no feelings for the Christian proselytizers who are currently under arrest and probably shitting bricks in Afghanistan. They're all vicious. There are no "sides" worth siding with.

And what can you say about an attack on the Pentagon? I can honestly say that I've been hard pressed to find any emotional connection to that attack. It's the seat of American militarism. Next to the World Bank, it's about as evil as can be. I'm no pacifist. But I certainly don't like seeing people die. But I really can't relate to any remorse over an attack there and I get the impression that more and more people feel the same. Even the news media isn't reporting the Pentagon attack with the same concern as with the WTC attack. It's awful to feel indifferent to death and destruction. But is it any different than the death and the destruction that goes on around the world and is almost entirely ignored by Americans? I know that this is gonna sound really trite, but maybe this is all Karma for our indifference towards all the people killed because of American business interests around the world. Too bad I don't believe in Karma…

Anyway, I'm turning off my television. I can't stand it anymore. I don't like being manipulated and I know I can't resist this level of propaganda. As much as I hate to say it, it's become boring.

Everything Falls Apart

GUEST COLUMN
by Freud Reia

September 11th, US and the Middle East. The city I was born in is permanently scarred and the nation that my father comes from is in serious threat. My dad came from Syria. He was always deeply ashamed and regretful on the role of his own country in the ongoing struggle in the Middle East. But there is no distinction between people who agree and disagree with the policies of their governments—all are suspect and all are guilty. I just talked to my mom on the phone and my relatives are indeed in great danger if the US and Israel are going to invade Lebanon or if terrorist action is taken against Saudi Arabia or some other helpless country.

I haven't been to check my email in the past 36 hours, but I am scared to death about what is going to happen in the wake of the devastation to New York. Yesterday I got a call from Rae that I needed to get to a TV and turn it on, any station. In the split second that that happened I thought that San Francisco must be in ruins after an earthquake. Coming to my senses, it's New York (city where I was born and where my friends live and work) in ruins and the perpetrators are being referred to as "Arab Terrorists." Great—the first thing I think of is that the monkey the US has for a president is going to help Israel invade perhaps the entirety of the West Bank, Lebanon, and Syria to "crush the Palestinian threat once and for all." The past 24 hours have yielded little else than my original fears being realized, except they are pointing the finger at the Taliban in Afghanistan as the harborers of the people responsible. But, we'll wait and see. And you'll know what has happened and who has received the weight of the US military machine on them by the time this magazine comes out.

It's really important to place this in context. Although I do not know who is responsible, I certainly know at whom the fingers are being pointed. Why is Osama bin Laden hell-bent on the destruction of The United States and its partners? Well, as always, I will offer my opinions, in short form. The best way I can describe it is that he, like many other people, think that the Gulf War should not have happened, certainly not in the way that it did. It is his stated opinion that the US should have stayed out of the Holy Lands. By violation the sanctity of the people of these lands to determine their own destiny through struggle, the US declared war on the entirety of the Nation of Islam. Sounds somewhat reasonable, don't it? Problem is, he's a lunatic, fighting to defend a dictator (Saddam Hussein) that has committed mass genocidal acts against his own constituency. And, although the US went into Kuwait to defend their oil interests, the US has not done anything to displace the cruel and anti-human government of Afghanistan who have been doing for years now things much worse than Hussein ever did. Of course, we are all appalled by the lack of respect for the sanctity of what a civilian means and the deliberate killing of innocents. What gets me is that it took something like this to bring home the lack of respect the Taliban has for human life. The fact that they have been carrying out executions en masse for years now on anyone that doesn't go along with their ideals doesn't prompt military response. Now though, perhaps the Taliban will fall. At what expense and loss of innocent Afghani lives?

And isn't it ironic that a rich Saudi gets the poor of other countries to do his bidding? If indeed it does turn out to be bin Laden behind this, and I think it will. In my eyes, this is just the rich controlling the poor again. When he took at least half a billion dollars worth of oil money from his parents in Saudi Arabia to wage his decade-long war, he knew how cheap life was and has been in that part of the world. I can tell you what it would take to get people lining up in droves to enlist as suicide bombers and hijackers—tell them that their families are going to get taken care of for the rest of their lives. If you did this, you would quickly raise an army. And, realistically, it would take less. That is what happens when you take away the hope for the future from an entire people; you make them the perfect soldiers for fanatical causes.

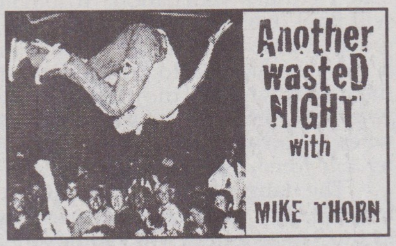
I am terrified for what is going to happen to the people living in Palestine. These fears are justified, considering within two hours of the attack on the Pentagon, Israel invaded the West Bank town of Gilfa (60 miles from my ancestral home) and unleashed the brunt of a fully modernized military on the long-suffering people of Palestine. That was no surprise—the Israeli military is always looking for a chance to put the boot in and perpetuate the cycle of violence that they started by displacing millions of people into refugee camps shortly after the Second World War.

When I was a kid, I visited my uncle Slamon and aunt Susan in the Becca Valley of Lebanon when I was on a family trip to Syria. I played with some of the 20mm shell casings that littered his yard. His house was Swiss cheese. During the ongoing fighting in the early '70s, the hill his house was on was on the outskirts of the fighting, but the Israeli military decimated all of the surrounding property in an effort to intimidate the people into not harboring "dangerous Palestinians." Well, they intimidated a 50 year-old missionary all right, but not enough so that he would leave his home. My cousins Brenda and Rema are in Beirut and have lived in Beirut on and off since I was born. They live in fear, but are deeply tied to the area and are carrying Lebanese passports. Not exactly easy to find a home elsewhere branded with that. Also, they do not have the money to relocate to the US. We tried to get them over when I was a kid, but there's too much pride involved, I think. And, these are the relatively middle class citizens of Lebanon. The poor have suffered tenfold. And none have suffered like the Palestinians.

Being Syrian, I have been living in fear my entire life that my relatives will be hurt or killed by the Israeli Army and that the US would bomb Lebanon and Syria. It's reinforced at every turn with the rhetoric of the US and the Israeli governments. In the coming months we will see if the fears I have carried around my whole life will come to bear. It was my dad's worst fear too. Ironically he died three years ago to the day.

I fall asleep on the couch and I wake up to a horrible thing, as if it couldn't get any worse. Barak is on *Hard Talk* on BBC24. The first words out of his mouth are to link Arafat to the recent violence in New York. This is extremely dangerous and wholly inaccurate, I think. I am sick with worry at this point. I can't sleep.

What I see next is that Israel has invaded Jericho and killed several people. They are going to use this as an excuse to wipe the Palestinian people from the face of the planet. In the face of universal condemnation from every human rights organization in the world and the United Nations, Israel, and the United States as their only ally continue this brutal oppression of a shattered people. Is it any wonder that you saw in the first few minutes after the news broke some celebration in the streets of Palestine? When Amnesty International calls Israel the worst offender of human rights in the first world, when will anyone listen? Never, I think, just as they haven't for years.


Another
wasteD
NIGHT
with
MIKE THORN

"Well here we go again, another war to win, as all your lies unfold, it's just shit we're told," —THE DICKS

It's been about a week since the attacks. I sit in my room staring at the walls totally terrified. The constant pounding of cathode rays filled with men in suits pounding upon their chests in some archaic bloodlust for revenge has just gotten to be too much for me to handle. What scares, and even more, saddens me, is how many of you have bought into it. At a show over the weekend, one of the bands criticized the growing war fervor, only to be met with heckles and calls of "what if you lost loved ones in the attacks?" and "what if you had brothers in uniform?" Punk rockers wrapped up in American flags and easily duped by the constant barrage of propaganda—how pathetic. Do I feel remorse over the loss of nearly 6000 people? You're damn right I do. I cried the night it happened, how can you not feel something? This has been one of the greatest human disasters of my lifetime. But my sadness was soon compounded with anger as reports of attacks on Arab-Americans came flowing in—still think there's no racism in America? My disgust swelled as I was bombared with the sounds of old men beating drums to send young men off to die. An all out war on terrorism; on nations that harbor and aid terrorists? The United States had better start looking in the mirror, because I've yet to find another way to define the mission behind the School Of Americas, our own personal training ground for torture, terror, and murder. I've yet to find another way to describe the pain that has been inflicted upon the people of Iraq as a result of ten years of sanctions. The hundreds of thousands that have died because of that policy. I've yet to find a way to describe the American foreign policy of the last 50 years which intalled despotic and authoritarian puppets all over the world, only to remove them when they no longer served our purposes, a spit in the face of democracy.

Democracy, that holy grail upon which America is supposedly built upon, will soon find itself broken and battered upon the floor, as the basic right to dissent is stripped away. This is my greatest fear. Our rights will be crushed, if it serves the purpose of revenge. Personal freedom will be stripped away in the name of security. Soon we may have neither (to paraphrase Ben Franklin). Sadly it will more than likely be handed over freely. We must remain vigilant so that this does not become the case.

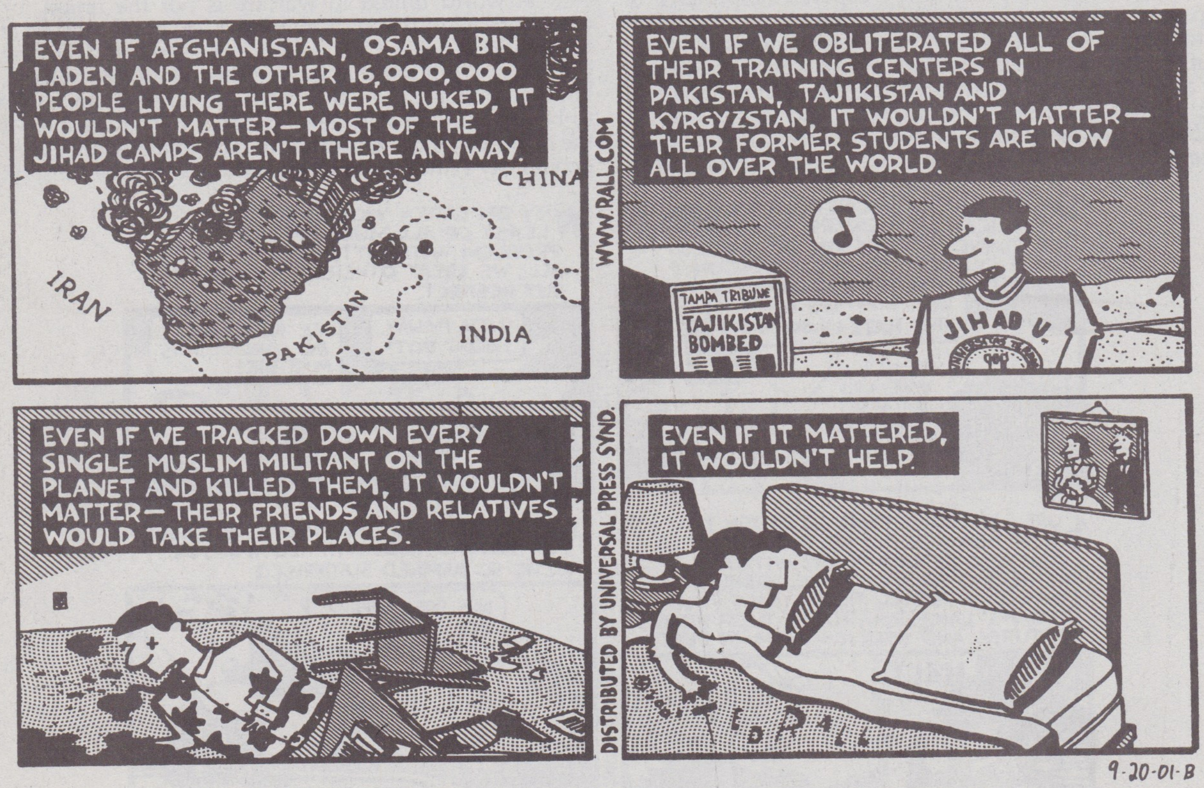
There's no room for vengeance, because that's all this was. It acomplishes nothing—it should be clearer to us now, more than ever, as 6000 people lie entombed in the ruins of New York. There are no just wars. Not now. Not ever. Be safe.

"...don't be fooled by their plastic smiles. War's no fairy tale and bombs aren't fucking toys." —DISCHARGE

BE PREPARED
FOR ACCIDENTS
with arwen curry

As we prepare to go to print this morning, the US and the world prepare to go to war. I don't know where we'll be in a month when you might read this. Last night, George W. Bush addressed the houses of Congress and millions of viewers/listeners in the US and abroad. To the American people, he gave an ominous message, that we should prepare for a long, brutal war in which many of us will die. The the rest of the world he forcibly divided with the words: "either you are with us, or you are with the terrorists."

It has been a week and a half since the terrorist attacks on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PAKISTAN
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TAMPA TRIBUNE
TAJIKISTAN BOMBED
JIHAD U.
EVEN IF WE TRACKED DOWN EVERY SINGLE MUSLIM MILITANT ON THE PLANET AND KILLED THEM, IT WOULDN'T MATTER—THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WOULD TAKE THEIR PLACES.
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EVEN IF IT MATTERED, IT WOULDN'T HELP.
TED RALL
9-20-01-B

the World Trade Center in New York City and the Pentagon in DC. Through the early hours of that Tuesday morning, I plunged into the torrent of public consciousness as I watched the first panicked reports on CNN. I tried to brush off, then accept, the horror and unreality of watching all those people die. Now people's faces on the street are usually blank, but sometimes startled, or stained with crying. Now when people ask each other, "how are you doing?" it is one of two questions, one of which has meaning. I walk around with this feeling of tingling novelty, exactly like being in love—how you have to forget about it in order to function, but your mind always snaps back to it. How an intense feeling washes over you, throughout the day; and every song on the radio holds special meaning.

Except exactly not like being in love.

In the first days after the attack, the government and the media joined forces to secure America's sense of itself, restore the confidence of the American people in their government and economy, and channel their outpouring of grief, violation, and outrage into an effective fighting tool. Watching this process was perhaps the most amazing thing I've ever witnessed; a piece of engineering at least as complex as the WTC structure; a process as dramatic and irreversible as its coming down.

We were informed by the heads of state that Tuesday's attack was an attack not just on American soil, but a threat on the American way of life. I agree, after watching the unscripted, clumsy terror of those people running from the twin towers, that our sense of security will never be the same. But these attacks were not direct attacks on democracy, or "good," but on Americans' privilege of safety from political retribution. We have been humbled, brought to the mortal level of our fellow human beings—in Africa, in Asia, in Europe, in Latin America, in the Middle East—whose innocent lives have been—and still are—fodder for political and ideological struggles throughout the "civilized" age. Entire societies that have become victims of capitalism and revenge. Entire ways of life.

I want to chronicle the emotions of the last two weeks before they are bulldozed by the propaganda machines of history writers and the television news. One has been deep shame for my lifetime of complacency and my passive partcipation in the murders—by violence, by the support of violence, and by withholding food and medicine—of thousands of innocent people. I have always had the privilege of forgetting as soon as I heard about atrocities in other lands—of going on with life as usual.

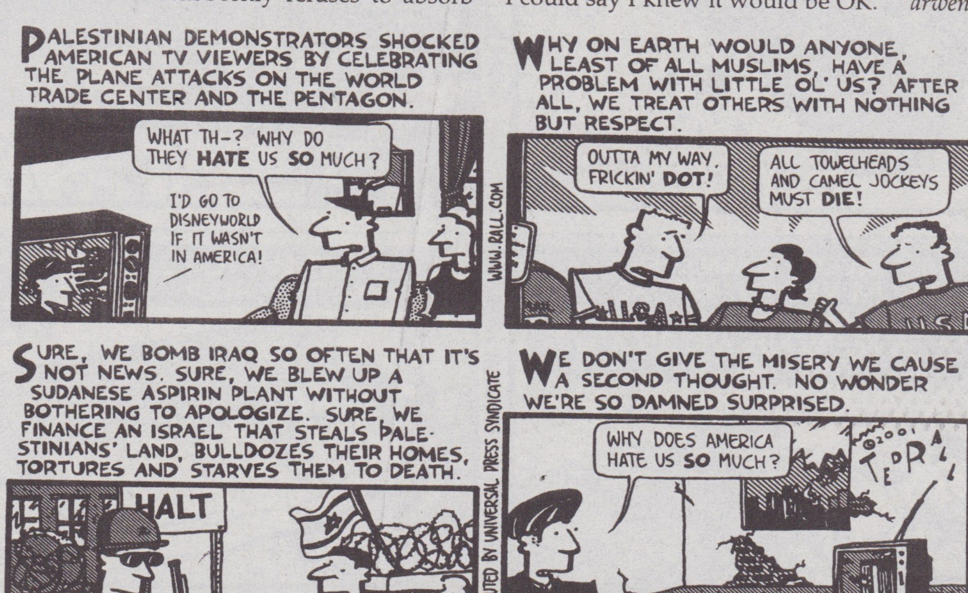
Like rocks; like blunt, prehistoric weapons, the phrases of war drop from our president's mouth: "bomb (Afghanistan) back to stone age," he says. Wage a "Crusade." Endlessly we fly the flag of ignorance. While New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani emerged as a leader, and began directing the rescue effort and reporting back to the people, Bush's aides and speechwriters, circling above, must have begun furiously working on our president's demeanor—his face that stubbornly refuses to absorb any depth of feeling. Over the next days his phrases were astonishing in their crudeness. Bush's down-home pretenses, like his promise to "roust (terrorists) out of their holes," fall heavy in this atmosphere of terror: badly written lines from a bad actor to a bombed-out auditorium. Hearing them, I feel rocks dropping to the pit of my stomach.

I resent their attempts to rob me of a new respect for the value of human life—not because I like to feel disarmed, but because it's the only good that can come out of this new age of fear. Holding onto compassion could prevent war, but it won't. Attempts to feel unified with all suffering people are being squelched. To pacify the need to feel connected, we have been asked to unify "as a nation," to join in a stream of patriotism that will flow over and conceal our pain and with it, any questions we might have about the course of our government's actions. Is it now treacherous, to grieve not just for Americans, but for all the people who will die under "Operation Infinite Justice" in the years to come? Compassion doesn't recognize borders, but when collective grief has been channeled into nationalism, it is a terrible force, inside our fortress and out.

The danger Arab and Muslim Americans face now is very real. We must mobilize to support, and if necessary, defend them in our communites. We should not tolerate an atmosphere of disparagement toward them, however insidiously it creeps over the US. We must monitor attacks by civilians, and racial profiling by law enforcement. The fragile, conditional acceptance of people of color in the US that has been revealed by this crisis is truly ugly and disheartening. The opportunity for hate has already been seized so easily by so many bigots.

It was made very clear, very quickly that in this state of genuine emergency, our civil liberties as well as our lives would be compromised. Walter Cronkite proposed instituting a censorship board until the end of the conflict, and conducting an entirely secret war. *Politically Incorrect*'s Bill Maher lost major advertisers this week when the talk show host disagreed with President Bush that the terrorist pilots were "cowards." The repercussions for independent media still loom menacingly, but one thing is clear: this is exactly the time to hold onto our convictions tightly. This is exactly the right time to say how we feel, to voice dissent with war—otherwise it never meant anything anyway. Even if your dissent means insisting on feeling pain, instead of pounding your fists for retribution, embrace it and make it known.

A world united in warfare is not the union for me. In earshot of all of this pact-making, I feel alone, and so afraid for the world. Looking for solace just seems self-serving at this point, but I will say that in the midst of all this bullshit, I value talking to people more than I have in a long time. I am gratified to be surrounded with level-headed, critical people who have the resources and the courage to face what lies ahead. I just wish I could say I knew it would be OK. *arwenc@mindspring.com*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WHAT TH-? WHY DO THEY HATE US SO MUCH?
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ALL TOWELHEADS AND CAMEL JOCKEYS MUST DIE!
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SURE, WE BOMB IRAQ SO OFTEN THAT IT'S NOT NEWS. SURE, WE BLEW UP A SUDANESE ASPIRIN PLANT WITHOUT BOTHERING TO APOLOGIZE. SURE, WE FINANCE AN ISRAEL THAT STEALS PALESTINIANS' LAND, BULLDOZES THEIR HOMES, TORTURES AND STARVES THEM TO DEATH.
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WE DON'T GIVE THE MISERY WE CAUSE A SECOND THOUGHT. NO WONDER WE'RE SO DAMNED SURPRISED.
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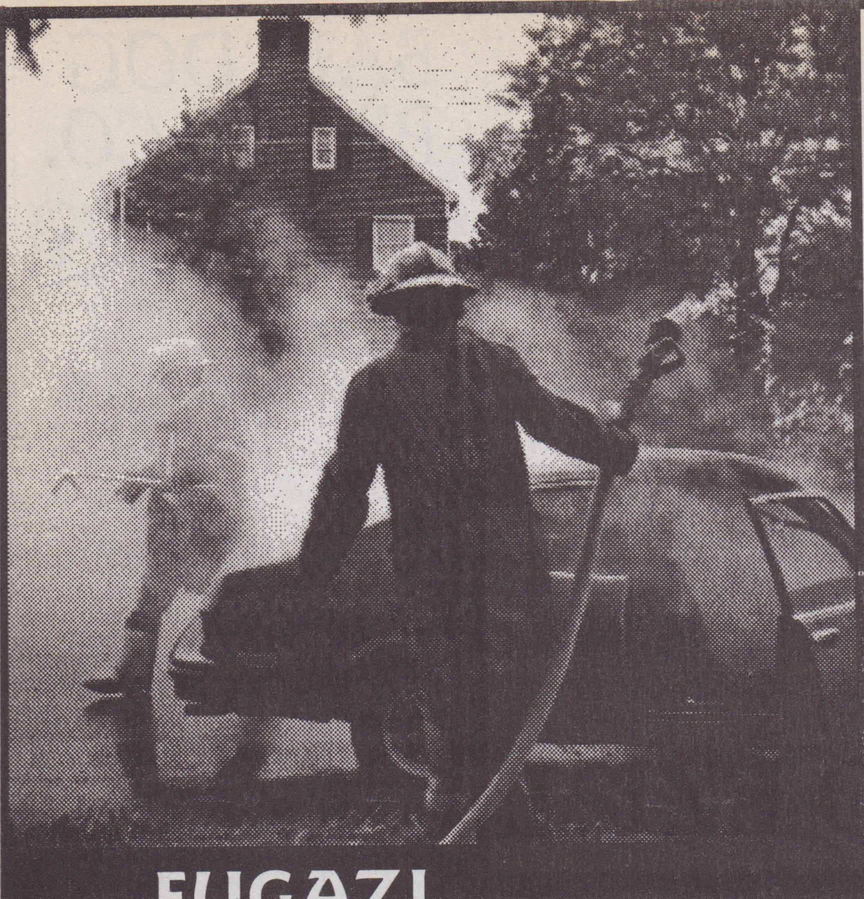

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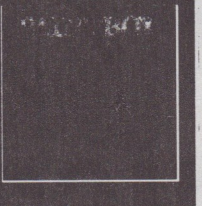

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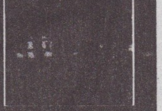

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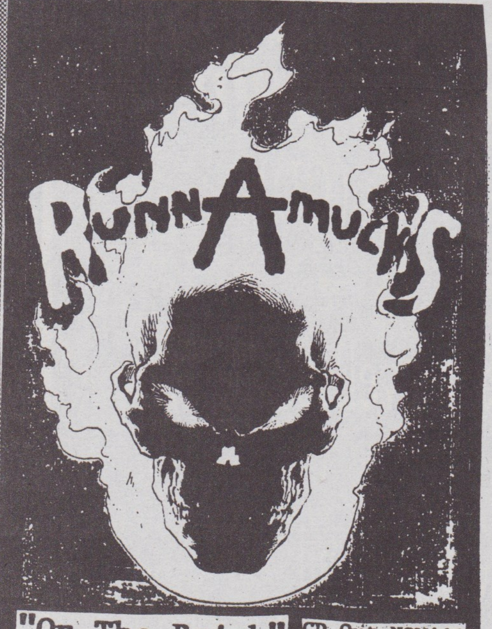

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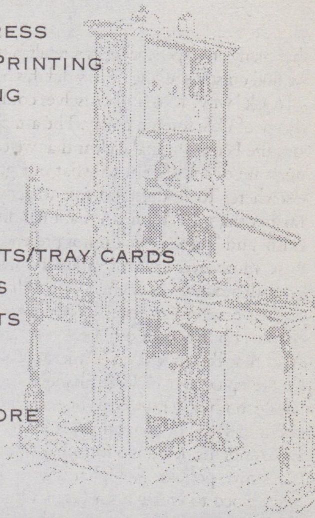

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MRR NEWS

No. 222
Nov. 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

MRR News Editorial on Semptember 11

We at the Maximumrocknroll news extend our condolences and sympathies to all those affected by the devastating events of 11 September 2001. The death, pain, and fear that many are experiencing as a result is truly terrible, and we find ourselves asking, "How did this happen?"

To ask "why" is to find ourselves confronted with the legacy of U.S. foreign policy. The attacks on the WTC and the Pentagon make clear that we can no longer be unaware or indifferent to what our government does elsewhere. To understand this tragedy we must look further than the dominant national discourse of patriotism and "pride." We cannot pretend that the attacks were motivated by an irrational "hatred of freedom and democracy" when U.S. military and covert actions have visited fear, suffering, and death upon so many populations both here and abroad. And it is clear that the attacks on "America" specifically targeted the epicenters of U.S. financial and military hegemony, both of which have operated without commitment to social or economic justice for its own citizens and residents, let alone for others globally.

Its own policies in Afghanistan a decade and more ago helped to create both Osama bin Laden (at press time, the prime suspect) and the fundamentalist Taliban regime that shelters him. The concept of jihad (or holy war) had almost ceased to exist in the Muslim world after the tenth century until it was revived, with U.S. encouragement, to ignite an international pan-Islamic movement after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979. For the next ten years, the CIA and Saudi intelligence together pumped billions of dollars' worth of arms and ammunition through Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence agency (ISI) to the many mujahideen groups fighting in Afghanistan. The Soviet Union suffered such severe losses in Afghanistan that it withdrew its forces in 1989. But there was a terrible legacy: Afghanistan was left awash with weapons, warlords and extreme religious zealotry.

We are against all fundamentalisms, which can be broadly defined as religious affiliations manipulated for political ends. While it is clear the current jihad, initially nurtured with U.S. encouragement, pursues an unconscionable rule, we must also recognize that the Taliban represents only one extremist interpretation of Islam, and that the Muslim world is racially, ethnically and politically diverse. We recognizes that the Taliban does not represent an authoritative indigenous Islam, and that there are many individuals and groups who struggle for survival under the Taliban and who pursue religious and political alternatives.

As such we believe the Old Testament demand for "an eye for an eye" is simply another face of fundamentalism. We oppose U.S. declarations of war or "immediate and brutal retaliation" against those states that purport to harbor terrorists. We are committed to exploring alternatives to "business as usual." The United States has harbored, trained and protected terrorists for decades, and hundreds of thousands of civilians in Nagasaki/Hiroshima to Sudan to Chile to East Timor to Iraq have suffered and died to bolster the U.S. claim for global hegemony. As the lone superpower the United States has terrorized millions. We do not believe that a U.S. war with an enemy as elusive as those who perpetrated these attacks will spare a moment's mercy to the thousands of civilians who will die tragically, horribly, to satisfy an American bloodlust poorly disguised as "justice" or a "defense of freedom." Moreover, we believe the desire for "revenge" and a retaliatory war will only place the lives of more American citizens and residents in danger.

It has already begun. In the aftermath of the attacks any person seeming to be of "Middle Eastern" descent is in danger of their lives. Mosques have been burned to the ground and individuals attacked with threats, stones, bullets. History is indeed repeating itself, as we cannot help but be reminded that Japanese Americans were dispossessed of life, land, liberty and property during World War II, and all those of any Asian ethnicity lived in fear. In the aftermath of the Oklahoma City bombing white males, women, and children were not similarly targeted, though there are significant numbers of rightwing militias and documented terrorists living in the United States. Racial violence has been a cornerstone in American history and nationalism, and in times of national upheaval, the task of defining "America" has traditionally exacted a blood price from its populations of color.

The challenge to all of us in the United States now is to understand that our lives can also be destroyed as a result of U.S. foreign policies. (Again, for some of us we have known this all along.) The U.S. refuses to sign or abide by international treaties banning landmines, biological weapons, and now anti-ballistic missiles. The U.S. refuses to recognize the International Criminal Court (which might be one avenue to explore instead of all-out war) and has repeatedly ignored the warnings and judgements of other International Courts of Justice. (In 1986, a Court in Hague found the U.S. guilty of the "unlawful use of force" in Nicaragua, a decision which fit with the U.S. government's own definition of state-sponsored international terrorism.) The U.S. has supported rightwing military coups, deposed democratically-elected presidents, armed paramilitary violence, and funded authoritarian regimes. All these acts of war and terrorism, though they may not be labeled as such, are done in the name of the American people and thus they have put all of us at risk.

Because all acts of terror that harm civilian life are condemnable, in no way do we suggest that those who suffered or died in the attacks "deserved it." To do so would reproduce another favored fundamentalism of U.S. foreign policy, that all civilian life is "collateral damage." Instead we hope to answer the questions "Why?" and "What now?" The newsdesk hopes that we can encourage critical reflection about the discourses invoked, and the practices championed, as the U,S. moves toward a state of war with an unknown enemy. We do not necessarily endorse all viewpoints expressed in the following, but we hope to provide some alternative perspectives in this and future issues.

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The article from which the following is excerpted was published 22 May 2001, by the Los Angeles Times, and was written by Robert Scheer. Reprinting this excerpt here provides a historical and political parallel to other "Third World fanatics" the U.S. has targeted in the past, including Manuel Noriega and Saddam Hussein, whose "reigns of terror" had been nurtured for political and economic reasons by U.S. foreign policy.

BUSH'S FAUSTIAN DEAL WITH THE TALIBAN

Enslave your girls and women, harbor anti-U.S. terrorists, destroy every vestige of civilization in your homeland, and the Bush administration will embrace you. All that matters is that you line up as an ally in the drug war, the only international cause that this nation still takes seriously.

That's the message sent with the recent gift of $43 million to the Taliban rulers of Afghanistan, the most virulent anti-American violators of human rights in the world today. The gift, announced last Thursday by Secretary of State Colin Powell, in addition to other recent aid, makes the U.S. the main sponsor of the Taliban and rewards that "rogue regime" for declaring that opium growing is against the will of God. So, too, by the Taliban's estimation, are most human activities, but it's the ban on drugs that catches this administration's attention.

Never mind that Osama bin Laden still operates the leading anti-American terror operation from his base in Afghanistan, from which, among other crimes, he launched two bloody attacks on American embassies in Africa in 1998. Sadly, the Bush administration is cozying up to the Taliban regime at a time when the United Nations, at U.S. insistence, imposes sanctions on Afghanistan because the Kabul government will not turn over Bin Laden.

Human Rights Watch Response to Attacks on the U.S.; Civilian Life Must Be Respected

NEW YORK September 12 - We profoundly condemn yesterday's cruel attacks in the United States and express our condolences to the victims and their loved ones. This was an assault not merely on one nation or one people, but on principles of respect for civilian life cherished by all people. We urge all governments to unite to investigate this crime, to prevent its recurrence, and to bring to justice those who are responsible.

Last night, President Bush said that the United States "will make no distinction between the terrorists who committed these acts and those who harbored them." Yet distinctions must be made: between the guilty and the innocent; between the perpetrators and the civilians who may surround them; between those who commit atrocities and those who may simply share their religious beliefs, ethnicity or national origin. People committed to justice and law and human rights must never descend to the level of the perpetrators of such acts. That is the most important distinction of all.

There are people and governments in the world who believe that in the struggle against terrorism, ends always justify means. But that is also the logic of terrorism. Whatever the response to this outrage, it must not validate that logic. Rather, it must uphold the principles that came under attack yesterday, respecting innocent life and international law. That is the way to deny the perpetrators of this crime their ultimate victory.

Remembering the Last U.S. Retaliation Against Terror

By Jeff Cohen

Nothing will ever be the same, we're told, after the cataclysmic terrorism of 9/11. Yet some things seem unchanged in the media--such as the pundit clamor for retaliation against someone, somewhere, fast. As a talk radio host in New York put it: "Bomb somebody, goddamnit!"

We've been here before, almost exactly three years ago. In the wake of terror bombings of two U.S. embassies in Africa, President Clinton was urged to take decisive action, and on August 20, 1998, he ordered missile attacks on two targets purportedly linked to Osama bin Laden, the accused mastermind of the bombings.

One target of operation "Infinite Reach" was bin Laden's paramilitary camp in Afghanistan. "The U.S. picked the highly accurate cruise missile for the strikes against the Afghan camp," reported CNN's military correspondent Jamie McIntrye, "because of their ability to fly with pinpoint accuracy." One of the missiles was so inaccurate it hit the wrong country, Pakistan, several hundred miles off-course.

The other target was the Al Shifa factory in Sudan, alleged by the Clinton administration to be linked to bin Laden and to be producing chemical warfare agents. The factory was destroyed and workers there were killed and maimed.

That night, Sen. John McCain appeared on five national TV programs in less than three hours to endorse the president's action. The next day, the missile attacks were supported on the editorial pages of America's leading dailies.

But soon, Western professionals who had worked at the Sudan plant began to speak credibly of the plant being just what the Sudanese government claimed it was: a civilian factory producing a major share of the pharmaceuticals for an impoverished country.

Western journalists who rushed to the scene of the U.S. missile attack found medicine, but no security features that one would expect at a military or weapons facility. Sudan's government offered journalists unfettered access to the area.

The U.S. government said that it had obtained a suspicious soil sample from near the plant nine months before the cruise attack. But as New York Times reporter James Risen noted in an exhaustive study a year after the Sudan factory had been leveled, "officials throughout the government raised doubts up to the eve of the attack about whether the United States had sufficient information linking the factory to either chemical weapons or to Mr. bin Laden."

Risen reported that intelligence analysts in the State Department were drafting an internal report saying the cruise attack on the Sudan factory had not been justified, but the report was killed by higher ups.

What's not in dispute is that Sudan government officials forced Osama bin Laden to leave their country in 1996. Or that the Al Shifa factory had been purchased by a Sudanese businessman five months before the missile attack–a fact that was unknown to the U.S. at the time it targeted the plant.

Three years after the U.S. government may have killed and injured innocent people on foreign soil in a misguided "retaliation against terrorism," media voices are again calling for a quick and forceful reprisal.

Outrage is the natural and appropriate response to the mass murder of September 11. But media should not be glibly encouraging retaliatory violence without remembering that U.S. retaliation has killed innocent civilians abroad, violated international law and done little to make us safer.

Jeff Cohen is the founder of FAIR, the media watchdog group. This was published on the FAIR site on September 14, 2001.

War Isn't A Game After All

by Naomi Klein

Now is the time in the game of war when we dehumanize our enemies.

They are incomprehensible, their acts unimaginable, their motivations senseless. They are "madmen," their states are "rogue." Now is not the time for understanding – just better intelligence.

These are the rules of the war game.

But war is not a game. It is real lives ripped in half; it is lost sons, daughters, mothers and fathers. Perhaps Sept. 11, 2001, will mark the end of the shameful era of the video-game war.

Watching the coverage this week was a stark contrast to the last time I sat glued to a television set watching a real-time war on CNN. The Space Invader battlefield of the Persian Gulf war had almost nothing in common with the destruction of Manhatten. Back then, we saw only sterile bomb's-eye views of concrete targets – there, and then gone. Who was in those abstract polygons? We never found out.

Since the gulf war, U.S. foreign policy has been based on a single brutal fiction: that the U.S. military can intervene in conflicts around the world – in Iraq, Kosovo, Afghanistan – without suffering any U.S. casualties. This is a country that believed in the ultimate oxymoron: a safe war.

The safe-war logic is, of course, based on the technological ability to wage a war exclusively from the air. But it also relies on the deep conviction that no one would dare mess with the U.S. – the one remaining superpower – on its own soil.

This conviction allowed Americans to remain blithely unaffected by – even uninterested in – international conflicts in which they are key protagonists. Americans don't get daily coverage on CNN of the ongoing bombings in Iraq, nor are they treated to human-interest stories on the devastating effects of economic sanctions on that country's children. After the 1998 bombing of a pharmaceutical factory in Sudan (mistaken for a chemical weapons facility), there weren't too many follow-up reports about what the loss of vaccine manufacturing did to disease prevention in the region.

And when NATO bombed civilian targets in Yugoslavia -- markets, hospitals, refugee convoys, passenger trains, and a TV station – NBC didn't do "streeter" interviews with survivors about how shocked they were by the indiscriminate destruction.

The United States is expert in the art of sanitizing and dehumanizing acts of war committed elsewhere. No wonder Tuesday's attacks seemed to many Americans to have come less from another country than another planet. The events were reported not so much by journalists as by the new breed of brand-name celebrity anchors who have made countless cameos in Time Warner movies about apocalyptic terrorist attacks on the United States -- now, incongruously reporting the real thing.

The United States is a country that believed itself not just at peace but war-proof, a self-perception that would come as quite a surprise to most Iraqis, Palestinians and Colombians. Like an amnesiac, the U.S. has awakened in the middle of a war, only to find out it has been going on for years.

Did the United States deserve to be attacked? Of course not. But there's a different question that must be asked: Did U.S. foreign policy create the conditions in which such twisted logic could flourish, a war not so much on U.S. imperialism but on perceived U.S. imperviousness?

The era of the video-game war in which the U.S. is at the controls has produced a blinding rage in many parts of the world, a rage at the persistent asymmetry of suffering. This is the context in which twisted revenge-seekers make no other demand than that U.S. citizens share their pain.

A blinking message is up on our collective video-game console: game over.

Published on Friday, September 14, 2001 in the Toronto Globe & Mail. Also published on http://www.commondreams.org.

Violence Doesn't Work

By Howard Zinn

The images on television have been heartbreaking. People on fire leaping to their deaths from a hundred stories up. People in panic and fear racing from the scene in clouds of dust and smoke. We knew that there must be thousands of human beings buried alive, but soon dead under a mountain of debris. We can only imagine the terror among the passengers of the hijacked planes as they contemplated the crash, the fire, the end. Those scenes horrified and sickened me.

Then our political leaders came on television, and I was horrified and sickened again. They spoke of retaliation, of vengeance, of punishment.

We are at war, they said. And I thought: they have learned nothing, absolutely nothing, from the history of the twentieth century, from a hundred years of retaliation, vengeance, war, a hundred years of terrorism and counter-terrorism, of violence met with violence in an unending cycle of stupidity.

We can all feel a terrible anger at whoever, in their insane idea that this would help their cause, killed thousands of innocent people. But what do we do with that anger? Do we react with panic, strike out violently and blindly just to show how tough we are? "We shall make no distinction," the President proclaimed, "between terrorists and countries that harbor terrorists." Will we now bomb Afghanistan, and inevitably kill innocent people, because it is in the nature of bombing to be indiscriminate, to "make no distinction"? Will we then be committing terrorism in order to "send a message" to terrorists?

We have done that before. It is the old way of thinking, the old way of acting. It has never worked. Reagan bombed Libya, and Bush made war on Iraq, and Clinton bombed Afghanistan and also a pharmaceutical plant in the Sudan, to "send a message" to terrorists. And then comes this horror in New York and Washington. Isn't it clear by now that sending a message to terrorists through violence doesn't work, only leads to more terrorism?

[...] Yes, it is an old way of thinking, and we need new ways. We need to think about the resentment all over the world felt by people who have been the victims of American military action. In Vietnam, where we carried out terrorizing bombing attacks, using napalm and cluster bombs,on peasant villages. In Latin America, where we supported dictators and death squads in Chile and El Salvador and other countries. In Iraq, where a million people have died as a result of our economic sanctions, And, perhaps most important for understanding the current situation, in the occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza, where a million and more Palestinians live under a cruel military occupation, while our government supplies Israel with high-tech weapons.

We need to imagine that the awful scenes of death and suffering we are now witnessing on our television screens have been going on in other parts of the world for a long time, and only now can we begin to know what people have gone through, often as a result of our policies. We need to understand how some of those people will go beyond quiet anger to acts of terrorism.

We need new ways of thinking. A $300 billion dollar military budget has not given us security. Military bases all over the world, our warships on every ocean, have not given us security. Land mines and a "missile defense shield" will not give us security. We need to rethink our position in the world. We need to stop sending weapons to countries that oppress other people or their own people. We need to decide that we will not go to war, whatever reason is conjured up by the politicians of the media, because war in our time is always indiscriminate, a war against innocents, a war against children. War is terrorism, magnified a hundred times.

Our security can only come by using our national wealth, not for guns, planes, bombs, but for the health and welfare of our people - for free medical care for everyone, education and housing guaranteed decent wages and a clean environment for all. We can not be secure by limiting our liberties, as some of our political leaders are demanding, but only by expanding them.

We should take our example not from our military and political leaders shouting "retaliate" and "war" but from the doctors and nurses and medical students and firemen and policemen who have been saving lives in the midst of mayhem, whose first thoughts are not violence, but healing, not vengeance but compassion.

Published on Saturday, September 15, 2001, for The Progressive. Howard Zinn is a columnist. Excerpted from commondreams.org.

Bush is Walking Into a Trap

by Robert Fisk

Retaliation is a trap. In a world that was supposed to have learnt that the rule of law comes above revenge, President Bush appears to be heading for the very disaster that Osama bin Laden has laid down for him. Let us have no doubts about what happened in New York and Washington last week. It was a crime against humanity. We cannot understand America's need to retaliate unless we accept this bleak, awesome fact. But this crime was perpetrated–it becomes ever clearer–to provoke the United States into just the blind, arrogant punch that the US military is preparing.

Mr bin Laden–every day his culpability becomes more apparent–has described to me how he wishes to overthrow the pro-American regime of the Middle East, starting with Saudi Arabia and moving on to Egypt, Jordan and the other Gulf states. In an Arab world sunk in corruption and dictatorships–most of them supported by the West–the only act that might bring Muslims to strike at their own leaders would be a brutal, indiscriminate assault by the United States. Mr bin Laden is unsophisticated in foreign affairs, but a close student of the art and horror of war. He knew how to fight the Russians who stayed on in Afghanistan, a Russian monster that revenged itself upon its ill-educated, courageous antagonists until, faced with war without end, the entire Soviet Union began to fall apart.

The Chechens learnt this lesson. And the man responsible for so much of the bloodbath in Chechnya–the career KGB man whose army is raping and murdering the insurgent Sunni Muslim population of Chechnya–is now being signed up by Mr Bush for his "war against people". Vladimir Putin must surely have a sense of humor to appreciate the cruel ironies that have now come to pass, though I doubt if he will let Mr Bush know what happens when you start a war of retaliation; your army–like the Russian forces in Chechnya–becomes locked into battle with an enemy that appears ever more ruthless, ever more evil.

But the Americans need look no further than Ariel Sharon's futile war with the Palestinians to understand the folly of retaliation. In Lebanon, it was always the same. A Hizbollah guerrilla would kill an Israeli occupation soldier, and the Israelis would fire back in retaliation at a village in which a civilian would die. The Hizbollah would retaliate with a Katyusha missile attack over the Israeli border, and the Israelis would retaliate again with a bombardment of southern Lebanon. In the end, the Hizbollah–the "center of world terror" according to Mr Sharon–drove the Israelis out of Lebanon.

In Israel/Palestine, it is the same story. An Israeli soldier shoots a Palestinian stone-thrower. The Palestinians retaliate by killing a settler. The Israelis then retaliate by sending a murder squad to kill a Palestinian gunman. The Palestinians retaliate by sending a suicide bomber into a pizzeria. The Israelis then retaliate by sending F-16s to bomb a Palestinian police station. Retaliation leads to retaliation and more retaliation. War without end.

And while Mr Bush–and perhaps Mr Blair–prepare their forces, they explain so meretriciously that this is a war for "democracy and liberty", that it is about men who are "attacking civilization"."America was targeted for attack," Mr Bush informed us on Friday, "because we are the brightest beacon for freedom and opportunity in the world." But this is not why America was attacked. If this was an Arab-Muslim apocalypse, then it is intimately associated with events in the Middle East and with America's stewardship of the area. Arabs, it might be added, would rather like some of that democracy and liberty and freedom that Mr Bush has been telling them about. Instead, they get a president who wins 98 per cent in the elections (Washington's friend, Mr Mubarak) or a Palestinian police force, trained by the CIA, that tortures and sometimes kills its people in prison. The Syrians would also like a little of that democracy. So would the Saudis. But their effete princes are all friends of America – in many cases, educated at US universities.

I will always remember how President Clinton announced that Saddam Hussein – another of our grotesque inventions–must be overthrown so that the people of Iraq could choose their own leaders. But if that happened, it would be the first time in Middle Eastern history that Arabs have been permitted to do so. No, it is "our" democracy and "our" liberty and freedom that Mr Bush and Mr Blair are talking about, our Western sanctuary that is under attack, not the vast place of terror and injustice that the Middle East has become.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Nineteen years ago today, the greatest act of terrorism–using Israel's own definition of that much misused word–in modern Middle Eastern history began. Does anyone remember the anniversary in the West? How many readers of this article will remember it? I will take a tiny risk and say that no other British newspaper–certainly no American newspaper–will today recall the fact that on 16 September 1982, Israel's Phalangist militia allies started their three-day orgy of rape and knifing and murder in the Palestinian refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila that cost 1,800 lives. It followed an Israeli invasion of Lebanon–designed to drive the PLO out of the country and given the green light by the then US Secretary of State, Alexander Haig–which cost the lives of 17,500 Lebanese and Palestinians, almost all of them civilians. That's probably three times the death toll in the World Trade Center Yet I do not remember any vigils or memorial services or candle-lighting in America or the West for the innocent dead of Lebanon; I don't recall any stirring speeches about democracy or liberty. In fact, my memory is that the United States spent most of the bloody months of July and August 1982 calling for "restraint".

No, Israel is not to blame for what happened last week. The culprits were Arabs, not Israelis. But America's failure to act with honor in the Middle East, its promiscuous sale of missiles to those who use them against civilians, its blithe disregard for the deaths of tens of thousands of Iraqi children under sanctions of which Washington is the principal supporter–all these are intimately related to the society that produced the Arabs who plunged America into an apocalypse of fire last week.

America's name is literally stamped on to the missiles fired by Israel into Palestinian buildings in Gaza and the West Bank. Only four weeks ago, I identified one of them as an AGM 114-D air-to-ground rocket made by Boeing and Lockheed-Martin at their factory in–of all places–Florida, the state where some of the suiciders trained to fly.

It was fired from an Apache helicopter (made in America, of course) during the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon, when hundreds of cluster bombs were dropped in civilian areas of Beirut by the Israelis in contravention of undertakings given to the United States. Most of the bombs had US Naval markings and America then suspended a shipment of fighter bombers to Israel–for less than two months. The same type of missile–this time an AGM 114-C made in Georgia– was fired by the Israelis into the back of an ambulance near the Lebanese village of Mansori, killing two women and four children. I collected the pieces of the missile, including its computer coding plate, flew to Georgia and presented them to the manufacturers at the Boeing factory. And what did the developer of the missile say to me when I showed him photographs of the children his missile had killed? "Whatever you do," he told me, "don't quote me as saying anything critical of the policies of Israel."

I'm sure the father of those children, who was driving the ambulance, will have been appalled by last week's events, but I don't suppose, given the fate of his own wife–one of the women killed–that he was in a mood to send condolences to anyone. All these facts, of course, must be forgotten now.

Every effort will be made in the coming days to switch off the "why" question and concentrate on the who, what and how. CNN and most of the world's media have already obeyed this essential new war rule. I've already seen what happens when this rule is broken. When The Independent published my article on the connection between Middle Eastern injustice and the New York holocaust, the BBC's 24-hour news channel produced an American commentator who remarked that "Robert Fisk has won the prize for bad taste."

When I raised the same point on an Irish radio talk show, the other guest, a Harvard lawyer, denounced me as a bigot, a liar, a "dangerous man" and–of course–potentially anti-Semitic. The Irish pulled the plug on him.

No wonder we have to refer to the terrorists as "mindless." For if we did not, we would have to explain what went on in those minds. But this attempt to censor the realities of the war that has already begun must not be permitted to continue. Look at the logic. Secretary of State Colin Powell was insisting on Friday that his message to the Taliban is simple: they have to take responsibility for sheltering Mr bin Laden. "You cannot separate your activities from the activities of the perpetrators," he warned. But the Americans absolutely refuse to associate their own response to their predicament with their activities in the Middle East. We are supposed to hold our tongues, even when Ariel Sharon– a man whose name will always be associated with the massacre at Sabra and Shatila–announces that Israel also wishes to join the battle against "world terror."

No wonder the Palestinians are fearful. In the past four days, 23 Palestinians have been killed in the West Bank and Gaza, an astonishing figure that would have been front-page news had America not been blitzed. If Israel signs up for the new conflict, then the Palestinians–by fighting the Israelis–will, by extension, become part of the "world terror" against which Mr Bush is supposedly going to war. Not for nothing did Mr Sharon claim that Yasser Arafat had connections with Osama bin Laden.

I repeat: what happened in New York was a crime against humanity. And that means policemen, arrests, justice, a whole new international court at The Hague if necessary. Not cruise missiles and "precision" bombs and Muslim lives lost in revenge for Western lives. But the trap has been sprung. Mr Bush–perhaps we, too–are now walking into it.

Published on Sunday, September 16, 2001 in the Independent/UK. Robert Fisk has reported extensively on the Middle East.

Doing Something: making peace and seeking justice

By Robert Jensen

"We have to do something."

In the face of the unimaginable horror of the past week, it is easy to understand why people all across the United States are crying out for action.

But we must remember that military action--violence and more death–is not the only action available to us. Making peace is an action. Seeking justice is an action.

"But we have to show the terrorists that we are strong."

Is the use of force–especially when the force being called for is likely to be so massive and indiscriminate as to bring more civilian death–a sign of strength? Or can people, and a nation, show strength through the wisdom to not repeat tragic mistakes of the past?

Although we may not like the label, the United States is an empire. And like empires of the past, the United States is quick to try to solve problems with its overwhelming military power.

But this problem will not be solved by force, by the "global campaign to wipe out terrorism" that officials are calling for. We should not forget the wiping out terrorism inevitably will mean wiping out many innocent people, which will only deepen the resentment of the United States around the world–especially the Third World–and strengthen the resolve of terrorists. It will not end terrorism but create new terrorists.

The problem of terrorism will be solved by making peace and seeking justice. That will not be achieved at the end of a gun, but by changing the posture of the United States in the world. We must move from claiming the right to make unilateral demands to truly multilateral engagement.

If the United States were to announce its intention not to avenge this attack with violence but with a new approach--one based in a commitment to a real peace in the Middle East based on real justice–the world would not see it as weakness. Such a declaration would be the ultimate sign of strength.

There is a difficult truth about the United States that we must come to terms with if we are to understand why we were targeted for this cruel attack: For more than three decades, the United States has been the biggest obstacle to peace in the Middle East, and until we reverse that position we will be the target of the frustration and anger of many people there.

Israel's illegal occupation of the West Bank and Gaza since 1967 is at the heart of the conflict in the Middle East, and that occupation has been possible because of support the United States-- through Republican and Democratic administrations. We call ourselves the architects of the "peace process," but in truth we have for decades blocked the international consensus for peace, which has called for Israel to give up the occupation and demanded basic rights for the Palestinian people.

Since 1991, when the Bush administration made sure that a U.S.-led war would be the only response to the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, the resentment of the United States among the people of the Middle East has only deepened. Our willingness to use massive and indiscriminate violence in that war, and our eagerness to establish what has become a permanent military presence in the region, has made us few friends.

Yes, we need to do something--but something to shift our policy in the Middle East from rule-by-force to the quest for justice. Nonviolence is not simply about refusing to make war; it also is about creating justice in the world so that war is not necessary.

The appeal of war is that it seems strong and promises results quickly. It makes us feel safe. But if we are to fight a global war against terrorism, we will show the world our weakness and trade the promise of peace and justice for the illusion of victory.

Robert Jensen is a professor of journalism at the University of Texas at Austin. Published on http://www.commondreams.org.

Terrorists are made, not born

By Bruce Shapiro

President Bush read the words "a quiet, unyielding anger" from his teleprompter Tuesday night. But hours earlier, even as Air Force One scrambled the unseen president's entourage from airbase to airbase to bunker, something different was already evident.

Already, certain Washington hands and select media mouthpieces were playing an alarming blame game, seeking to channel public anger into their long-favored favored projects. On ABC, former Secretary of State James Baker blamed the whole thing on the Church Committes–the U.S. Senate inquiry that 20 years ago exposed the long history of CIA manipulation of foreign governments and subsidizing of torture. "In terms of intelligence, we unilaterally disarmed," Baker insisted, declaring it time return for a return to the days of unaccountable "dirty business."

He seems to have forgotten just how deeply American embroilment in dirty business–coups, assassinations, military regimes–contributed to hatred of the U.S. (Today's CIA, let it be noted, profoundly objects to this yearning by nostalgic old Cold War hands: Earlier this year I attended a conference on terrorism at which Bill Harlow, the CIA's director of public affairs, bluntly said that the intelligence community manages to recruit any sources it desires under current rules.) A few hours later, former Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger called on the U.S. to flatten Kabul: "We've got to be somewhat irrational in our response. Blow their capital from under them."

Just how effective would the Baker-Eagleburger strike-hard policy be in quelling the terrorist threat? Look at the West Bank, where the cycle of vengeance and victimization gets further cemented into the foundation of daily life with each new home demolition and cafe bombing.

This is no time for lectures; in these first hours and days all of us are thinking about the people who escaped, or who didn't. But with the clamor for aggressive and massive military action already beginning, it's essential to point out just how many of the world's more baleful terrorists and mass murderers were born precisely from the kind of operations now advocated by the bomb-and-assassinate crowd.

Excerpted from the full-length article at Salon on-line (http://www.salon.com), published September 12, 2001.

War-weary Afghans Flee in fear: Kabul empties as they wait for the US to attack

Luke Harding and Rory McCarthy, Islamabad

And yet after a decade of Soviet occupation and a brutish civil war, in which at least 50,000 people died, many Afghans are simply resigned to the prospect of further horror.

"I am not worried at all. Now we are used to it," Faiz, a 33-year-old butcher in Kabul's Shari-Nau market, said. "Since I was 12 all I have known is fighting and more fighting. So once again innocent people will be killed and nobody will care about it," he added with a shrug. Mirza Jan, who was selling fruit in the market, admitted to being fearful of a probable US attack. "That will add to our pains. We have already suffered enough," he said. "I have not told Osama bin Laden to come to Afghanistan. I have not chosen the Taliban to reign over us. If they do some thing wrong, why should I pay for that?" he asked. It is, of course, a good question, but one to which there is unlikely to be any answer over the coming weeks.

For the Taliban, who emerged out of the US-backed anti-Soviet mujahideen, the past seven days may mark the beginning of the end of their extremist regime. Last Sunday two Algerians posing as journalists blew up the Taliban's main foe, the charismatic guerrilla commander Ahmad Shah Masood. The bombers were sent by Osama bin Laden as a personal favour to the Taliban's reclusive leader, Mullah Mohamed Omar, the opposition allege. Masood's assassination - he appears to be dead - was followed two days later by the attacks on the World Trade Centre and the Pentagon. Opposition sources suggest the two events were synchronised. They lead directly back to bin Laden, they claim. Either way the Taliban's strategy of offering the Saudi dissident sanctuary inside Afghanistan now appears to be a grave miscalculation.

Excerpted from the published version on-line Sunday September 16, 2001 in The Observer (UK).

re:constructions

http://web.mit.edu/cms/reconstructions

re:constructions is an on-line resource and study guide, designed to spark discussions and reflections about the media's role in covering the events of 11 September 2001 and their aftermath. As millions of people around the world sit glued to their television sets, even as we write, we feel it is important to encourage critical analysis of the words, images, and stories which fill the media - as well as the ones we are not hearing or seeing. We hope this site will be used to help inform discussions in schools, places of worship, union halls, civic gatherings, and homes as people struggle to make sense of what is happening and to sort through their competing emotions about these events.

We are not offering answers here so much as encouraging people to ask hard questions before they rush to judgement and action. We do not present these essays as the work of experts - although in some cases we have included pieces from important commentators, past and present. Most of us are still learning how to think critically and theoretically about the media ourselves. All of us are too torn apart by these events to have any certainty about the adequacy of our words and our knowledge to respond to such a situation. But, we want to share what we know and what we think and what we feel. We want to see if these ideas might be useful in helping someone else begin a similar process of exploration and examination.

re:constructions represents the work of students, staff, faculty, and friends of MIT's Program in Comparative Media Studies. It is not the work of an academic department. It is the work of a community which felt it had to do something to make a difference. We study media and so this is what we had to contribute.

Terrorism, Television and the Rage for Vengeance

by Norman Solomon

We stare at TV screens and try to comprehend the suffering in the aftermath of terrorism. Much of what we see is ghastly and all too real; terrible anguish and sorrow.

At the same time, we're witnessing an onslaught of media deception. "The greatest triumphs of propaganda have been accomplished, not by doing something, but by refraining from doing," Aldous Huxley observed long ago. "Great is truth, but still greater, from a practical point of view, is silence about truth."

Silence, rigorously selective, pervades the media coverage of recent days. For policy-makers in Washington, the practical utility of that silence is enormous. In response to the mass murder committed by hijackers, the righteousness of U.S. military action is clear–as long as double standards go unmentioned.

While rescue crews braved intense smoke and grisly rubble, ABC News analyst Vincent Cannistraro helped to put it all in perspective for millions of TV viewers. Cannistraro is a former high-ranking official of the Central Intelligence Agency who was in charge of the CIA's work with the contras in Nicaragua during the early 1980s. After moving to the National Security Council in 1984, he became a supervisor of covert aid to Afghan guerrillas.

In other words, Cannistraro has a long history of assisting terrorists–first, contra soldiers who routinely killed Nicaraguan civilians; then, mujahedeen rebels in Afghanistan...like Osama bin Laden.

How can a longtime associate of terrorists now be credibly denouncing "terrorism"? It's easy. All that's required is for media coverage to remain in a kind of history-free zone that has no use for any facets of reality that are not presently convenient to acknowledge.

In his book "1984," George Orwell described the mental dynamics: "The process has to be conscious, or it would not be carried out with sufficient precision, but it also has to be unconscious, or it would bring with it a feeling of falsity and hence of guilt....To tell deliberate lies while genuinely believing in them, to forget any fact that has become inconvenient, and then, when it becomes necessary again, to draw it back from oblivion for just so long as it is needed, to deny the existence of objective reality and all the while to take account of the reality which one denies–all this is indispensably necessary."

Secretary of State Colin Powell denounced "people who feel that with the destruction of buildings, with the murder of people, they can somehow achieve a political purpose." He was describing the terrorists who had struck his country hours earlier. But Powell was also aptly describing a long line of top officials in Washington.

It would be very unusual to hear a comment about that sort of hypocrisy on any major TV network in the United States. Yet surely U.S. policy-makers have believed that they could "achieve a political purpose"–with "the destruction of buildings, with the murder of people"– when launching missiles at Baghdad or Belgrade.

Nor are key national media outlets now doing much to shed light on American assaults that were touted as anti-terrorist "retaliation"–such as the firing of 13 cruise missiles, one day in August 1998, at the Al Shifa pharmaceutical plant in Khartoum, Sudan. That attack, depriving an impoverished country of desperately needed medical drugs, was an atrocity committed (in the words of political analyst Noam Chomsky) "with no credible pretext, destroying half its pharmaceutical supplies and probably killing tens of thousands of people."

No one knows the exact number of lives lost due to the severe disruption of Sudan's meager drug supply, Chomsky adds, "because the U.S. blocked an inquiry at the United Nations and no one cares to pursue it." Media scrutiny of atrocities committed by the U.S. government is rare. Only some cruelties merit the spotlight. Only some victims deserve empathy. Only certain crimes against humanity are worth our tears.

"This will be a monumental struggle of good versus evil," President Bush proclaimed. The media reactions to such rhetoric have been overwhelmingly favorable.

But the heart-wrenching voices now on the USA's airwaves are no less or more important than voices that we have never heard. Today, the victims of terrorism in America deserve our deep compassion. So do the far-away victims of America–human beings whose humanity has gone unrecognized by U.S. media.

Underlying that lack of recognition is a nationalistic arrogance shared by press and state. Few eyebrows went up when Time magazine declared in its Sept. 10 edition: "The U.S. is at one of those fortunate–and rare–moments in history when it can shape the world." That attitude can only bring us a succession of disasters.

Norman Solomon's latest book is "The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media." His syndicated column focuses on media and politics. Published on Friday, September 14, 2001 by FAIR's Media Beat. (http://www.fair.org)

Make your own news section!

Do you ever wonder, *Just where do those wacky kids get their news, anyway?* Well, we at the *MRR* newsdesk are stuck in front of computers much of our waking days, giving us plenty of time to peruse the many media outlets made available on-line. Here are just some of our regular hang-outs (all English-language recommendations, unfortunately).

- **Common Dreams** (http://www.commondreams.org) A clearinghouse of editorials, news articles and essays, press releases, and all related materials updated daily with links to a wide variety of organizations and media outlets.
- **Alternet** (http://www.alternet.org) and **Counterpunch** (http://www.counterpunch.org) offer alternative political analysis.
- ***Guardian UK*** (http://www.guardian.co.uk) One of the better international sources of news, this UK newspaper is left leaning, intelligent, and on-line.
- ***International Herald Tribune*** (http://www.iht.com) The international newspaper for U.S. or otherwise English-speaking persons abroad. Again, international coverage of U.S. news and events is usually much more thorough.
- **Salon** (http://www.salon.com) We like this website because it is updated several times daily with often critical and insightful commentary, and plus we get the good celebrity gossip here too.
- **One World** (http://www.oneworld.net) Another portal for international news coverage.

We also regularly check the websites of Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, Feminist Majority, The Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, Indymedia, Gender PAC, and other related organizations. For on and off-line sources we use *The Nation*, *The Economist*, *Z Magazine*, *Covert Action Quarterly*, and FAIR, among many others.

Every Image Has A Context: The Palestinian Footage

After the horrific tragedy in New York City, there were repeated airing of TV clips of Palestinians rejoicing. There was little discussion or reporting of the following issues.

On Monday morning, September 10, the Israeli military again entered the town of Jenin, which since 1967 has been under Israeli military occupation, and attacked and killed nine Palestinians. They did so with American-made tanks, American-made missiles and guns, while American-made fighter planes flew overhead.

The following the day, on Tuesday, September 11, the funeral-goers, hearing the tragic news of the attack on the World Trade Center and on the Pentagon, cheered.

The news reports in the United States and elsewhere all failed to mention the real and lived context of these political expressions of feeling, which did not occur in a vacuum. Instead, the celebrants were denounced as "inhuman," "ruthless," and otherwise deserving of annihilation.

What is conveniently forgotten in the rush to dehumanize the Arab “other” are the scenes broadcast from sports bars across the U.S. of "good Americans" cheering U.S. air-strikes during the Gulf War in 1991. Neither is there any reflection upon the tragic likelihood that "good Americans" who so value "freedom and democracy" will no doubt cheer the bombing of Afghanistan's own innocent civilians or indeed, as some political pundits and "men on the street" have suggested, the men, women, and children of any and all nations who harbor Arabs or Muslims. When this contradiction is pointed out, such U.S. commentators have shrugged their shoulders dismissively.

Meanwhile the terrorist actions that destroyed the World Trade Center were strongly condemned by every single Palestinian organization and entity: Fatah, the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, Hamas, unions, Human Right Organizations (AlHaq, Law, Palestine Center for Human Rights), workers committees, student associations, municipalities, mosques and churches, etc.

Palestinian lawmaker Hanan Ashrawi told a news conference the celebrations were "misguided" and "aberrations" motivated by a feeling among Palestinians that they have been victims of U.S. backing for Israel. Palestinian analyst Ghassan al-Khatib said the ``human tragedy" in the United States should not be exploited for political gains by making Palestinians, Arabs and Muslims look like the "bad guys." The majority of Palestinians condemned and were horrified and shocked by the terrorist attacks and identified with the victims (as victims themselves).

The US Consul in Jerusalem reported that he has received a huge stack of faxes from Palestinians and Palestinian organizations expressing condolences, grief and solidarity. He himself was pained to see that the media chose to focus on the sensational images of a few Palestinians rejoicing.

Israeli forces took advantage of the post tragedy confusion and stormed the Palestinian cities of Jenin and later Jericho killing scores of people, injuring over 120, and demolishing many homes and other buildings (Associated Press, AFP).

Compiled from various sources.

I Am Hiding From Backlash
by Fariba Nawa

I am hiding in my house in the heart of an Arab neighborhood in Brooklyn, four miles from the terror that struck Manhattan. As an Afghan-American, I fear the retaliation in the aftermath of the tragedy.

If this act of war is like Pearl Harbor, will Arabs and Afghans living in America become targets of hate as Japanese-Americans did during World War II?

From the roof of my brownstone home, I watched the billowing smoke darken the sky above the World Trade Center. I heard the sirens, the screams of victims falling to their deaths, and the rage that New Yorkers expressed afterwards. Americans are angry - rightly so - and want someone to blame and attack. But I shudder thinking of the innocent Muslims who could be the victims of this fury.

On New York radio stations, callers shouted slurs against Afghans and Arabs, demanded they be killed, and called for war against Afghanistan, whose rulers are suspected perpetrators of the attack. I turned off the radio and in a daze walked to the Promenade, where people stood looking at the disaster across the East River. Some held any extra fabric over their mouths to block the fumes and stench of burning steel. A man appearing to be in his 20s said to a friend, "These damn Islamic people in this country should be under surveillance. They're getting away with too much."

In bars where patrons crowded to watch TV, men and women clapped as President Bush swore to seek revenge.

I paced back home with my two Muslim friends, locked the door, and sat still in shock. I hoped no one on our street knew that Muslims live in the house. Ever since the Taliban seized my birthplace, Afghanistan and Afghans have become the butt of slurs, jokes, and ridicule. But stereotyping and verbal attacks are not my fear anymore. The magnitude of this tragedy may provoke violence against Muslim and especially Afghan communities in this country. Few listen to the warnings by the media that Americans should not convict any group without proof.

I think back to the Gulf War, when Americans unleashed their anger on Muslims. Then in high school, I was a dumbfounded teenager when we were called "camel jockey" and "Maddas lover" - Saddam Hussein's first name spelled backwards. Now I am more scared, knowing how vicious the usually tolerant American can become in times of crises.

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani deployed more police officers to Muslim neighborhoods, which makes me feel safer. But for how long? As the story unravels, Osama bin Laden is at the top of the suspect list, and Americans' call to bomb his residence, Afghanistan, gets louder. I quietly weep when I think of the fate of hapless Afghan civilians who will suffer the consequences if the accusations against bin Laden are true.

I wonder if Americans know that the rage they are feeling today is what Palestinians and Muslims across the world feel every day against the American government. Every time there has been an attack against Americans, the government focuses on retribution and prevention but pays little attention to changing its policies such as indifference to the loss of Palestinian lives.

There is no justification for Tuesday's terrorist attacks, but increasing security at airports and catching the culprits are short-term Band-Aids that will probably not stop these disasters. Reconsidering American policies and creating a consistent and fair approach to deal with other nations is a long-term solution.

As a hybrid of Afghanistan and the United States, I am angry not with a nationality or group but with fanaticism and the injustice of hegemony.

I hope that the American people will be more tolerant than their government toward Muslims, inside and outside America.

Fariba Nawa is a graduate student in Middle Eastern studies at New York University and a contributor to Pacific News Service.

Terror Attacks: New to Us, Not to Afghans
By James Ingalls

Like a subliminal "Wanted" poster, TV newscasts flash images of the destroyed Twin Towers, followed at longer intervals by the face of Osama bin Laden. The disclaimer that we still have no idea who is responsible for the brutal attacks in Manhattan, Washington, and Pittsburgh seems weak in comparison with this visual "evidence". Unlikely to be accorded anything approaching due process, the suspect of the decade will probably find his interests under violent attack by the US and NATO within the next few days. It is too much to hope for no civilian casualties, as GW Bush fulfils his promise to "make no distinction between the terrorists who committed these acts and those who harbored them," implying that the people of Afghanistan will soon be subjected to aerial bombardment. The US will likely "validate...the logic of terrorism" (Human Rights Watch), following the dictum that violence and terror are the proper responses to violence and terror.

Michael Sheehan, the State Department's Counterterrorism Coordinator, has made a big deal about a "geographic shift" in terrorist activity from the Middle East to South Asia. Sheehan attributes the shift to the war against the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan during the 1980s: "This war destroyed the government and civil society of Afghanistan, at the same time bringing arms, fighters from around the world, and narcotics traffickers to the region." Sheehan eliminates any trace of human involvement–"this war" brought arms, fighters, and narco-traffickers to Afghanistan, destroying civil society. What Washington tends to conveniently ignore is that bin Laden and the rest of the extremist terrorists empowered to fight in Afghanistan were taught "the logic of terrorism" by our own Central Intelligence Agency.

The CIA assembled a terror network that remains a cause of misery worldwide. CIA Director William Casey called it "the kind of thing we should be doing." According to standard sources, aid to extremist groups in Afghanistan was a response to the Soviet invasion. The truth is that President Carter gave the green light for covert support to the Mujaheddin six months *before* the December 1979 invasion. In the words of then National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski, a major architect of Carter's policy, they were "drawing the Russians into the Afghan trap." The US supported seven fundamentalist extremist groups throughout the 1980s and into the early 90s with cash, sophisticated weapons, and training to the tune of $5 billion–according to official figures. The secret Black Budget of the CIA reportedly quadrupled to $36 billion per year when Reagan became president in 1980, and some of this money went to support secret operations in Afghanistan. Some of the earliest training exercises took place inside the US, including rifle shooting at the High Rock gun club in Naugtuck, Connecticut. More technical training took place at the CIA's Camp Peary, nicknamed "The Farm," northeast of Williamsburg, Virginia. Among the topics covered by training sessions were surveillance and counter-surveillance, counter-terrorism, counter-narcotics and paramilitary operations.

Around the same time, a source of private funding was sought for the war. Osama bin Laden, a man with "impeccable Saudi credentials" (his father's construction company had just been awarded a contract to rebuild and restore the holy sites in Mecca and Medina) was given "free rein in Afghanistan" by the CIA. Using his share of his family's business empire, he built training camps and airplane landing strips, and carved underground bunkers in the mountains of Afghanistan, all with Washington's approval. Just across the border, bin Laden's base in Pakistan was the Binoori mosque in Karachi. The prayer leader at this mosque was one Mullah Mohammed Omar, now "supreme leader" of the Taliban.

After the Soviet withdrawal in 1989, the Mujaheddin groups began turning their US-supplied weapons on each other, and on the civilian population of Afghanistan. In 1990, the CIA began supplying the Mujaheddin directly, rather than using Pakistan's ISI intelligence service as a conduit. According to then chief of ISI's Afghanistan branch, Mohammad Youssaf, the CIA's aim was to "play on differences between the various factions and their commanders," in an effort to "curb the power" of the factions and make way for an unknown "Transition Regime," perhaps the Taliban.

The CIA's propping up of the fundamentalist terrorists in Afghanistan began to show its consequences during this period. The first victims were the people of Afghanistan. The group getting the most US aid, led by Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, began rocket shelling Kabul. A close friend of bin Laden, Hekmatyar was understood by his benefactors to be "a nut, an extremist, and a very violent man" (US ambassador to Afghanistan Robert Neumann). In the 1970s he gained notoriety for throwing acid on the faces of women who refused to wear the veil. Journalist Michael Griffin writes of Kabul under Hekmatyar's onslaught: "no city since the end of the Second World War-except Sarajevo-had suffered the same ferocity of jugular violence as Kabul from 1992 to 1996. Sarajevo was almost a side-show by comparison and, at least, it wasn't forgotten." From 1990-1994 45,000 civilians were killed, 300,000 had fled to Pakistan, and Kabul was "turned into a rubble resembling Dresden after the fire-bombing." Most Afghans are now without livelihood, reduced to begging from international aid agencies. They currently live under the fascistic Taliban, who keep bin Laden safe.

Terrorists trained and armed by the CIA to fight in Afghanistan have since been implicated in attacks on the World Trade Center in 1993, and in US embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania in 1998, which killed hundreds of people. These efforts pale in comparison to the recent destruction in Manhattan, Washington, and Pittsburgh. If proven guilty in fair trial, bin Laden should certainly be held accountable. But the Afghan people, no strangers to the terrorism of bin Laden and his friends, should not be made to pay further for the consequences of our actions. It was our officials who originally unleashed these forces of destruction on Afghanistan. Perhaps the faces of Zbigniew Brzezinski, William Casey, Jimmy Carter, and Ronald Reagan should be on the TV screen too, next to Osama bin Laden's and the empty holes in the ground where twin towers stood.

The author is on the Board of Directors of the Afghan Women's Mission, and is a Staff Scientist at the California Institute of Technology. Originally published on http://www.zmag.org/ZNET.htm.

Racism Rears its Ugly Head in the Aftermath

The popular comparison of the World Trade Center attacks to Pearl Harbor is flawed in several ways, and not the least because the rallying cry to "Remember Pearl Harbor!" is meant to recall a patriotic fervor which, drawing upon a long history of racism and white supremacy, produced the Japanese American internment camps. Perhaps we should also suggest, "Remember Manzenar!"

In the week following the plane hijackings and WTC/Pentagon attacks, hundreds, perhaps thousands of racist incidents have erupted across the nation in the name of "preserving America." Arab communities and other populations of color across North America, Europe and Australia have come under violent attack amid a rising tide of racism. These attacks do not limit their targets to Arabs or Muslims. Anyone who appears to be "foreign" is a potential target of racist violence, including Latinos, blacks, Asian Americans, Sikhs, Pakistanis, South Asians, Indians, et cetera. The xenophobic rhetoric has already conjured in some forums a vision of a "pure" (i.e., white) America performing its own "ethnic cleansing." Nor can the WDC/NYC attacks be understood as the only motivation. After all, when Timothy McVeigh was arrested and charged with the Oklahoma City bombing, there was not a widespread call for "retaliation" against white native-born American males.

Instead, we must understand that "America" has often defined itself against a racial "Other." According to this logic, "real Americans" are of European descent (a historical process which gradually granted "white" status to all European ethnicities in the late nineteenth century) and laws and policies of exclusion or the denial of citizenship rights reinforced such notions against blacks, Chinese, Sikhs, et cetera. It is this logic that made it possible to imprison thousands of Japanese Americans during World War II; it is this logic that made it possible to suspect all Chinese Americans might be traitorous spies for mainland China during the Wen Ho Lee case; and it is this logic that makes it possible to suspect all those with dark skin of being terrorists.

Across the country, Muslims and many Islamic groups say they have received threatening letters and phone calls. Bomb threats have closed down many Arab businesses and schools all over the U.S. Vigilantes have killed three persons so far. The following is a very partial list of the violence directed against people of color in "retaliation," culled from a wide variety of news services and civil rights organizations. APALC (Asian Pacific American Legal Center) has translated hate crimes brochures into four South Asian languages (Bangla, Hindi, Pubjabi, and Urdu) and will post these on their website: www.apalc.org.

ARIZONA

First-degree murder charge filed in shooting of Mesa Sikh, Balbir Singh Sodhi, 49. A charge of first-degree murder has been added to the charges against a man accused of killing an Indian-American immigrant gas station owner in one of three shootings yesterday. Forty two-year-old Frank Roque is also charged with attempted murder in the two other attacks and three counts of drive-by shooting. Saad Saad, 35, of Scottsdale, is the owner of the Mobil station where the second shooting occurred, at 3565 South Val Vista Drive. He said the shooter aimed at the clerk, a male of Lebanese descent. Roque made his initial court appearance today and bond was set at one million dollars. Police were investigating the possibility that the crimes were motivated by Tuesday's terror attacks in New York and Washington. Police were continuing their investigation to determine whether to add hate crimes charges. The East Valley Tribune reported that Roque shouted, "I stand for America all the way," as he was handcuffed Saturday night. (AP, 9/17/01; SacBee, 9/18/01)

CALIFORNIA

Adel Karas, 48, of Arcadia was struck in the upper body and killed point-blank. He was shot at the International Market, a store he owned. The family believes Karas was targeted because he was Egyptian American and mistaken as a Muslim American. No money was taken, but t!he attack has been classified as a robbery. (Source: LA Times, 09/17/01) In Southern California, hate messages have been pouring into the Los Angeles Muslim Public Affairs Council, and the Garden Grove office of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. Several Arab-American coffee shops and other businesses in Anaheim have closed their doors after strangers began berating and videotaping customers, and shouting obscenities while waving US flags. At USC, some Muslim students have been harassed and some Muslim women have had their veils pulled off. (NBC-4 News, 9/14/01) A parent at an Islamic school in Pasadena, Salwa Abdul-Aaal, a physiotherapist, said that one of her patients had demanded to know what her religion was. "If I'm Muslim, she doesn't want to see me." On Sept. 12, two woman are speaking Spanish as they wait in a doctor's office. A white woman yells, "You foreigners caused all this trouble," and begins to beat on one of the women. (LA-CHR) Hall of Records, Los Angeles, Sept. 13, a sign in the elevator says,"Kill all towel heads." (LA-CHR) Los Angeles, Sept. 14, a young Persian woman is eating lunch with a friend who jokingly calls her an Arab. A young woman sitting next to them follows them out of the restaurant, asks the woman if she is Arab, and punches her in the eye. (LA- CHR) On Sept. 17, a woman wearing Muslim clothing was shopping at the Albertson's on Garey and Foothill. A white woman attacked her and yelled, "America is only for white people." The victim was taken to emergency. (LA-CHR) Beverly Hills, Sept. 17:, two women were ordering at a bagel store. One was wearing a Koranic charm--a verse from the Koran--on her neck. They sat down in front of 3 people-two men and one woman. The woman noticed the victim's charm and said, "Look what you people have done to my people" and lunged at the victim. She was held back by one of the men with her. On Sunday evening, 9/16/01, an explosion from what was probably a cherry bomb on the sidewalk outside the Islamic Center of San Diego forced worshipers to evacuate the building during a prayer service. (LA Times, 9/18/01). Vandals threw a bag of blood on the doorstep of a San Francisco immigration center Minority Assistance Services in San Francisco's Mission District, which serves many Mideast immigrants. An unknown person called a paralegal there at about 2:30 p.m. and! said he had left a package "for your brother Osama bin Laden." The receptionist found a bag half-filled with a red substance on the front step. It was labeled "pig's blood." (SF Chronicle, 9/13/01)

COLORADO

Buggie and Pinky Bajwa, Sikh Americans, awoke Thursday morning, 9/13/01, to find the word ``Terrorists'' sprayed in red paint across their driveway and ``Terrorist on board'' written on their white car. (AP, 9/18/01)

ILLINOIS

9/12/01, police in Bridgeview, Ill., turned back 300 marchers–some waving U.S. flags and shouting "USA! USA!" as they tried to march on a mosque in the Chicago suburb. Three demonstrators were arrested. There were no injuries and demonstrators were kept blocks from the closed Muslim house of worship. "I'm proud to be American and I hate Arabs and I always have," said 19-year-old Colin Zaremba who marched with the group from Oak Lawn. " This was a mob," said one woman, who lives with her husband and eight children in Oak Lawn, Ill., not far from the Bridgeview Mosque Center. "My husband is of Arab descent. He gave four years of his life in the U.S. Navy ... to have some skinhead with an American flag screaming at our house." (AP, 9/13/01) In Chicago, a firebomb was tossed 09/12/01 at an Arab-American community center. (AP, 9/13/01) In nearby Palos Heights, a man who used the blunt end of a machete to attack a Moroccan gas station attendant was charged with a hate crime, police said. (AP, 9/13/01) Also in Illinois, two young Muslim women dressed in traditional clothing were beaten.

INDIANA

Yemen-born U.S. citizen Hassan Awdah is the owner of the Marathon gas station in Gary, Ind., that was shot at on Wednesday, September 12. A man in a ski mask fired more than 21 shots from a high-powered assault rifle at Awdah as he stood behind one-inch-thick bulletproof glass at about 3 a.m. (AP, 9/13/01)

NEW JERSEY

Vandals attacked two Indian owned businesses in Collingswood, N.J. (9/12/01)

NEW YORK

Two Pakistanis killed in Coney Island. (CAAAV, 9/17/01) In Richmond Hills, NY, two Sikh Americans were attacked with a paint ball gun. The police arrested two men. (9/11/01). Alsoin Richmond Hills, a gurdwara was fired upon with rubber bullets. An arrest was made when the individual returned the following morning.(9/11/01) On Sept. 11, Amrik Singh Chawla, a South Asian American (Sikh), was chased by a group of four men yelling "terrorist." They chased him for four blocks. (IACFPA, 9/17/01) The Human Rights Commission reports at least 3 attacks (1 Pakistani, 2 Arab) in Ssuffolk county. (CAAAV, 9/17/01) In Huntington, N.Y., a 75year-old man who was drunk tried to run over a Pakistani woman in the parking lot of a shopping mall, police said. The man then followed the woman into a store and threatened to kill her for "destroying my country," authorities said. (AP, 9/13/01)

OHIO

A 29-year-old man smashed his car through the entrance of a mosque early on September 17. Police said Eric Richley of Middleburg Heights, hurtled his car at 80 mph through the front of the center shortly after midnight. A spokesman for the Islamic Center of Greater Cleveland, which sustained more than $100,000 in damages, said it had received numerous threats and had added extra security since last week's deadly attacks on New York and Washington. (AP, 9/18/01) In suburban Cleveland, the Guru Gobind Singh Sikh Temple was attacked with lit bottles of gasoline. (9/12/01)

OKLAHOMA

In Tulsa, Okla., police said a Pakistani native was beaten by three men late Tuesday in a hate crime. The victim was in a fair condition at a hospital Thursday. (AP, 9/13/01)

OREGON

On September 16, A 54 year-old California woman was arrested in Eugene, Oregon, for physically assaulting two Sikh men at an Interstate 5 rest stop. (Source: AP, 9/18/01)

RHODE ISLAND

In Ronkonkoma, Long Island, a man was arrested on suspicion of waving a pellet gun and shouting obscenities at a South Asian gas station worker. (IACFPA 9/12/01) Sher J.B. Singh was pulled from an Amtrak train in Providence, Rhode Island and arrested for possession of a concealed weapon. Mr. Singh was carrying a three-inch kirpan. Unfortunately, national press wrongly claimed that Mr. Singh was one of the terrorists being sought by the FBI (9/12/01).

TEXAS

Dallas police and the FBI are investigating whether the shooting death of a Pakistani grocer in Pleasant Grove was out of anger at Muslims for Tuesday's terrorist attacks. The killing occurred Saturday night, 9/16/01. 46-year-old Waqar Hasan at Mom's Grocery was shot, but there was no evidence of robbery or a struggle. (AP, 9/17/01) Mosques in Carrollton, Denton and Irving were attacked in what authorities believe could have been a reaction to the terrorist attacks. Shots were fired into the Carrollton and Irving (9/12/01) mosques and a firebomb was thrown into the mosque in Denton. Early Thursday, 9/13/01, a Molotov cocktail was thrown against the side of the Islamic Society of Denton, Texas, causing an estimated $2,500 in damage, said Kiersten Dieterle, a spokeswoman for the Dallas suburb. The building was empty and there were no injuries. (AP, 9/13/01) Gunshots were fired at an Islamic center in a Dallas suburb, shattering windows. No one was injured at the center.

WASHINGTON, DC

A hate message was tied to a brick and thrown through the window of an Islamic bookstore in Washington, D.C. Rippy Singh was stopped by 4 white males in a car who accused him of being a terrorist and said, "we will bomb you" in Washington, DC. (IACFPA, 9/18/01) A South Asian American (Sikh), was exiting work this afternoon. As he was leaving he was accosted by pedestrians on the street who began to yell verbal expletives at him, and threatened to "get" him and bomb him in retaliation for the terrorist acts earlier in the day. Although he was able to escape the crowd, he too was deeply upset by the incident. (IACFPA,9/17/01)

OTHERS

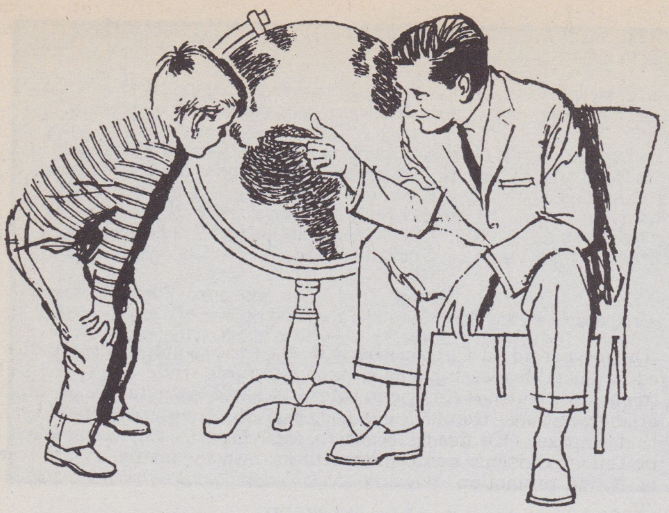
A message posted on a Yahoo chatroom claimed the writer had "just killed a little Islamic kid." It has been passed on to the U.S. Justice Department.

CANADA

In Montreal, Canada, a firebomb was thrown at a mosque. No one was injured as the building has been vacant since July. The Islamic community in Calgary said several people had been threatened there and it decided to close a school for 600 students as a precaution. A young Canadian woman of South Asian descent said she has been accosted about 10 times in downtown Toronto. "[One woman said] I just wanted to tell you if I had a gun right now, I'd shoot you. Those were her exact words," said the woman, who asked not to be named. She added a relative who works in the World Trade Center is still missing. Five students with Arabic-sounding names were assaulted by schoolmates in Oakville, Ont., and a man was arrested in St. Catharines, Ont., after a receptionist at the Islamic information center in nearby Niagara Falls received a telephone threat.

AUSTRALIA

In Brisbane, a school bus packed with Muslim children was stoned. Vandals tried to set fire to a Lebanese church in apparent acts of retaliation for the terrorist attacks in the United States, officials said. Queensland state-Islamic Council Chairman Sultan Deen said stones and bottles damaged the bus Wednesday in Brisbane. Nobody was injured.



GLOBALIZATION RHETORIC AND REALITY: DECODING QUEBEC CITY AND GENOA

by Lane Van Ham

We live in what has been called "the information age." Typically this refers to the central role of high-quality, high-quantity communication in driving the economy. But it is also true that information is central to techniques of population control, especially in countries that guarantee their citizens limited but important means of affecting change. Thus, privileged and wealthy groups in the United States and elsewhere make selective use of violence, but more commonly maintain "stability" (ie apathy) through superior means of distributing propaganda. Information—or, to use Orwell's term, "disinformation"—is a major weapon for elite groups seeking to ensure that while the general public believes in democracy, they don't actually use it.

Repressive as they may be, crackdowns on demonstrators, like those in Quebec City and Genoa, are insignificant compared to the influence of free trade advocates in the media. The linguistic assaults of politicians, journalists, and private corporations are less dramatic than police brutality, but they are spread much more widely and do far more damage. Though it would be impossible to expose every one of these lies and distortions, may this survey of recent themes in official globalization rhetoric inspire vigorous mental self-defense in the war of words that continues long after the wounded demonstrators have gone home.

THE ALLEGED SUCCESS OF NAFTA

"We already know from the North American Free Trade Agreement that free trade works."—George W. Bush, April 20, 2001

We sure do! But it only "works" for a very small, powerful minority. Before NAFTA, an estimated 47% of the Mexican population endured "moderate " poverty, living on $3 a day. Since NAFTA, these numbers have risen to include over half of all Mexicans. NAFTA has also increased the percentage of Mexicans living in "severe" poverty, less than $2 a day, from 15% to 18%. Those lucky enough to have higher paying jobs in the manufacturing sector have seen real wages fall from approximately $2.10 an hour in 1994 to $1.60 an hour in 1998. In the US, wages continue to stagnate despite low unemployment and high profitability for corporations. Unemployment in US counties bordering Mexico has gone up since 1994, and the threat of relocating US plants to Mexico has been a prominent feature of anti-union drives by management. (Incidentally, the sectors hit hardest by factory relocation are apparel and electronics, which typically employ large numbers of women and racial minorities.)

"(NAFTA) has created good jobs for our workers. Now is the time to extend these benefits of free trade throughout the hemisphere."—George W. Bush, April 2O, 2001

The generous, benevolent U S of A, always ready to share the wealth and act with everyone's best interests at heart! Well, horse hockey. There are two options here: we can take George's word for it (never a good idea), or we can look at the facts. The facts are that NAFTA has eliminated nearly 400,000 jobs in the United States and displaced those workers to jobs paying an average of 77% of their previous salary. When Bush talks about extending these so-called "benefits of free trade throughout the hemisphere," is it some kind of a threat?

"NAFTA has created more choices at lower prices for consumers in all three of our nations, and it has created good jobs for our workers."—George W. Bush, April 20, 2001

Back to "good jobs" again? (See above.) As for that old mantra of consumerism—"more choice!"—if you're making less money, does it really help to have a wider variety of products that you can't afford anyway?

"The Bush administration needs to proceed with a sense of urgency, lest Central and South American leaders conclude that Washington is not serious about affording their economies the same direct access to American markets and investment capital that has proven so beneficial to Mexico as a result of NAFTA."—New York Times editorial, April 20, 2001

The dubious benefits for most Mexicans have already been described above, but perhaps this is a good time to examine the concerns of Central and South American leaders. Why do the leaders of other nations seem so interested in signing on to the FTAA? Because foreign governments are generally headed by the very elites who stand to benefit from free trade. Though they tend to go unreported by the media, there have been many, many large demonstrations throughout the Americas against free trade policies and the FTAA in particular. Foreign leaders undoubtedly have their own diverse reasons for jumping on the free trade bandwagon, but mass support for those agreements back at home isn't one of them.

FREE TRADE AS POVERTY RELIEF

"Trade liberalization and economic globalization offer poor nations the best opportunity for improving their standards of living. There are no models for the notion that less interdependence with the global economy is a recipe for success."—*New York Times* editorial, April 20, 2001

Any high school kid on the debate team should be able to find the absurdity here. As the *Times* has it, developing countries have two choices: "trade liberalization" (in other words, letting foreign business interests come in and do whatever they want) or "less interdependence" with the world. Might it be possible to achieve a measure of "economic globalization" (and thus greater interdependence) without doing so on terms set by multinational corporations? Sure. But promoting that alternative might upset the *Times'* advertisers.

"Free trade is the only proven path out of poverty for developing nations. And when nations are shut off from the world, their people pay a steep price. The developing countries have no need for protectionist policies that would condemn them to permanent poverty." —George W. Bush, July 22, 2001

The first part of this is just Dubya's version of the lie in the *New York Times* about globalization as an "either/or" proposition (ie if you don't support "free trade," you therefore support being "shut off from the world"). But the second part goes one further, and denies the fundamental economic reality that a judicious use of government regulation can and should play a positive role in facilitating development. According to economist and activist Walden Bello, between 1950 and 1980, the rate of economic growth in the Third World actually exceeded that of industrialized countries, in large part because of state intervention strategies, including trade protection.

"(Protesters say) the movement doesn't want to stop exports—it just wants better working conditions and higher wages. But it's not a serious position. Third World countries desperately need their exports industries—they cannot retreat to a rural Arcadia. They can't have those export industries unless they are allowed to sell goods produced under conditions that westerners find appalling; by workers who receive very low wages. And that's a fact the anti-globalization activists refuse to accept."—Paul Krugman, editorial, *Arizona Daily-Star* April 24, 2001

Let's skip the predictable and distortive "anti-globalization" smear and cut to a brief translation: Krugman is saying that the Third World will modernize on terms favorable to Wall Street investors, even if it has to sacrifice an entire generation or two, or three, or however many more for the noble cause. Notice too, that he neatly eliminates Third World workers from the picture by suggesting that only "westerners" object to their abysmal condition. It's as if the years of labor unrest in Asian and Latin American factories never existed.

"The activists got the images they wanted from Quebec City: leaders sitting inside their fortified enclosure, with thousands of police protecting them from the outraged masses outside. But images can deceive. Many of the people inside that chain-link fence are sincerely trying to help the world's poor. And the people outside the fence, whatever their intentions, are doing their best to make the poor even poorer."—Paul Krugman, editorial, *Arizona Daily Star* 4/24/01

Oh, come on! Commercial and imperial interests almost always depict themselves as missionaries, doing what they do in an effort to elevate the condition of the colonized. After directing numerous bloody campaigns against native populations in the American southeast, Andrew Jackson declared that "toward the aborigines of the country no one can indulge a more friendly feeling than myself," and proposed that "a speedy removal" of tribal people might bring them "to cast off their savage habits and become an interesting, civilized, and Christian community." In 1910, British politician Alfred James Balfour sanctified his nation's global expansion in Egypt by commenting that "we are there for their sake." *National Geographic* enthused in 1916, "Wherever America has gone, whether to Cuba, whether to Panama, whether to Santa Domingo, Porto Rico [sic], Nicaragua, the Phillipines, or Haiti, the welfare of the people has been her first concern." We should all have heard this before.

"President Bush ought to conclude a deal with Chile, South America's most open economy and a country that was promised entry to NAFTA back in 1993. Chile is a heartening example of how a policy of economic liberalization can lift a people's standard of living."—*New York Times* editorial, April 20, 2001

Actually, the picture is a little more complicated than that. Over the last 15 years, Chile has performed very well according to macroeconomic indicators such as growth (the highest in Latin America), and unemployment (a low 5-6%). But the benefits of the growth have not been evenly distributed. Wealth and power have been consolidated in a small number of conglomerates, while the lower and middle classes have stagnated. Real and minimum wages have fallen so low that it is possible to be formally employed and still live in poverty. Such facts make the *Times'* "heartening example" a little less heartening, but what do you expect from the newspaper that flat out refused to run AFL-CIO advertising critical of NAFTA?

THE BENEFITS OF FREE TRADE IN GENERAL

"Our goal in Quebec is to build a hemisphere of liberty."—George Bush, April 20, 2001.

Free trade advocates love to use this one. Free trade and human freedom are inseparable, right? So the fable goes. But the neo-liberal policies so integral to free trade doctrine frequently produce so much grassroots opposition that it is necessary to impose them through violence. School of Americas Watch, which monitors the notorious US Army facility responsible for training many Latin American military forces, observes that "Economic oppression and military repression are flip sides of the same coin. The economic rape of the poor that accompanies globalization could not stand without the repressive military apparatus that brutalizes those who rise up to resist." SOA training manuals endorse such tactics as torture, execution, and blackmail, and provide a handy field guide for worthwhile targets. These include those who engage in "union organizing or recruiting," circulate "propaganda in favor of the interests of workers," suggest "that the government has failed... to meet the basic needs of the people," and "sympathize with demonstrations or strikes." Let's see, that makes the exercise of free speech and freedom of association offenses punishable by death. Sound like liberty to you?

"Environmental improvement has been the greatest in wealthier countries, which also happen to have the most open economies." —ExxonMobil, paid advertisement, *International Herald Tribune*, April 19, 2001

Either the mania of free trade evangelicals has grown so extreme that they believe markets create clean air, or they just want us to believe it. Probably the latter, but some of these people are genuinely nuts and may be convinced that their own propaganda is true. "Improvement" is sort of a strange word, but if they're trying to say that environmental conditions are better in wealthier countries, it's because political action by everyday people has produced change, not because there's an inherent link between free enterprise and smokestack filters.

THE SO-CALLED FTAA "DEMOCRACY CLAUSE"

"There is, in fact, a very strong democracy clause in the summit's political declaration. It's quite remarkable."—National Security Adviser Condoleeza Rice, April 20, 2001

We can take it for granted that "national security" advisers all over the world are likely to find any gesture toward democracy "remarkable." Others are less impressed, the San Francisco-based group Global Exchange ridiculed the clause as "a confection designed to sweeten the taste of tear gas." Here's the actual wording so you can read it yourself...

"Any unconstitutional alteration or interruption of the democratic order in a state of the hemisphere constitutes an insurmountable obstacle to the participation of that state's government in the Summit of the Americas process."—Free Trade Area of the Americas Democracy Clause

Yep, that's the democracy clause, in its entirety. Basically what is says is if a country violates its own constitution, they might not be able to get in the lil' ol' FTAA clubhouse again. Sure, we should be concerned about trade agreements that seem to endorse tyrannical regimes. But the real issue here is that the FTAA is itself an "interruption of the democratic order," because it transfers enormous political power to unaccountable private interests (ie multinational corporations). The only "remarkable" thing about the clause is that it misses the point so completely.

THE WONDER OF FAST-TRACK

"During President Clinton's second term, the United States abdicated its global leadership role in expanding free trade. (...) It is vitally important, both for American interests and for the future of impoverished nations around the world, that President Bush now break that impasse. He needs to assign high priority to reassembling a bipartisan consensus on Capitol Hill to grant the president fast-track or "trade promotion" power."—*New York Times* editorial, April 20, 2001

"Abdicated" is an interesting choice of words. Rather, justifiable outrage at the social costs of NAFTA generated such a groundswell of popular opposition to future trade agreements that Congress denied Clinton fast-track authority. As for the present, the image of the global poor anxiously watching Washington for signs that George Bush will break the "impasse" and deliver milk and honey for all via "trade-promotion authority" is just too hilarious for words.

"I am confident I will have trade promotion authority by the end of the year because I think most people in the United States Congress understand that trade is beneficial to our hemisphere."—George W. Bush, April 22, 2001

Aren't platitudes wonderful? "Trade is beneficial, trade is beneficial, trade is beneficial..." Boy, I could just say it all day long. Of course, it's quite a leap to say that if you recognize the benefits of trade, you then should back fast-track. In fact, it's a leap to say that the FTAA has anything to do with "trade" in the first place (aside from a word in the acronym, which is purely cosmetic). Agreements like NAFTA and the FTAA are basically guarantees to multinational corporations that they can invest in foreign markets without the fear that democracy might reduce their profits. Furthermore, the very character of fast track authority undermines the democracy free trade treaties are supposed to provide. Under fast track, normal Congressional rules are suspended and minimized. Once the bill is submitted, Congress has: 60 days to take action; a maximum of 20 hours of debate in each house; and a "yes" or "no" vote on the agreement as is, with no amendments.

THE DEMONSTRATORS

"Some will try to disrupt the meetings, claiming they represent the poor.
To those folks, I say, instead of addressing policies that represent the poor, you embrace policies that lock poor people into poverty, and that's unacceptable to the United States." —George W. Bush, New York Times, July 21, 2001

Now there's an interesting assumption: if protesters "claim" to represent the poor, they must not be poor themselves. And why not? Because they're from the G-8 countries, and everyone knows that there's no poverty under advanced capitalism, right? Well, let's just suppose that's true and move on. The second, worse assumption, is that the global poor aren't capable of and haven't been representing themselves. In fact, people in the Third World have led the way in opposing free trade and neo-liberalism, but we never hear about it. If protesters in Genoa and elsewhere do exaggerate somewhat in claiming to represent the poor, it's not because the global poor don't represent themselves. It's because Western media and political leaders only take notice when their own privileged populations start saying the same thing.

"The killing in Genoa...is the first death during an anti-globalization demonstration since the movement tempestuously surfaced at a World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle in 1999." —New York Times, July 21, 2001

Wrong. As noted before, "anti-globalization" (sic) actions have been going on for years, long before Seattle, particularly in the Third World, and participants in these actions have met brutal repression and death. *The Times'* matter-of-fact certainty that the killing of Carlo Giuliani was the first of its kind is merely symptomatic of an institutional bias that only the world's white, rich minority makes "news" (and, for that matter, "history").

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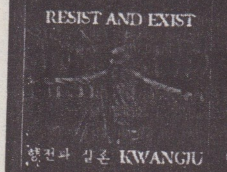

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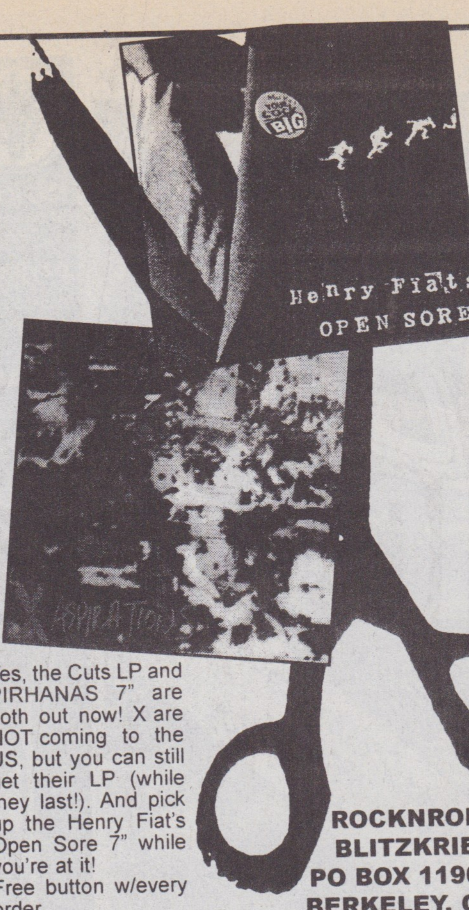

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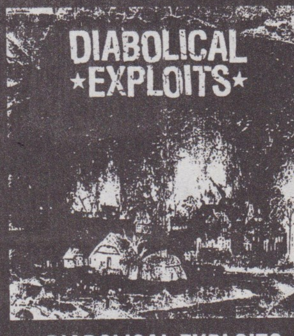

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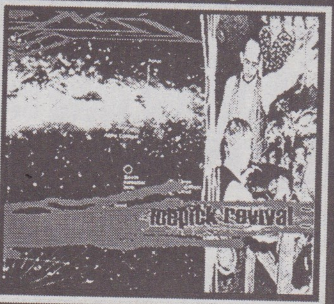

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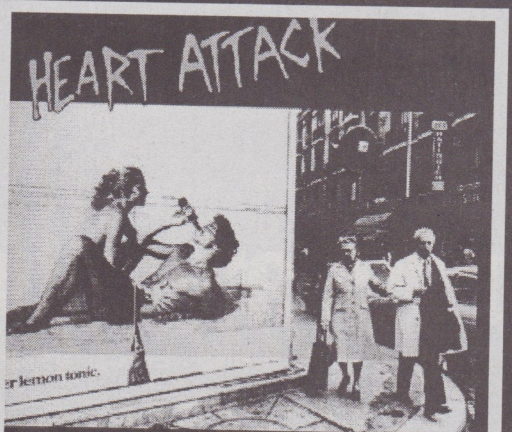

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SCENES

Dutch scene report

The last time a Dutch scene report appeared in MRR was in December 1998, so I think it's about time that another Dutch scene report makes its way into the pages of what many people consider to be the 'punk-bible'. It is impossible to be complete, as there is simply too much going on in the Dutch punk- and hardcore scene. In this scene report I will focus on the underground hardcore scene, leaving out what I consider mainstream hardcore and punk (i.e. tough guy hardcore bands like BACKFIRE, DISCIPLINE and TECH 9 and the 'commercial' punk bands like HEIDEROOSJES, TRAVOLTAS and I AGAINST I). These bands already get enough attention in the mainstream media (at least in Holland), and besides, most bands, especially of the tough guy type, have nothing in common with the ideals that hardcore- and punk should stand for, at least in my opinion. I think we can do perfectly without people that define hardcore as 'hangin' out with your friends, enjoying a good beer and listening to loud music after a week of hard working' and claim that politics should stay out of hardcore, but at the same time support the death penalty, take a stand against refugees and people that are unemployed, because that is 'what 90 % of the Dutch population also thinks but is afraid to say'... fortunately, the Dutch population is more intelligent than these bands.

Anyway, while we are on the subject of politics, maybe it may interest the *MRR* readers to learn a little bit more about Holland and the Dutch political system, because, believe it or not, Holland has more to offer than just windmills, wooden shops, Ajax, coffee shops and the Amsterdam Red Light district. For those of you that didn't pay attention in the topography classes, Holland is a small country (area-wise) in the North-West of Europe - it lies to the west of Germany, to the north of Belgium, and in the west and north there is the sea (if you cross those seas you end up in Great Britain in the west and in Scandinavia in the North). Because of its location, at the end of the big European river the Rhine and with the sea all around, Holland has always been a trading country. In the 17th Century, Holland was the strongest nation in the world and also got colonies in America (first New York [which was called New Amsterdam in the beginning; Harlem was named after the Dutch city Haarlem and Brooklyn after the Dutch village Breukelen], but later they traded New York for Suriname, in South America) and Asia (Indonesia). Holland was never really into colonizing many countries - the Dutch were only interested in trading, so didn't feel the need to colonize big areas. After the 17th Century, the British took over the position of the Dutch, and Holland became less and less powerful. In the second World War, Holland was occupied by the German Nazis for 5 years, being liberated by the Allied Forces in 1945. A lot of people in Holland are still anti-German, because of what happened in 1940-45. The Dutch interest in trading has always made Holland a very internationalist orientated and legalist country - it was one of the first countries involved in forming the European Community and also some important international organizations are established in Holland (like the International Court of Justice of the United Nations and also the UN Tribunal that tries the war criminals from the wars at the Balkan).

Holland has 15 million inhabitants and is a parliamentary democracy, with at the moment a social-liberal government (since 1994). Before that time, the Christian-Democrats had been the dominating party in Holland, always being part of the Dutch government since the Second World War. Because no party in Holland comes close to having a majority vote, parties always have to form coalitions to be able to govern. This means that when after an election and a new government comes in power, there is not that much change and it also means that the political system in Holland is very stable. I guess you can say Holland is a quite liberal country - a lot of things are allowed, and people get a lot of freedom to live their life in the way they want. Holland is known because of its liberal drug policy - "soft" drugs (like hash, marijuana, etc.) are not legal in Holland, but they are tolerated and you can buy them in all the big cities in so-called coffee shops (that are always filled with [stupid] young tourists). Hard drugs are totally illegal in Holland - but still, not that difficult to get. Another sign of Holland's liberalism is the fact that, for example homosexual people can marry (this year that has become possible), something that is totally impossible in most other countries in the world. Holland is also a multicultural society - there are many people from the former Dutch colonies in The Netherlands, especially from Suriname. For example, half of the players of the Dutch national football team are from Surinam descent. There are also quite a lot people from Indonesia, especially from the Moluccas (where now all the violence is going on). The people from the Moluccas had fought on the side of the Dutch during the time Indonesia became independent, and because of that, a lot of them fled to Holland, when Indonesia became an independent country. In the sixties, a lot of people from Turkey and Morocco came to Holland to work as immigrant workers, and later the families of these people came over, most of them decided to stay in Holland. In the Eighties and Nineties a lot of refugees came to Holland, from countries like Yugoslavia, Iran, Iraq and Somalia, and besides that, many people, especially from Africa (countries like Nigeria) entered Holland illegally. So now you can find people from every nationality from all over the world in Holland. Most people in Holland have accepted the fact that Holland is a multicultural country, so the extreme right wing movement is not that strong. There was an extreme right wing party that had some seats in Dutch parliament and in councils in Dutch cities, but at the election of 1998 they almost lost all their seats. The leadership of that party consists of frustrated losers and criminals, so even the people with some right wing ideas didn't feel attracted to that party. That's a big difference from, for example Belgium, Austria or France, where the right wing parties got more than 25 % of the votes in some areas. The fact that Holland is such a multicultural country can also be seen in the HxC scene - especially in Amsterdam. There we have people from Yugoslavia, Croatia, Russia, Finland, Peru, Chile, the USA, France, Poland and probably many more countries who are active in the scene, as well as people from Indonesian descent (but most of them are living in Holland for their whole life, so are Dutch). Now we are on the subject of hardcore, it's time to turn to the state of affairs in the Dutch hardcore scene. I will start with an overview of bands:

ALL TENSED UP - A quite new thrash band from Hilversum that features former members of B.S.E. (r.i.p.) and DECLINED (r.i.p.). They will enter the studio later this year to record some compilation tracks (http://members.ams.chello.nl/rdorsser/ATU.html, r.dossers@chello.nl).

FACING DOWN

ANTI-SOMA - Young UK early 80s-style hardcore punk band with political lyrics. Their female singer recently left the band, so they only have a male singer now. (www.anti-soma.org/, anti-soma@anti-soma.org).

ANTIDOTE - A streetpunk band from Den Haag, already around for some years. They released their 'Go Pogo' album, that has been put out by the German label Dirty Faces Records last year, on Charged Records in the USA this Summer. They also recently releases a two-track benefit 7" for the The Hague squat 'De Blauwe Aanslag' on Injection Records. In August Antidote has toured the east-coast of the USA with The Virus (Antidote, Groenewegje 157, 2515 NC Den Haag, arne@antidote.nl, www.antidote.nl).

ANTILLECTUAL started out in 2000, are from Arnhem and play fast melodic punk rock with personal and political lyrics (Antillectual, Nieuwstraat 11, 6811 HT Arnhem, www.angelfire.com/punk2/antillectual/, antillectual@hotmail.com).

LOS ASESINOS DE LA SUPERFICIALIDAD - new band with members of OFFICE KILLER and DANDARE that plays melodic hardcore in the vein of the early Ebullition bands. The lyrics, both socially-aware and personal, are in Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch and English. This fall a first 7" will be released by the new label 'The Graanrepubliek', which is run by the singer of SHIKARI (Los Asesinos De La Superficialidad c/o René Beukers, Kloosterstraat 50, 9717 LG Groningen, r.beukers@wanadoo.nl).

AVERSION is a technical metalcore band, and features former members of FATAL JUSTICE and REDINE. They started playing in 1999 and will release their first full length this Fall on Reflections Records (Aversion, Pres. Kennedylaan 6 8442 JJ Heerenveen, www.asice.net/~aversion, youarerotting-away@hotmail.com).

BAMBIX - Two-girl/one-boy band from Nijmegen, that has been around from the end of the 1980s on, playing sometimes rocking, sometimes fast melodic hardcore punk. BAMBIX released their fourth album in November 2000 and did their second Brazilian tour in the beginning of this year (Bambix, K. Beijnenstraat 16, 6521 EV, Nijmegen, www.bambix.com, bambix10@hotmail.com).

BARBITCH label themselves as Arnhem Schnittcore. Barbitch started out in 1997, are a three-girl-one-guy band and play a mixture of punk, metal and oldschool hardcore. At the beginning of this year they released a live-CD and they are planning to hit the studio in 2001 (Barbitch, Van Oldenbarneveldtstraat 6, 6828 ZP Arnhem, http://drink.to/barbitch, schnittbarbitch@yahoo.com).

BEANS are quite popular ska/streetpunk from Ede. They released their most recent album on the big Belgian I Scream-label (Beans, Vanenburg 65, 6714 HJ Ede, www.angelfire.com/ns/beans/, dinter@excite.com).

BETERCORE - fast and furious band from the Alkmaar-area, that mixes youth crew, powerviolence and crust. In 2000, BETERCORE underwent some line-up changes, adding Alkmaar hardcore-legend Billy (formerly known as the singer of BOYCOT (r.i.p.)) as second singer and found a new drummer in former FAST FOOD BOYS(r.i.p.)-hitter Roger, as their drummer went abroad. In 2000 they appeared on the long-awaited 4-split LP 'Sturm Und Drang', that also features SOBERESPONSE, POINT OF FEW and OFFICE KILLER, and with three songs on the 'Hardcore Attack' compilation-CD, that was put out by a Malaysian label. In the spring of 2001 they released a split-7" with POINT OF FEW on Balowksi Records. BETERCORE will record for a split-7" with OHLO DE GATO in the autumn. (Betercore c/o Geertjan, Smaragd 11, 1703 GA Heerhugowaard, www.cs.vu.nl/~mbogaard/, beterkid@betercore.com).

THE BIPS - A punk-rock-'n'-roll band from Nijmegen. The band started out in 1987, was around until 1993 and reformed in 2001, after LOVE KILLS, that had some former Bips-members, broke up (www.thebips.nl, punk-rock@thebips.nl).

BRAINS NO MORE - Pogo punk from Schiedam, that started out around 1992, took a two year break from 1995 on and returned with a full length CD recently on X-Treem Records (Brains No More, P.O. Box 619, 3100 AP Schiedam, www.drink.to/brainsnomore, beer.magriet@wanadoo.nl).

BREZHNEV - One of the longest going Amsterdam hardcore bands - with a Canadian singer and a American guitar player, this band reflects the international dimension Amsterdam has. The band will enter the studio in November to record for a new full length (Brezhnev, PO Box 57159, 1040 BB Amsterdam, www.geocities.com/oebeler2/brezhnev.htm, oebmadskull@hotmail.com).

CLEANSWEEP - new school sXe band, with 2 members from Germany and 2 from Limburg, the most southern province of The Netherlands. CLEANSWEEP can be seen as a more HxC orientated follow-up to the metallic sXe band INVIDIA, that broke up a few years ago. The band has released their first MCD a few months ago on the German labels Horror Business Records and Rockstar Records, and have recently added a second (German) guitarplayer to the line-up (Cleansweep, Beethovenstraat 65/1, 6137 PW Sittard, www.poisonfree.com/cleansweep, xthreesomex@hotmail.com).

COCKROACH are a young band from the Northern Limburg area, that mix powerviolence and traditional hardcore with political lyrics. They released a split-7" with MIHOEN! and a split-7" with Amnion last year and this year a 7" on Acme Records from the USA (Bram, Stox 1, 5981 ND Panningen, http://fly.to/cockroach, cockroach@hotmail.com).

CONTAINER CRUSTIES FROM HELL - The first time I heard about this band was when some friends from Malaysia and The

Philippines told me this Dutch band was going to play some shows in their area: and I, being from Holland, had even never heard of them ! They are a three-piece band from the Utrecht-area, that play mixture between powerviolence and fast crusty hardcore (well, not surprisingly with such a name) - they recently released a split-7” with MIHOEN! (Container Crusties From Hell, c/o Paria Collective, P.O. Box 1332, 3500 BH Utrecht).

CRIVITS have been around from 1987 on, this band started out as a sXe youth crew band, but plays more melodic HxC now. In 1998 they switched from Lost & Found to Ignition Records, which released a very well received album, that even lead them to play on the 1999 edition of the Noorderslag Festival, one of the bigger alternative festivals in Holland. There was some talk of them breaking up after the Summer of 2000, but, despite some line-up changes, they are still around playing shows (Crivits c/o Jeff vd Wall, Klaaskaterstraat 7, 3119 LH Schiedam, loser4life1@hotmail.com).

CLEANSWEEP

DAILY FIRE - Melodic hardcore band, that released a first demo-CD in 2000. Drummer Jan was featured in a Dutch 2000 TV-program about different youth cultures as a representative of the Christian (hardcore) subculture (Daily Fire, Suurmondstraat 60, 2221 TJ Katwijk, www.punkmusic.com/dailyfire/, dailyfire@hotmail.com).

DANDARE - Traditional hardcore from Groningen, around since1989, who’ve entered the studio this Summer to record songs for a new record (Dandare c/o Ferry Koster, Grote Rozenstraat 31, 9712 TG Groningen, http://come.to/dandare, f.koster@ppsw.rug.nl).

DUTCHBAD - Punkcore with Dutch and English political lyrics, from Rotterdam. DUTCHBAD got their name from the Dutchbat UN battalion, that gave up the enclave Sbrenica in Bosnia in the Bosnian-Serbian war, leading to a mass murder of thousands of Bosnians by the Serbian Army. The band started out in 1998 and released their first 7” at the beginning of this year. (Dutchbad headquarters, Stationssingel 89a. 3033 HE Rotterdam, www.dutchbad.com, info@dutchbad.com)

MAINSTRIKE

THE EFFECT - young enthusiastic band from Friesland, a province in the North of The Netherlands. THE EFFECT play fast and energetic youth crew hardcore and have recorded for a split-demo with REPULSE (r.i.p.) at the end of 1999, that was released in March 2000 (The Effect, c/o Jelte Kuipers, De Spil 10, 9285 VJ Buitenpost, the_effect@hotmail.com).

FACE TOMORROW - a band from Rotterdam, that has already been around for some time. After releasing a demo in 1998, that contained positive old school HxC, they changed their sound to melodic Lifetime-style HxC and now are playing emo-styled pop. They just put out a 4-song MCD the DIY-way (Face Tomorrow, Nieuwe Binnenweg 466d, 3023EZ Rotterdam, www.facetomorrow.net, facetomorrow@hotmail.com).

FACING DOWN are a band from the East of The Netherlands, that already released some records and play a melodic style of HxC. Last year they released their 3rd full length on the Belgian label Funtime Records (Facing Down, De Valuwe 37, 5431 AW Cuijk, www.student.kun.nl/micha.derks/, mide@dds.nl).

FAIRFIGHT - sXe band from the Utrecht-area, that combines a positive message with fresh and energetic melodic youth crew hardcore, in the style of bands like Atari and H-Street. After releasing their debut-7” in March 2000 on Commitment Records, they added a second guitarplayer to the line-up. FAIRFIGHT has done a European tour with Between Us from Sweden in this Summer and will release their second 7” on Commitment in the autumn. Three FAIRFIGHT-members also played in xTHE DEALx, a hard hitting sXe band, but this band unfortunately broke up this Summer (Fairfight, Kampweg 23, 3981 EX Bunnik, www.poisonfree.com/commitment, fairfight_hc@hotmail.com).

FLEAS & LICE - crust band from Groningen, probably the crust-capital of The Netherlands. FLEAS & LICE sing mainly about the glories of drinking and political activism - this year they released a new full length album and a split-7” with the now defunct BOYCOT on Deadlock Records and they have also done a Southern European tour this Summer (www.fleasandlice.nl/, postmaster@fleasandlice.nl).

FORECLOSURE is an all-vegetarian band from Utrecht that mix old and new school hardcore with screaming vocals. After having released a demo in 1999 and having had some line-up changes, they released a ‘shared’ 7” with SET ASIDE. Some members of FORECLOSURE are also playing in STOORZENDER (“Jamming Transmitter”), a chaotic all-star band with 7 or 8 members (I lost count), including three vocalists. (Foreclosure, Th. A. Kempisweg 25, 3532 CA Utrecht, http://listen.to/foreclosure, foreclosure@bigfoot.com; Stoorzender: http://stoorzender.sucks.nl)

GOOD OLD HABIT is one of the few oi-bands in Holland, featuring (former) members of other Amsterdam HxC bands like Yawp! and Brezhnev. In 1999 they released their debut-7” on the Skanky’Lil-label of Holland’s most famous Ska-star, Mark Foggo. After some line-up changes, they have recorded in the Summer for their first album, that is supposed to be released before the end of this year (Good Old Habit, P.O. Box 57159, 1044 BB Amsterdam, www.goodoldhabit.com/, goh@goodoldhabit.com).

THE GUEVARAS started out as ACID a few years ago, and have released two demo-CD’s as THE GUEVARAS. This Terborg band plays melodic punk rock, musically inspired by Heideroosjes with political (socialist-orientated) lyrics. (The Guevaras, V.Oldebarneveltstraat 4-8, 6512 AW, Nijmegen, http://surf.to/guevaras, the_guevaras@hotmail.com)

GUIDINGLINE were one of Holland’s premier old school sXe bands, that released their debut-7” in 1998 on Commitment. They broke up in the beginning of 2000, and their second 7”, that was already recorded at the end of 1998, was posthumously released spring 2001 by Third Party Records from the USA. Drummer Marcel is now in OIL and THE OATH. There is some talk of a discography CD to be released on the Dutch Out Of Step label (GuidingLine HQ, Vlaggemanstraat 38A, 3038 LG Rotterdam, www.poisonfree.com/guidingl.htm, guidingline@hotmail.com)

HEROS & ZEROS - leftwing oi-band from Amsterdam (but includes three Serbian members, while the drummer is originally from Russia), that started out as a 4-piece, featuring members of Vitamin X and Soberesponse. In the beginning of 2001, they added a trumpeter to the line-up, just before entering the studio. These recordings will be released as a 7” on the leftwing German oi-label Mad Butcher Records. (Heroes & Zeroes, c/o

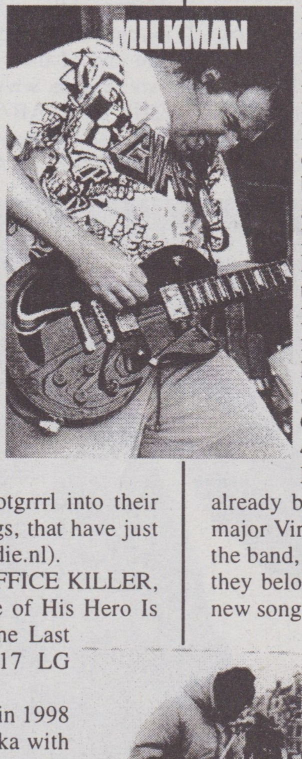
Marko Korac, Rustenburgerstraat 302-1, 1073 GM Amsterdam, herosnzeros@hotmail.com).

HOLE IN ONE - sXe-band with the intention to promote the fine sport of golf in the HxC-scene. Hole In One are from Alkmaar, featuring members of BETERCORE and play fast youthcrew HxC (Hole In One, Geertjan, Smaragd 11, 1703 GA Heerhugowaard, http://members.tripod.lycos.nl/holeXinXone, emoviolence666@hotmail.com)

HUMAN ALERT - this Amsterdam band (although they are originally from Haarlem) have been around for more than 10 years now - playing a mixture of punk rock and hardcore, with a lot of other influences (with singer Willem handling the trombone in some songs). At the end of 1999 they released a 7"-box, including 1 7" with new songs and 4 7"'s with live-recordings from the various incarnations of the band) and in the beginning 2001 a highly recommended split-7" with SEEIN RED was released on Madskull Records, on which both bands give their interpretation of each other's songs. HUMAN ALERT is currently working on a new album, which will be much more diverse in sound than their previous releases and will contain a large interactive CD-rom part (www.humanalert.com, bravoboys@humanalert.com).

ILL NINO - a band that were originally from the North of the Netherlands, and have been around from 1998, playing a mixture of old and newschool hardcore (Ill Nino c/o Rutger van Houten De S. Lohmanstraat 139 hs 1067 PA Amsterdam, ill_rugter@hotmail.com).

Ill11 - Freaky punkband from Groningen, that started playing around in 1999 and has released two demo-CD's so far, that couple original hardcore/punk with political lyrics (Ill11!, Albertstraat 16, 9724 JZ Groningen, http://ill11.com, ill111@hotmail.com).



INSULT is the band that can be considered as the Dutch Infest (even their logo is a Infest ripoff), maybe even a little bit more extreme. In 1998 they released their debut-7". In 2000 they released a mini-CD on the same label and this year a split-7" with Voorhees from the UK. Unfortunately, they will do one last show this Summer and then break up (Insult, c/o Rob Nabbe, Gen. Richiestraat10, 5981 GC Panningen).

DE KETTERS are an anarchist DIY punk/oi-band from Almelo, described as a mixture between Sham 69 and The Exploited, who have been around since 1999. DE KETTERS ('The Heterics') sing in Dutch, play a lot of benefits and will record later this year for a bunch of compilations (http://listen.to/ketters, deketters@anarchymail.com).

LADY! DIE are a riotgrrrl-trio from Rotterdam, one of the few all-girl punkbands in The Netherlands, and mix punk, hardcore, metal and (of course) riotgrrrl into their sound. At the end of last year, they recorded 8 songs, that have just been released as a CD (www.ladydie.nl, info@ladydie.nl).

THE LAST MILE - new band with members of OFFICE KILLER, PCP and REVOLT, that couples music in the style of His Hero Is Gone with lyrics dealing with modern society (The Last Mile c/o René Beukers, Kloosterstraat 50, 9717 LG Groningen, r.beukers@wanadoo.nl).

LAST TO GO is a young punkband, that started out in 1998 in the city of Nijmegen. LAST TO GO mixes fast ska with aggressive streetpunk and political lyrics. They've put out two CD-R demos so far and were featured with two tracks on the ska/oi/punk compilation 'Happy Days' (Last To Go, Reestraat 15, 6531 JJ Nijmegen, http://come.to/lasttogo/, lasttogo@lasttogo.zzn.com).

MAINSTRIKE was probably the most well known European sXe-band, Mainstrike unfortunately decided to quit and did their very well-attended farewell show at the end of October 1999 in their home-base 'De Goudvishal' in Arnhem. Although the band is gone, at the end of 2000 a new 7" was released on Crucial Response and the band also made a short appearance on the 2001 [RE]fuse Summer Festival. All band members are involved in new bands at the moment (Mainstrike, P.O. Box 4530, 4530, 6802 EK Arnhem, ,www.crucialresponse.de/mainsite.htm, bigma88@hotmail.com).

MAKILADORAS are a new band from Groningen, featuring former members of NO I.D. (r.i.p.) - the band sounds like a combination of bands like Flux Of Pink Indians, Crass and Conflict, and have political Dutch language lyrics (Makiladoras, PO Box 752, 9700 AT Groningen, bacteria@noord.bart.nl).

MALKOVICH is an all-star band made up of (former) members of MIASMATA, FACE TOMORROW and ATONEMENT (r.i.p.) that plays a chaotic and intense hardcore. They will release their 10" in the autumn (Malkovich, c/o Thomas Sciarone, Haarlemmerstraat 33, 2312DJ Leiden, www.malkovich-the-band.com, mailkovich@malkovich-the-band.com).

MIHOEN! - fast political hardcore from Utrecht, with mostly Dutch lyrics. MIHOEN! released their debut-7" in 1998 and followed it up by split-7"'s with COCKROACH and CONTAINTER CRUSTIES FROM HELL. This Summer they played at the big Fluff festival in the Czech Republic. Their great records and intense live-shows make them one of the most popular bands in Holland at the moment, as is also illustrated by the fact that they will contribute songs to many compilations later this year (Mihoen, Utrechtseweg 305, 3731 GA De Bilt, mihoen@dds.nl).

MILKMAN - fast 80s-style hardcore band from Tilburg, made up of hardcore veterans. Their second album was released some months ago on Kangaroo Records, is described as early-D.R.I. and has a 'invasion-from-outer-space' theme going on (Milkman, Mr. Leijtensstraat 74c, 4817 JC Breda, www.milkman.f2s.com, milkman@doublenoise.com)

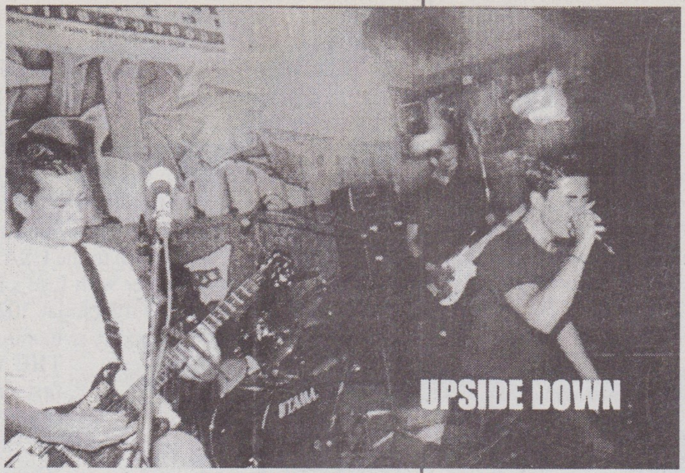
MY MINDS MINE play a mixture of grindcore and hardcore, coupled with political lyrics, they have released a bunch of (split)-7"'s and albums and will record for a new album and some compilations is September. My Minds Mine will also tour Japan in October (My Minds Mine, PO Box 990, 9400 AZ Assen, www.mymindsmine.com, shantia666@yahoo.com

NO DENIAL - new band of the former singer and drummer from MAINSTRIKE, that sounds like a cross between 'A Quest Of The Answer'-area MAINSTRIKE and Cro-Mags. A 12" has just been released on German Crucial Response Records (Mainstrike, P.O. Box 4530, 4530, 6802 EK Arnhem, bigma88@hotmail.com).

NRA are a melodic punkband from Amsterdam that have already been around for more than 10 years. NRA was signed by major Virgin a few years. After releasing one album, Virgin dumped the band, and NRA is now back on a small independent label (where they belong, I would say). At the moment, the band is working on new songs. Singer Aziz is co-owner of the Amsterdam hardcore-shop Independent Outlet (NRA, Postbus 3835, 1000 AP Amsterdam, www.euronet.nl/users/nra/).

THE OATH is half Dutch/half American fast hardcore band - the Dutch half contains Jeroen, Coalition Records co-owner and former guitar player of MAINSTRIKE and Marcel, drummer of OIL and formerly also in control of the drumsticks in the sXe-bands GUIDINGLINE and X-MEN (r.i.p.). So far, THE OATH released a 7", a 9" and a 10" (hey, where is the 8" ?) and did one European and two USA tours. Later this year, they will again tour Europe and go into the studio to record for a new record (The Oath c/o Coalition Records, Hugo de Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB Den Haag, coalition_rec@hotmail.com).

OHLO DE GATO is a band from Alkmaar, and is as multinational as a band can come, with members from Holland (former BOYCOT-screamer Billy), Croatia, Spain and Brazil. OHLO DE GATO have been around from the beginning of 2001 and play fast thrashcore and will release a split-7” with BETERCORE later this year. They did a 2-week Eastern European tour together with Betercore this Summer and play around a lot (Olho de Gato, c/o Billi, Vondelstraat 308, 1814 MC Alkmaar, billi@multi-web.nl).



OIL started out as an old school band in 1997 and that same year they released their debut-7” on Commitment. After that, Oil added a second guitar player to the band and started to develop a sound of their own: more rockish, with some emo-influences, but without losing the hardcore-energy. After a 4 songs-12” on Little People Records, at the beginning of 2001 their long-awaited debut album was released on Coalition Records. This Summer they played for 2500 people at the big free Metropolis festival in Rotterdam. OIL is working on new songs for their second full length, that will be recorded somewhere in the beginning of 2002 (Oil c/o Nicholas van den Doel, Krayenhofstraat 163 hs, 1018 RG Amsterdam, www.oiltheband.com, m.van.wijk05@chello.nl).

ONE IN A MILLION is melodic punkrock-band from Tilburg, featuring former members of PRODUCT X and NT SOCIAL, who released a 5-song demo some time ago (ONE IN A MILLION, Heile Schoorstraat 11, 5018 EC Tilburg, 1inamillion@dolfijn.nl).

REACHING
FORWARD

ORWELL NATION is a fairly new band, with some people that have been very active in the scene for years. The style of the band I would describe as screamo (meaning very intense music with screaming [double] vocals), while their message is very outspoken politically. Features (former) members of SEEIN RED and MALLORN and Ralf, who does the OPIATE website (orwellnation@hotmail.com).

PCP is one of the longest-lasting crusty bands around, and are (as FLEAS & LICE are) from Groningen. The band is featured on many compilations and has put out some split-7”’s. Later this year they will enter the studio to record a lot of new songs (PCP, PO Box 752, 9700 AT Groningen, www.bacteria.nl, bacteria@noord.bart.nl)

POINT OF FEW are from Hoogeveen, in the North-East of Holland, and mix powerviolence and old school with political lyrics. POINT OF FEW appeared on the 4-way split LP ‘Sturm And Drang’ in 2000, and this year put out a split-7” with BETERCORE on Balowksi Records, a 7” on 625 Records from the USA and a 7” on a Japanese label. They are now working on their first full length that will probably be released on Reflections Records (Point Of Few, Ericalaan 48, 7906 NE Hoogeveen, www.pointoffew.nl, martheun@hotmail.com).

RAGIN HORMONES - Punk rock-n-roll from Rotterdam, started out in 1999. They released a 7” on Stardumb Records in 2000. This year, they have several split-releases planned.(Ragin Hormones, Beyersstraat 22, 3072 XA Rotterdam, The Netherlands, www.ragin-hormones.com/, ragin_hormones@forpresident.com)

REACHING FORWARD is probably Hollands’ most popular sXe-band. So far, they have put out one 7”, one full length and two split-7”’s (one with Bloodpact and one with Ensign) and their second full length is supposed to be released in September on Reflections Records (and later on Bridge Records from the USA). On this record, they will return to the youthcrew sound of their first full length (as the songs on the two split-7”’s were somewhat ‘harder’). After a two week European tour in the spring of this year, the original drummer of the band was replaced by Ries, formerly of PRODUCT X, who also was drumming for VITAMIN X on their USA tour. REACHING FORWARD is planning a USA tour in April 2002, so if people can help out, please contact them (Reaching Forward, Topaas 1, 5231 KL Den Bosch, ,www.youthxcrew.com/reachingforward, johnnyforward@hotmail.com)

REVOLT - a young band that plays a mixture between old Swedish death metal and hardcore with socially-aware lyrics from a personal view. REVOLT will be opening for Acao Direta from Brazil this fall during their Dutch and Belgian dates (Revolt c/o René Beukers, Kloosterstraat 50, 9717 LG Groningen, revolt79@hotmail.com).

SEEIN RED is probably the most well-known band from The Netherlands. The members of this band have been playing together for 20 (!) years, first as the legendary sXe-band LäRM, from 1989 on as SEEIN RED. The band has released loads of records, I doubt if they themselves still know on how many records they have been. Recently two split-7”’s were released: one on which SEEIN RED is covering songs of HUMAN ALERT and vice versa, on Madskull Records, and one with Four Hundred Years, on the German label the Smith and Nephew Company. Other new releases in the works are a split 10” with SHIKARI and a split 7” with Vuur from Belgium (Seein Red, Van Randwijcklaan 115C, 3815 AH Amersfoort, http://home.wxs.nl/~seeinred/, seeinred@wxs.nl).

SET ASIDE are from Utrecht, and started out as a mixture between old school, new school and NY-HxC. Their new songs are more in the youth crew style, with high pitched vocals, although the new school influences do shine through here and there. The lyrics deal mainly with being positive and also address some political issues. In the beginning of 2001 SET ASIDE released a split-7” with their brother band FORECLOSURE and a 8-song demo-CD. (Set Aside, Parkstraat 51, 3581 PG Utrecht, www.turn.to/setaside, set_aside99@hotmail.com).

SHAGGABLE SLUTS - 77-punk from Arnhem, featuring former members of the Arnhem oi-band THE YUPPIES, that broke up a couple of years ago. In the beginning of 2001, the band released a 7” and they are working on several split-releases later this year (Shaggable Sluts, P.O. Box 55, 6880 AB Velp, http://shaggable-sluts.ihateclowns.com/, slutcontact@ihateclowns.com).

SHIKARI is an intense very fast hardcore band with screaming vocals and political lyrics, consisting of former members of OFFICE KILLER (r.i.p.) and CATWEAZLE (r.i.p.). In the beginning of this year they released a 10” on Deadlock Records, they will do a split with SEEIN RED soon and in July they entered the studio to record for a new EP on the Spanish label Don’t Belong (Shikari, PO Box 752, 9700 AT Groningen, www.bacteria.nl, bacteria@noord.bart.nl).

SIXPENNYWORTH is a very young band, consisting of kids with beautiful mohawks. The band formed in the beginning of 2001 and plays traditional early 80s British hardcore punk (www.geocities.com/sixpennyworth/, weekendpunk@hotmail.com).

SKULLS AND FLAMES (S.A.F) are another new thrash band, from the Hoorn-area (home of legendary Dutch punk bands from the 1980s like INDIREKT and VERNON WALTERS), featuring members of the now defunct TUCO RAMIREZ and of STOORZENDER. S.A.F. will release a 7” on Balowksi Records and will appear on several compilations later this year (www.xs4all.nl/~deadarea/saf, soulboy@hotmail.com)

SOBERESPONSE started out as a sXe-band in 1996 and developed into a full-on socialist band. In 1999 they recorded for a second 7", but in the end these songs appeared on the 'Sturm And Drang' 4-way split LP. Although SOBERESPONSE hasn't played any shows for more than one year, all members are involved in other bands now and they seem as good as dead, we are still waiting for the promised farewell-show in Amsterdam (Soberesponse, Klaas Wannen 30, 1035 KC Amsterdam, isflex@dds.nl).

SPIRIT 84 is the most popular band out of the Friesland area, and play positive and melodic youth crew hardcore. After a their debut 7"/MCD a split-CD with Where Fear And Weapons Meet was supposed to be released on Goodlife Records, but in the end the songs of that session were released as a MCD. Last year they also released a 7" with some old and some new songs (including a Misfit-cover, the musical direction they seem to be going in with their new songs) on the new label Not Just Words Records (Spirit 84, Lemmerweg 46, 8521 JP St. Nicolaasga, www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Hall/9877, youthcrew84@hotmail.com).

SPRINGRAIN is a really good poppy emo-band from Rotterdam, with members of Crivits, that released a 3-song 7" in February 2000 and just recorded a new CD, for which they are still searching a label to release it (Springrain c/o Gareth de Wijk, W. Buytenwechstraat 113a, 3024 XB Rotterdam, www.springrainmusic.com/, springrain@springrainmusic.com).

KETTERS

STRIP THE THREADS is a fairly new Dutch sXe-band, that did their first show in the beginning of this year. When the band started out, it featured one former member of ONE DAY CLOSER and two members of REACHING FORWARD, but one of them has in the meantime been replaced by the editor of Speak My Mind-fanzine. In the autumn STRIP THE THREADS will record for a 7"/MCD on Crucial Response Records (Strip The Threads c/o Arthur Bek, Jan van Galenstraat 183-3, 1056 BS Amsterdam, strip_the_threads@hotmail.com).

TEMPERS RISE play varied and intense hardcore with screaming vocals, and features members of SOBERESONSE, BETERCORE and FORECLOSURE (tempersrise@hotmail.com).

UIT DE SLOOT - Amsterdam old fashioned 77-punk, with members that have been around for more than 20 years in the HxC and punk scene (one of the members was in the legendary Amsterdam hardcore band NO PIGS), with Dutch lyrics. Their second CD was released a few months ago. Uit de Sloot c/o Jack Jansen, Bilderdijkstraat 136, 1053 LA Amsterdam, www.cwi.nl/~jack/uds/, jack@cwi.nl).

UPPERCUT are the most well known hardcore-band from Zeeland, in the South-West of The Netherlands, playing melodic old school hardcore. After two self-released CD's, they will record in October a new album for Belgian I Scream Records (Uppercut, F. Bollaan 3, 4382 RB Vlissingen, www.uppercuthardcore.com, uppercuthardcore@hotmail.com).

UPSIDE DOWN is one of the newer upcoming youthcrew bands and is (like UPPERCUT) also from Zeeland. In the beginning of this year they recorded some songs for compilations and seem to be playing around a lot in their area (Upside Down, c/o Lennert Oosterling, Woudriksland 20, 4337 CS Middelburg ,www.upsidedownyouthcrew.com, upsidedowm@zeelandnet.nl).

VALS - Political punk from Enschede. VALS ('False') started out in the beginning of last year. Both musically and lyrically Vals is inspired by bands like Crass, Conflict and Oi Polloi. They have released a split-demo with HOESOODAN ? and have self-released their first CD this Summer (VALS, Calslaan 18-11, 7522 MB Enschede, www.braindisorder.org/vals/, bj_hoeijmakers@hotmail.com).

VITAMIN X are from Amsterdam, they started out by playing positive 80s sXe hardcore, but have now speeded up their music and added some thrash influences, without forgetting their youthcrew roots. After two 7"'s on Commitment Records, in the beginning of this year VITAMIN X's first full length was released on S.O.A. Records from Italy and Underestimated Records from the USA. A few months later, just in time for their highly successful one-month USA tour, a 7" on Havoc and a tour-7" on Underestimated were released. In the Summer VITAMIN X will record some new songs for compilations, and before the end of 2001, they will record for a new full length, to be put out by Havoc and Underestimated. In April 2002, VITAMIN X will return to the USA, while for September 2002 a full European tour together with Life's Halt is planned (Vitamin X c/o Marko Korac, Rustenburgerstraat 302-1, 1073 GM Amsterdam, www.geocities.com/vitaminxhc, xvitaminxx@yahoo.com).

THE WILD BUNCH are a new fast traditional hardcore band from Amsterdam, with HEROES & ZEROES bass-player Anna on vocals, and also featuring members of SOBERESPONSE and NRA (The Wild Bunch, Rustenburgerstraat 302-1, 1073 GM Amsterdam, anna_cruson@hotmail.com).

YAWP! are also from Amsterdam and is a band that went trough millions of line-up changes (and changes of sound) - the last few years they play fast 80s hardcore, with political lyrics. They were planning to record a new full length in November, but due to some health problems of their drummer, the band was forced to take a rest for a few months (Yawp!, Rietzangerweg 92,1111 VN Diemen, The Netherlands, www.yawp.nl,herry@yawp.nl).

For a scene to grow strong, and for bands to be heard, it is important to have some strong record labels, that are willing to help bands by putting out their records and getting those records around. Some of the most active Dutch labels are:

Balowski Records - Holland's number 1 thrash-label, that started out the late 1990s by putting out some split-releases with some other labels, and since then has released records by Dutch bands that are fast, furious, thrashy and political - like B.S.E., INSULT, P.C.P., BETERCORE, S.A.F. and POINT OF FEW (Balowksi Records, c/o Roy Meijnen, Haarweg 287, 6709 RX Wageningen, balowski@hotmail.com).

Coalition Records - probably Holland's biggest hardcore-label, that mainly releases powerviolence and fast hardcore-stuff, both from Dutch bands like SEEIN RED, POINT OF FEW and OIL and American bands like Kill The Man Who Questions and Charles Bronson. Upcoming releases are THE OATH 9", a People's War 7" and a The Virginia Black Lung 7". Together with Reflections Records the people of Coalition set up [RE]fuse Distribution and organized the 2001 2-day Summer festival with the same name (Coalition Records, Hugo de Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB Den Haag, coalition_rec@hotmail.com).

Commitment Records - old school sXe-label, run by yours truly, which started out in 1996 and has released some 20 7"'s, mostly by Dutch sXe-bands. In September 2000 Commitment has put out a 7" box set featuring 41 sXe-bands from all over the world. In April 2001, the debut 7" of the German/French band Cross Me was released and later this year the debut 7" of the Portuguese sXe-band

Fight For Change and the second 7" of FAIRFIGHT will be released. I am also at the moment working on a anti-monarchist compilation, that will be released on a new label, on the occasion of the marriage of the Dutch crown-prince with the daughter of an Argentinean ex-junta member in February 2002 - this record will feature many of the bands that are mentioned in this scene report (Commitment Records, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, The Netherlands, www.poisonfree.com/commitment, commitment@poisonfree.com)

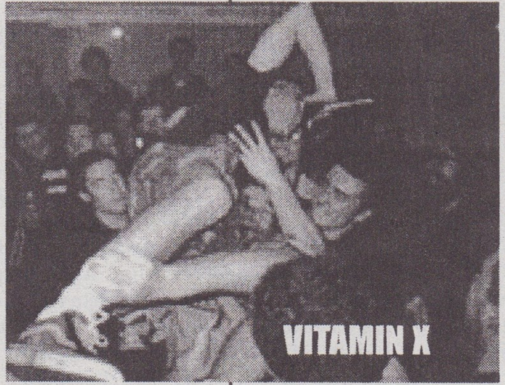
Deadlock Records - label specialized in fast and extreme hardcore/crust as well as power- or emoviolence. Their two most recent releases are a split-7" of FLEAS AND LICE and BOYCOT and a 10" of SHIKARI. The same person that does Deadlock Records is also doing Resuscitate Records (Deadlock Records, P.O. Box 325, 7900 AH Hoogeveen, http://www.resuscitate.nl, ronny@resuscitate.nl).

Kangaroo Records - a label that has been already around for a long time, that mainly releases records by Australian (hence the name) and American bands. Also YAWP! releases their records on Kangaroo. Recently Kangaroo has put out the second CD of the MILKMAN and 7"'s by the Japanese band Deride and the Australian band A.V.O. and a new 7" compilation (Kangaroo Records, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam; www.geocities.com/tysonkangaroo, tyson@xs4all.nl).

Madskull Records is run by the drummer of Brezhnev, and specializes in old style fast hardcore. In the past the label released 7"'s and CD's by bands like Bloody Sots, Positively Negative and Riotgunn. The most recent release on Madskull is the SEEIN RED-HUMAN ALERT split 7" and a picture disc 7" by Positively Negative (www.geocities.com/oebeler/, oebmadskull@hotmail.com).

Not Just Words Records is from the Friesland-area and released their first record last year, a 7" by SPIRIT 84. This year they put out the European pressing of the Mutiny 7". In the future, Not Just Words Records is planning to put out a 7" by a band consisting of (former) members of VICTIMIZED and SPIRIT 84. (Not Just Words Records, Jan Evenhuisstraat 16-1, 8923 EG Leeuwarden, rboorsma@leeuwarden.nl).

Reflections Records - the people that do the Reflections Magazine also decided to start a record label in 1998 - they started out with some compilations, that were included with the fanzine, but since then have developed to become one of the most well known European hardcore-labels. In the autumn of 2001 they will release the second full length by REACHING FORWARD and the first full length by the metalcore-band AVERSION. Other releases planned are discography CD's by Shark Attack and American Nightmare, a result of the cooperation between Reflections Records and Bridge 9 Records from the USA (Reflections Records, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, www.reflectionsrecords.nl, info@reflections.demon.nl).



Stardumb Records - one of the people that did Little People Records (that released records by, among others, THE APERS and OIL) decided to start his own label in 1999, and this label became Stardumb. The label concentrates itself mainly on the more poppy side of punk and on garage bands, first mainly from the Rotterdam area, now from all over. Recent releases include an APERS/TRAVOLTAS split 7", a BEYOND LICKIN' 7" and a RAGING HORMONES 7" (Stardumb Records, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, www.stardumbrecords.com, stefan@stardumbrecords).

Wicked Witch Records - label that started out in the early 90s by releasing 7"'s of Dutch bands like HUMAN ALERTt and SEEIN RED, but now mainly puts out extreme hardcore and metal of USA-bands (Wicked Witch, Postbus 3835, 1001 AP Amsterdam)

Most of the labels I mentioned also run a distro - there are also some other distros in Holland, that are carrying a lot of stuff that is worth checking out:

DP (or not DP) carries loads of new releases, mainly in the traditional hardcore/crust styles. Wilco, that runs the distro, also does tape compilations - number 4 is on its way when you read this (DP (Or Not DP), c/o Wilco DP, Houtensewetering 19, 3991 LJ HOUTEN, www.dp-or-not-dp.nl, punk rock@hetnet.nl).

Gummo Punx Records is a distro that was first known as 'Nooit Meer', and carries both second hand classic hardcore records (so, you collector nerds, check Marcel's list out) and new fast hardcore stuff. Marcel was one of the people that did the previous Dutch MRR scene report, by the way (Marcel Schilpzand, Cilliersstraat 40, 1092 VR, Amsterdam, http://members.ams.chello.nl/mschilpz, MSchilpzang@chello.nl).

Sonic Rendezvous is one of the biggest Dutch independent distributors (together with De Konkurrent, but they are focusing more on alternative music nowadays) - Sonic Rendezvous still carries a lot of hardcore- and punk releases and also run their own hardcore punk label called Ignition Records (Sonic Rendezvous, Hermelijnkoog 21, 1822 CA Alkmaar, www.sonic.nl).

If you have plans to visit Holland, there are some nice shops that sell underground music and literature that you should check out, if you have the opportunity. Some shops from the Amsterdam-Utrecht area (that I know best, as I am living in that area) are:

Da Capo Records - nice alternative record shop in Utrecht, that has loads of hardcore and garage records, besides many 60s styled bands and original records from the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s. Da Capo carries mainly vinyl and is a heaven for record collectors (Da Capo Records, Oude Gracht 10, 3511 AM Utrecht, www.dacaporecords.nl/, dacapo@casema.net).

Fort Van Sjako - Amsterdam's premier alternative and underground book store, that also carries independent music releases (mainly punk and hardcore). For everybody interested in underground political resistance that is going to visit Amsterdam a highly recommended place to visit (Fort van Sjako, Jodenbreestraat 24, 1011 NK Amsterdam, www.xs4all.nl/-sjakoo, sjakoo@xs4all.nl)

Independent Outlet - the #1 HxC shop in The Netherlands, located in the center of Amsterdam, where you can buy all the HxC records you want, but also clothing, skate stuff and fanzines. Also the place to find out what's going on show wise in The Netherlands and to meet the Dutch HxC-scene stars. (Independent Outlet, Vijzelstraat 77, 1017 HG Amsterdam, www.outlet.nl, indi@outlet.nl).

While we are on the subject of places to visit, of course it is also nice to check out some nice punk- and hardcore shows when you visiting Amsterdam. These are some venues that regularly put up hardcore- and punk shows. Most of them have their roots in the squat movement, were squatted in the 1980s, when the squat movement was very strong in The Netherlands, and were legalized in the 1990s:

Acu - located in Utrecht, and at the moment one of the most active venues. Especially in the weekend there are a lot of hardcore shows, and the shows always have a good atmosphere and are well attended (ACU, Voorstraat 71, 3512 AK Utrecht, www.acu.nl/, home@acu.nl).

De Blauwe Aanslag - Big squat in Den Haag, with a movie theater, a small pub/restaurant, shows, dance evenings and more: the squat will be removed next year to built a new road, but the local authorities have supplied the people of De Blauwe Aanslag a new place to organize activities (Buitenom 212-216, Den Haag, www.ddh.nl/org/blau/, rienekke@antenna.nl).

Goudvishal - one of the most well known underground venues, born out of the Arhnem squat movement from the 1980s, but now legalized and with a more 'mainstream' program (including drum 'n' bass , hiphop and alternative shows), but still with a healthy number of cool hardcore shows. Hardcore shows in the Goudvishal always attract a big and enthusiastic crowd (Goudvishal, Vijfzinnenstraat 103, Arnhem, www.goudvishal.nl, info@goudvishal.nl).

De Pits - punk pub in Amsterdam, with regular hardcore or oi-shows on Sunday afternoon. Many of the Kangaroo-bands play there, while on tour in Holland (De Pits, Bosboom Toussaintstraat 60, 1054 AV Amsterdam, www.cafedepits.nl).

Occ II - after the sad disappearance because of eviction of the squatted Kalenderpanden (in the autumn of 2000, despite two big demonstration against the eviction and the replacement of the squat by expensive apartments), the venue where most hardcore -and punk shows take place in Amsterdam. They also program some different styles of music (reggae and world music, for example), but the majority of shows taking places at OccII, are punk- or hardcore shows (OCC II, Amstelveenseweg 134, 1075 TX, Amsterdam, www.occii.org, kasbah@xs4all.nl).

Vrankrijk is a legendary squat in Amsterdam, that was legalized some years ago. Unfortunately, only occasional hardcore- or punk-show are held here, and they always benefits. Some people that were involved with the Kalenderpanden tried to talk the people of Vranckrijk into taking the place that de Kalenderpanden left after the eviction, but unfortunately, without a positive result (Vrankrijk, Spuistraat 216, 1012 VT Amsterdam, www.vrankrijk.org/, info@vrankrijk.org).

A scene report is not complete, I think, without an overview of the many fanzines that are produced by people. There are really too many fanzines around to list, but these are some of my personal favorites from Holland:

As Water Falls Frome The Sky - Krishna orientated fanzine, and the follow-up to the Quest For Certainty. The first issue was released in the beginning of 2001 and contains interviews with Good Clean Fun, Ray Cappo, Vic Dicara and SPIRIT 84 (As Water Falls From The Sky, Fluessen 104, 9204 HL Drachten).

Back To Back - fanzine from the Friesland area, featuring both old and new school bands -comes out a few times a year (Back To Back, Nassauwijk 6, 9288 BX Kloostertille)

Bust! - new fanzine that has been in the works for a long time, from a former editor of the *Speak Our Minds* fanzine (the other editor carried on as *Speak Our Minds*), mainly focused on the sXe- and 'tough guy' scenes (Bust!, c/o Rob Beekmans, Gassedonklaan 3, 5223 XT Den Bosch, r_beekmans@hotmail.com).

Elite - quite new fanzine, of which the second issue should be out when you read this - the first issue was mainly focused on big USA names, but the second issue will also feature some Dutch bands/labels. (Elite Fanzine, Barentszstraat 38, 5151 MC Drunen, elitehardcorefanzine@hotmail.com).

Inside Knowledge - the first issue of this fanzine has just been released. The editor used to write for Core Magazine, a 'mainstream' Dutch hardcore zine, but after the end of Core, decided to start his own, more underground-focused, hardcore zine. The first issue focus both on big USA names as well as more unknown Dutch bands (InsideKnowledge Magazine, Mgr. Nolensstraat 14, 6043 BV Roermond, www.insideknowledge.net).

It's Raining Truths - one of the best Dutch fanzines around, with in depth interviews, interesting columns and the usual scene-stuff. Issue #4 was released at the end of 1999 and contains interviews with among others Mainstrike, Avail, E-150 and yours truly. Issue #5 is in the works now, and will contain the results of an in depth questionnaire about hardcore and religion (a much debated topic in the Dutch scene these days). Editor Pytrik also does The Strife Joy Machinery zine distro and has written an interesting thesis for his study of Sociology about DIY culture [ask him about it, if you're interested in a sociological analysis of DIY culture] (It's Raining Truths / The Strife Joy Machinery zine distro, c/o Pytrik Schafraad, Uilenstede 423/5102, 1183 AE Amstelveen, pytrik_sjm@hotmail.com).

Reflections Magazine - probably the best known Dutch fanzine - comes out regularly and each issue contains in depth interviews, columns and loads of reviews. Issue #14 hit the streets in the spring of 2001 and contained, among others, interviews with Paul of SEEIN RED and THE OATH USA-tour diary (Reflections Magazine, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, www.reflectionsrecords.nl, info@reflections.demon.nl).

Speak My Mind - The third issue of this sXe fanzine was released at the beginning of 2001, and the lines on the cover 'P.S. If you dig metalcore or sold out on straight edge fuck off!!!' should say enough about its contents - but don't be surprised to also find a Lunachicks interview in this fanzine (Speak My Mind, c/o Arold, Nieuwkuijksestraat 167, 5253 AG Nieuwkuijk, speakmymind@hotmail.com).

Truce - second issue of this Friesland area fanzine was released in the spring of 2001 - the fanzine sXe-orientated with both new and old school bands and many columns (Truce c/o Francis Bijl, Wagenman 1, 8531 MJ Lemmer, francisb@worldmailer.com).

Ups - full name: Underground Punk Support, and the name says it all. UPS has already been around for some time, and the most recent issue was a split-issue with the Malaysian fanzine Samokontrola. UPS is also a tape label, releasing it's first 7"-compilation last year with among others PCP and BOYCOT and just released a PCP/B.S.E. split 7" (UPS, c/o Richard UPS, Wanmolen 5, 3833 ED Leusden).

Value Of Strength - one of the longest running and most 'professional' Dutch fanzines with interviews, personal writings and lots of reviews. Issue #8 should be out by now, I think (Value Of Strength, Kloosterstraat 53, 6369 AB Simpelveld, vofstrength@hotmail.com).

X-Treem is another fanzine that has been around for a long time. *X-Treem* is a very politically orientated fanzine and also a record label (X-Treem, Postbus 6071, 3002 AB Rotterdam)

In this time of the internet, Holland also has it's share of webzines and website that give information about the scene in Holland. Unfortunately for the people that don't speak Dutch, most of these are in Dutch, but still, it is easy to check them out, and if you have any questions, you can always post a message on a message board, and you can be sure there will be people that are willing to answer the questions you have. So it's an easy way to come into contact with people from the Dutch hardcore- and punkscene. Here are some of the most visited Dutch webzines/websites:

Bacteria (www.bacteria.nl) - a website that gives an overview of the present and past Groningen punk and hardcore-scene. Includes a big MP3-archive of loads of Groningen punk- and hardcore bands and a 'Book Your Own Fucking Life' for Holland with many useful addresses. In English.

Dutch Thrash Site (www.keunen.demon.nl/) - the name says it all: a website dedicated to the rising Dutch thrash scene - includes interviews, reviews, columns and a message board. In English.

Nightwork (www.nightwork.org) - the main webzine in The Netherlands - especially the message board is full of activity, but, unfortunately, I have to say, most people don't seem to be able to come up with something worthwhile or intelligent to say. In Dutch.

Now Miles Apart (http://members.tripod.lycos.nl/punk rock) has the most complete list of underground hardcore- and punk shows in The Netherlands, so the perfect place to go if you are going to visit Holland and want to know which shows to check out while being over here. In Dutch.

Opiate (http://members.tripod.lycos.nl/opiate/) - can be seen as the Nightwork for the PC kids (I guess they will hate me now for this description - sorry !). Most issues addressed on the message boards are of a political nature, but, I have to say, some people are really a little bit too dogmatic in their stance, but that's just my humble opinion. Still, a great webzine, with lots of links and interesting news concerning underground punk/hardcore and activism. Although my critical remark above, I still prefer it above Nightwork, as you won't find any wanna-be tough guys on Opiate. In Dutch.

Sinapu (http://go.to/sinapu) - self-labelled as 'European spirit-filled hardcore webzine', mainly focusing on Christian hardcore (but not of the narrow minded conservative kind !) -, with a message board to discuss subjects related to hardcore and Christianity. In English.

Okay, that's all - if you have any questions about the Dutch HxC/punk scene, or have anything else you want to share with me, you can contact me at the Commitment Records address. Thanx for your attention and take care !

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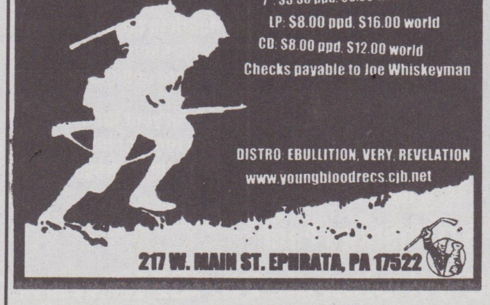

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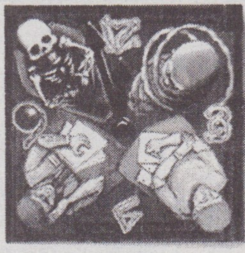

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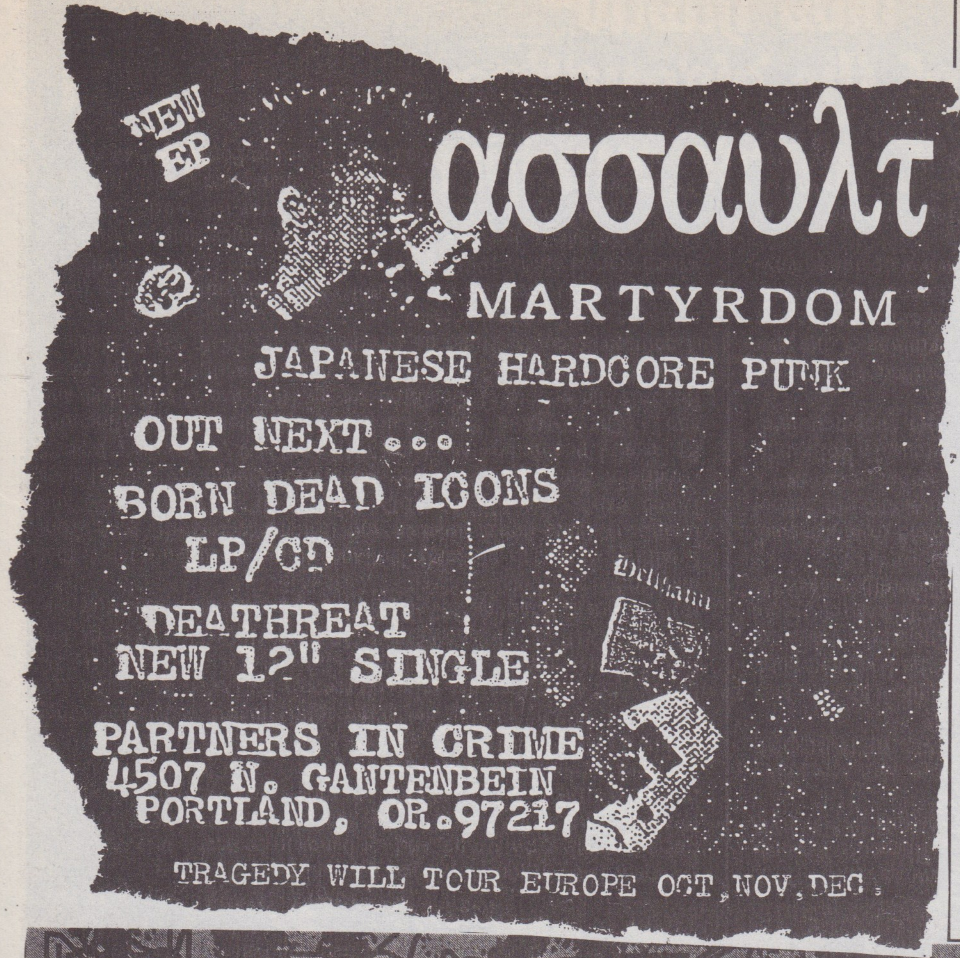

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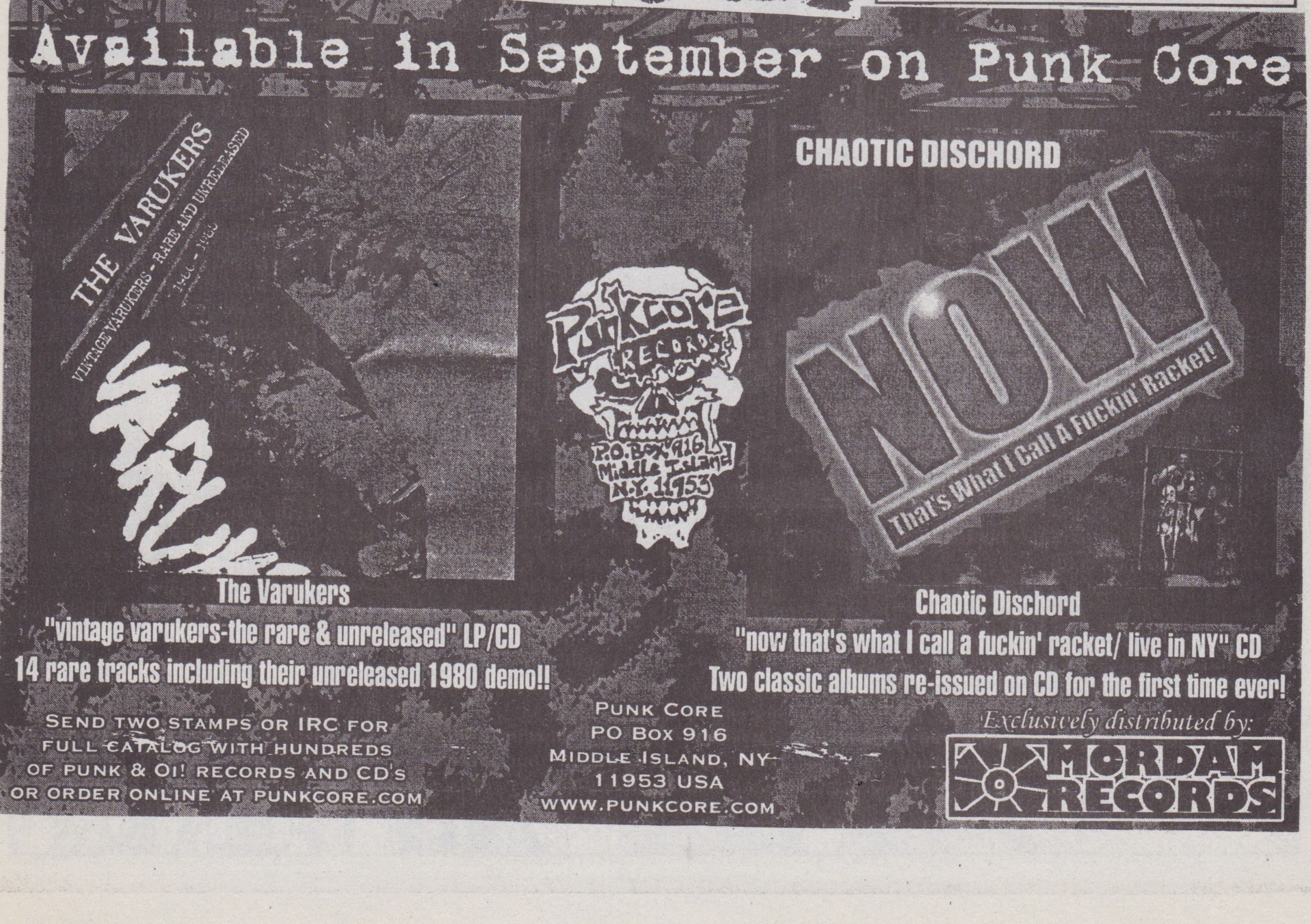

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dios hastio–
the deification of the disgusting elevated to a divine, and of course omnipresent level.

interview by Cesar Montalva

I had heard the name dios hastío (Loathing God) back when I was living in Peru around three years ago but for some reason had always thought it was a black metal band. Boy was I wrong! When I heard their songs on the "*Chaos of Destruction*" 2xLP, it made me want to go back to Peru to see them live. It was a raw attack of HC, in the old Scandinavian way, and after reading the good reviews they got from MRR (issues 211, 215, 217) and they mentioned names like LOS CRUDOS , DISCHARGE, MOB 47, I set about searching for their records. I got in touch with José (vocalist) and noticed he has many things to say, so I decided to do this interview. Enjoy and learn about punk in the other hemisphere of the world. Answers by José and Oscar. Interview by Cesar Montalva from Baltimore (mailto:bakteriazz@yahoo.com)

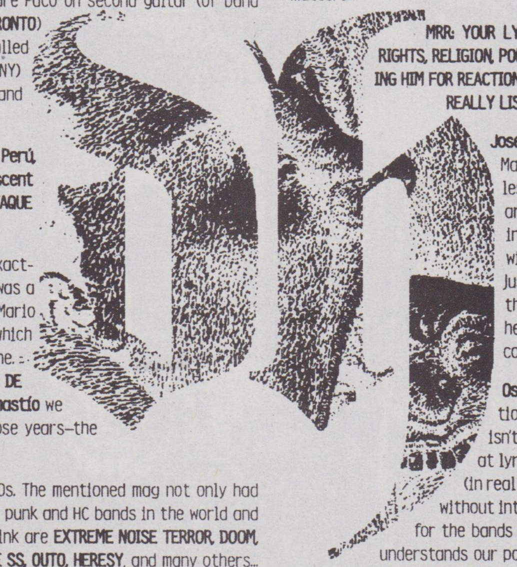
MRR: When and why did you start DH? Band members?

José: dios hastío was formed in '95 with Eduardo (bass), David (drums), Oscar (Guitar) and me, José (voice). We were in other bands before doing **dios hastío**. Oscar was in **NADA TUYO**, Eduardo and me were in **DICTADURA DE CONCIENCIA**, and David was in **DOGMA SS**, all local HC bands. David left the band some months after and was replaced by O.A.D.M., who played with us for many years. He left the band some time ago (July '99) and we are playing with Toto (drummer of **AUTONOMIA**). We formed the band with the intention of playing the music that we enjoy.

Oscar: I started to play in extreme core band in '92 and in the same time joined **ATROFIA CEREBRAL**, **DESCARGA NOCIVA**, and **MATERIA ORGANICA** with José (noise and grindcore bands with a lot of tapes)... These projects already died in the year '93 and with other editors of grind mags we formed a band called **T.S.M.**, in the same style of **ATROFIA**, but with an absurd point of view and sarcasm. We edited many demos and splits with grind/noise bands or different countries, but this band died in 1995. The resurrected band **MATERIA ORGANICA** changed its name to **MATERIA** and with Mario and José recorded a second demo. OADM plays drums (he formed the first Bolivian thrashcore band in 1988 **SUBVERTOR**). Before we finished the recording *La Bondad del Sin Sentido* by **MATERIA**, José and me formed **dios hastío** and started recording the first demo, *Raza de Gusanos*, during the end of '95 through the first months of '96. Actually **dios hastío** is looking for a new drummer. The new members are Paco on second guitar (of band **DEMENCIA** of the city Trujillo, in north of Lima. Mario (**CONFRONTO**) also helped with chorus. I played in other bands too, one called **INSUMISIÓN** are electro-HC and industrial, one band (style NY) with the bassist of **ATAQUE FRONTAL**, a goregrind band, and many noise/atmospheric projects.

MRR: When did you become involved in the punk scene in Perú, and how did you get involved? Your sound is very reminiscent of bands like MOB 47, RAW POWER, DISCHARGE, and ATAQUE FRONTAL. Were you influenced by these bands?

José: We started into this shit a long time ago, but not exactly in the punk scene. For example, my first project ('88) was a noise band called **ATROFIA CEREBRAL**; after that me and Mario (now vocals in **CONFRONTO**) formed **MATERIA ORGANICA** ('90) which was grind. Oscar, meanwhile, was a co-editor of a metal zine. We got in the HC punk scene when we played in **DICTADURA DE CONCIENCIA** and **NADA TUYO**, ('92). When we began with **dios hastío** we were in the same scene...we made a lot of friends in those years—the majority of bands that we play with are friends...



Oscar: I've listened to more and more music since the '80s. The mentioned mag not only had metal bands but also had some interviews and reviews of punk and HC bands in the world and local scene, but it died in 1998. My direct influences I think are **EXTREME NOISE TERROR**, **DOOM**, **DISCHARGE**, **G-ANX**, **SIEGE**, **ASOCIAL**, **SORE THROAT**, **S.O.B.**, **CRUDE SS**, **OUTO**, **HERESY**, and many others... Also **DEAD KENNEDYS**, **MDC**, **BLACK FLAG**, **BAD BRAINS**, in other aspects. These days I am mixing more of a variety of influences and atmospheres. I don't have any knowledge of how to play guitar, or technique, or notes, or scales. I like the spontaneous and noisy way.

MRR: Why the name DH? I know Perú is a very Catholic country, even among punks there is a strong catholic way of thinking. How do normal people and punks react to your band name? Opinion about Catholicism and God?

José: The name of **dios hastío** doesn't exactly mean loathing or disgusting God as many people believe, but the deification of the "hastío," that is, the disgusting elevated to a divine, and of course omnipresent level. We haven't seen any negative reaction in the people involved in our scene, and normal people don't really understand the meaning of the band's name, but they assume that it's something bad 'cause it includes the word "God" that is a respectful thing here. About Catholicism and the idea of God, both ideas are usually related with situations of misery... major part of population lives in poverty so there are a lot of people into Catholicism and other creeds. I don't believe in God but I cannot say that he/she/whatever doesn't exist. I don't know that and it isn't important, what I say is not that God is true or it's a lie, but that we have no relation with him.

Oscar: Religion is imposition, and in some way makes more damage to the person that wants to believe, or practice that way of life... if that does not damage the rest, only your mind, congratulations, your choice is OK. But religion is repression; religion is a drug for millions, and uses religion against other men. Catholic punks?! Only in it for the music... One more thing, the name dios hastío is always written in lower case letters, it's our mark and makes more sense for us that way.

MRR: What do you think about political situation in Perú, having no president at the moment (at the time of this interview—now Peru has a new president, Toledo). Is it true that Fujimori (the last president) escaped the country to Japan with $100 million? Was there torture under his regime?

José: The political situation in Perú is a real chaos. We are drowned in the most absolute corruption. Here there is no politician without a mark of corruption over him. Each one of those motherfuckers has a price on their foreheads, so the justice has a price here (here and everywhere, money rules!). Of course corruption is not only about the political class but also about the whole—the whole society is absolute rotten. Talking about our "dear" ex-president Mr. Fujimori, he escaped with money (I used to think that he already had all the money in Japan) and gold ingots. Now Mr. Fuji claims that he's innocent (he has his own webpage)—by the way Peruvians are still surprised about Fujimori's nationality—from the land of rising sun. Nobody here doubts that he's a criminal, nobody except a strange kind of paid congress member (In the actual congress three remained; they're called "three witches"). It's obvious that during the war against Sendero Luminoso and MRTA, the human rights were violated and re-violated and re-re-violated in Perú, nobody cares about the missing persons in here... all of 'em buried and forgotten...both bands made massacres, they exterminated whole villages in the highlands... In Fujimori's age (ten years) we had kidnappings, torture and extortion everywhere. Now the right (and also the left) hand of Fujimori, the famous assessor Mr. Montesinos, who worked for the narcos and for the CIA and made a fortune—he's in jail, telling nice stories to anybody who wants to listen, and a lot of important people are really afraid about what he could confess.

Oscar: The tortures are always present in Latin America, in the fifteen past years in Perú there exists a secret paramilitary group who killed and tortured everyone that did not liked the regime in power. Not only did the terrorist groups kill lots of people in different towns in highlands, "La Sierra," but to cover the irregular actions of the military, the same military killed fifteen journalists (Uchuracay), disappeared one town totally (Cayara), killing people, etc... In the '90s this situation is the same, but the "victory" of Fujimori blinded the population. Remember the massacre of "Barrios Altos," the massacre of University "La Cantuta," the homicide (burned) of an intelligence agent, and the torture of other women agents. Other people had a cruel death, labor leaders, for example. The extradition of Fujimori depends on these matters...

MRR: YOUR LYRICS SEEMS TO DEAL WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF ISSUES: ANIMAL RIGHTS, RELIGION, POLITICS, BUT MANY ALSO DIRECTLY DIRECTED TO THE LISTENER ASKING HIM FOR REACTION AGAINST HIS ON HIS OWN THINKING LOGIC. DO PEOPLE IN CONCERTS REALLY LISTEN? HOW ARE CONCERTS IN PERÚ?

José: As you said our songs are about a lot of different topics. Maybe some of our lyrics seem to be really negative and hopeless. I don't know exactly why but probably it's related to how are things here... We grew up here, remember, Perú? I'm not fucking rich and if you don't have money, I'm sure that you won't live with a smile on your face. I know that there are a lot of guys just going to the shows for some fun, alcohol and drugs, but they're not the majority (I guess), anyway, finding these empty heads, it's normal in any scene around the globe, that's really common in the whole world.

Oscar: In our special situation our listeners first take attention to what we said on the tapes and CDs... At concerts I think isn't possible to listen to the lyrics or take the right attention at lyrics, is very difficult. The sound equipment at almost all shows (in real DIY punk HC, not in the case of concerts of rich bands or bands without interest) is very poor. I am talking about concerts that are made for the bands and people in punk scene. Our public knows what we said and understands our point of view. The lyrics in the beginning are more psychological in the topic "slaved conditional system," people's glorification of money and exploitation. The new songs have a variety of more political views with dark tones, (conformity, slavery, anguish, mind control for glory of the system—these are the usual topics for us), lack of communication, resentment and angry feelings, visions of destruction, desolation, and a little bit of hope, after our generation, of course...

MRR: How's the punk scene in Perú?

José: Our scene is really small, well I'm talking about our part of the scene, how's that? The fact is that we don't have just one nice scene. For example, now we have a kind of punk, rap, HC—new bands appear every day. Some of them are more commercial than others. There are a lot of new punk bands with rap roots, some are fast and melodic, and others have some metal influences (new bands like **MATANDO TU FE**, **DALE VUELTA**, **PORNO**, **NI VOZ NI VOTO**, etc.). They're getting more guys involved into their music (commercial music for me). On other side the big " punk" bands like **LEUSEMIA**, **METADONA**, **RADIO CRIMINAL** (a kind of metal, rock, punk, pop, a#6&) have the major part of people involved, the real underground punk bands have a little part of the audience. Here people don't love raw music (dios hastío plays raw music for 'em.) Not many bands are into the old Scandinavian HC, only **LOS REZIOS**, **CONFRONTO**... The good part of this situation is the amount of shows has increased a lot. Unfortunately we are not a strong movement as you can see... by the way; I'm talking just about Lima, my city. It's supposed to be the biggest scene, but I know that this movement is increasing in all the country, the things are better now. Now the organization of shows of HC punk bands are more common, and a lot of bands release their stuff on their own. Here in Lima we always play with bands like **GENERACIÓN PERDIDA** (who toured Ecuador and Colombia few months ago), **LOS REZIOS**, **P.T.K.**, **MAESTRO CANÍBAL**, **ANFO**, **ARZ**, etc. Some of the big bands used to play with us some time ago ('96-98) but now they want good money to do it.

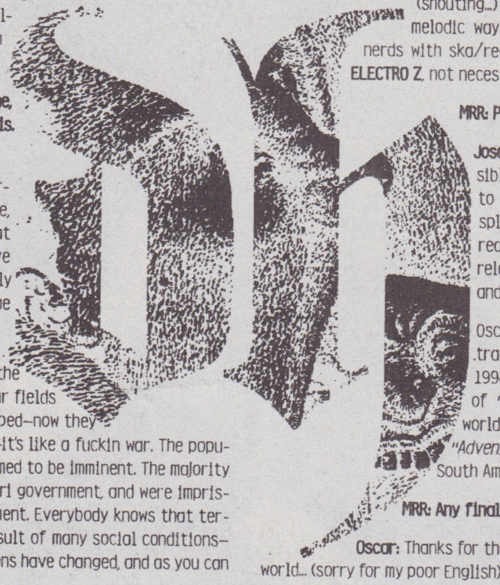
Oscar: The real scene still exists. Over the years, a lot of bands have appeared but majority of these bands form part of a new phenomenon in Perú, the rise of commercial "Punk," the MTV melodic and happy "punk" without message, the rap core and other irregular forms of bands,

for me they are just commercial bands. If these bands sound like punk for the influence, it is only an exterior, an image aspect. I don't like this Peruvian scene, if you can call it a "scene," but not only rapcore or melodic bands emerged—also new bands appeared than rescue a feeling of fury of true hardcore like **S.Q.P., COTARRO, EX-CUPIDOS**, etc.

MRR: Narco and the drug war in Perú seems to be a big issue. Recently an American airplane was gunned down by the Peruvian airforce because it was flying without permission over drug control area in the jungle. What's your opinion about drug traffic?

José: The consumption of drugs is something really common in all social levels. Drugs are too cheap in Perú. Obviously I'm talking about marijuana and cocaine— people begin using them when they are children. Our politicians as the voice of our government, say that they are making a lot of efforts (they are supposed to live making big efforts) toward prevention at universities and schools, blah, blah, blah, but it's impossible to have prevention with a population that lives in conditions of extreme poverty. The abandonment of a majority of children in the marginal zones makes them potential drug consumers. It's well known that here there are many people into drugs. I was into drugs too when I was younger—now I'm still having some problems with alcohol but I'm not into cocaine anymore. The decision of getting involved in drugs is a kind of personal choice, but drugs kill your body and your mind. We noticed the news about the plane gunned down by our airforce, it happened about a month ago. The official government version of the story said that it was a mistake, but the responsibility was not just theirs, but the DEA's too. Even though it's supposed that the USA spends a lot of money in the fight against drugs, this country is the principal consumer around the world. The drug business involves a lot of people around the world. The narco lords have their paid armies, politicians, military and cops. Their money can buy anything, because everyone has a price and narcos have the money...

OSCAR: I don't do drugs, only music and books, films and loneliness. The traffic of drugs is a infinite chain, in our country poor people sell drugs—it's the way of life that they have—but the big cartel bosses have millions, and the military takes advantage and collects high prices to let them do "business."



MRR: I remember ten or fifteen years ago Lima was a war zone, having blackouts, carbombs, and kidnappings on a daily basis. How do you see that? Do you still have terrorism?

José: Yes. Ten to fifteen years ago things were really different here: blackouts every day, a lot of explosions everywhere, and daily amounts of corpses were normal, but besides that another thing was normal: corruption. Now things have changed. The blackouts and the explosions aren't the daily news anymore, so the common amount of corpses that the morgue gets every day are produced for other reasons, such as suicides, murders, accidents. The violence never stops in the middle of misery, in the middle of corruption, and this is the land of corruption. Of course our streets are no longer war fields for guerrillas, but that doesn't mean that violence had stopped—now they are war fields for criminal bands. They have heavy weapons—it's like a fuckin war. The population is really afraid about the return of terrorism—it seemed to be imminent. The majority of terrorists were captured in the first years of the Fujimori government, and were imprisoned. The rest of them are trying to reorganize their movement. Everybody knows that terrorism will return soon or later. Terrorism appeared as a result of many social conditions—it's assumed that it will disappear when those social conditions have changed, and as you can imagine, here nothing had changed, so...

Oscar: The terror reached its peak with the attack of residential buildings with a bus full of dynamite. The blood flowed in the country in a devastating way in year '99. Many years ago the population learned to live with death and threat because terrorism operated in highlands, and in the city killing or attacking cops, military commands, businessmen, not the common civil population. It's very complicated to speak of those years. But a lot of innocent people died. I came very close to carbombs. *(Terrorists attacked both government employees as well as totally innocent regular people—Cesar).*

MRR: Do you get paid for playing? Do you have a regular job?

José: No, we survive here just by playing in a band even if you play in a "big" punk band like **LEUSEMIA**. Maybe if you play in commercial band, maybe. In Perú, just a few guys make money playing in rock bands. I'm trying to remember, I think that sometime somebody offered us some money (just for some alcohol). It's stupid to ask for money in the small shows that we play even more if the organizers are our friends.

Oscar: No, we never got a fuckin' penny for playing, we don't get any money for playing. So everyone has to work to survive. I don't have a regular job. A regular job is a privilege in this land of unemployed people... As we are not rich, we must try to make money working. Only rock stars get big paid for playing. The ideal in this case is to take what you spent for gas. This is not much, but it makes a difference. The band takes a long trip out of Lima or travel to another country. In December '98 we traveled to Piura City (close to Ecuador) and we didn't receive any money for traveling.

MRR: What other Peruvian bands (old and new) would you like to recommend punks around the world to look for?

Oscar: Of the old stuff: the first **ATAQUE FRONTAL** (7" EP with New Wave France), **NARCOSIS** (First tape, now reedited on CD format), **AUTOPSIA** (only one tape), **ZCUELA CERRADA, GUERRILLA URBANA** (pre-Ataque Frontal), old **G-3, DELIRIOS KRONICOS** (post punk), **VOZ PROPIA** (four first tapes, very dark), **EUTANASIA** (one tape, anarco punk), **LEUSEMIA** (first LP), **DESCONTROL, KAOS** (one CD on a Mexican label), other bands like **SITUACION HOSTIL** (crossover), **KAOS GENERAL** (split CD with Situacion Hostil), **CURRICULUM MORTIS** (thrashcore metal), etc... Of the new stuff: **GENERACIÓN PERDIDA, AUTONOMIA, MAESTRO CANIBAL, ANFO, CONFRONTO, DEMENCIA,** a new band with a girl singer (shouting...) called **EX-CUPIDOS** are amazing.... Other bands (in a more melodic way) was **METAMORPHOSIS, 6 VOLTIOS** and **ASMEREIR** (melodic HC nerds with ska/reggae movements). I like **Futuro Incierto, Manganzoides**, and **ELECTRO Z**, not necessarily in the punk scene though...

MRR: Plans?

José: Our plans are to begin to record new songs as soon as possible... we made deals with our friends around the world in order to release our stuff as many ways as possible. We projected a split tape with the Chilean band **MEDIO MUERTO** but by different reasons we couldn't release it 'till now... another projected release is a split 7"EP with the Japanese band **WHY?** (ex-**RESULT**) and we're supposed to appear on a CD COMP in Ecuador.

Oscar: In fact, we're working on the next CD, a compilation of rare tracks (period 99-2000 with drummer Toto), lost recordings of 1998, live songs and more rarities... This CD not a continuation of *"Advenimiento..."*, only a advance for our listeners in the world. The second CD project is for 2002. Also the edition of *"Advenimiento de lo Inevitable"* in cassette for distribution in South America is imminent.

MRR: Any final comments?

Oscar: Thanks for the interest in the band and the way of life in this part of the world... (sorry for my poor English), and all the people who want to get in contact with us, write or email to:

dioshastioamixmail.com or **soytuescarnioamixmail.com**

José Morón Q. -
Casilla Postal 4370, Correo Central, Lima 1 / Perú

DISCOGRAPHY:

- *"Raza De Gusanos"* - official tape 1 (1st release)
- *"Nada Importa Ya"* - rehearsal/live tape ('97)
- **dios hastío / WOJCZECH** (Ger.) split tape (Jan. '98)
- *"Ascenso Del Error"* - official tape 2 (Dec. '98)
- **dios hastío** 1st 7" EP on PEACE PUNK RECORDS (99)
- *"Advenimiento De Lo Inevitable"* CD (2000)
- **dios hastío / AUTONOMÍA** - split 7" EP on SIN FRONTERAS RECORDS
- **dios hastío / THE FUTURES** (Japan) Split 7"EP - ANSWER RECORDS (2001)
- *"A Medio Camino de Ur"* - single tape on GJ RECORDS (2001) Two new songs and rarities.

COMPILATIONS:

- *"Youth Against Political Violence"* Comp CD- Deifer Reords (Chile ' 98)
- *"Animal Liberation"* Comp LP - Awakening Records (Belgium '99)
- *"Chaos and Destruction II"* 2 Comp LP Dan Doh Records (Japan '2000)
- *"South America in Decline"* Comp LP/CD Six Weeks Records (EE.UU. 2001)
- *"Yo los Descubri"* Comp CDR - Nosotros Mismos Records (Perú 2001)

* also different tapes with songs of our productions or rarities are distributed and edited in many countries like Spain, Malaysia...

dios hastío
WOJCZECH
dios hastio
SPLIT TAPE
dios hastío
dios hastío
ASCENSO DEL ERROR
dios hastío
dios hastío
CHAOS OF DESTRUCTION 2

The People of
Tennessee
They're With

contact:
4507 N. Gantenbein
Portland, OR 97217

TRAGEDY

interview by michael thorn.
photos by joshua peach

Those already familar with this band don't need much introduction. Combining crushing, driving crust elements with melodic overtones, they are as opinionated as they are powerful musically. This conversation with Portland, OR's Tragedy occured a few days after the attacks on the World Trade Center, while America prepared itself for war–hence the heavy focus of the interview on that topic. Missing from this conversation is guitarist Yannick. Present are Paul, Billy, and Todd.

MRR: Since it's topical and timely-let's talk about "America's New War" and the growing war fervor that's sweeping the country. Traditionally, you would think, or at least you would want to think, that you wouldn't have kids at punk shows being like, "America hurrah!, Let's go to war, we must take vengeance for these actions." So I guess the first thing I want to talk about is-what are your feelings on that attitude and what is your reaction to things like the show on Saturday, when a kid was yelling during FUNERAL's set: "what if you had brothers in the armed forces or that were killed in the attacks?" Are there any just wars? Is any sort of retaliation justified at all?

Todd: I think that war is normally this sort of abstract thing that we hear about and talk about, but because a lot of people thought war would never happen here, now it is pushing the limit on who's really anti-war or not. I've heard all kinds of people that are within our circles, or leftist people, saying, "oh yeah, I'm against war, but something has to be done." That's sort of the key phrase: "something has to be done, these people need to learn a lesson." It kind of makes me think that it's "the good war; part II." Somehow this war is OK because Americans died, when the number of people that have died in New York and Washington is nothing compared to the number of people that die on a daily or weekly basis in a lot of other places all over the world due to US policies in the name of democracy-Columbia, East Timor-the list goes on and on. There is an extensive history of it, if anyone wants to look into it.

Paul: America also has a severe case of historical amnesia-or maybe historical ignorance is a better way to put it. So it becomes, what do we do to respond to this unprecedented attack on American soil? I think the main problem is that everything is being viewed through the lens of this being a savage attack on civilization. We were just watching the news now and a spokesperson actually had what I think is the only good question asked of them, in response to the assertion that it was a "cultural war, not a political war." The speaker, albeit rather tamely, was asked, "Could US policies have anything to do with this?" It was pretty quickly blown off as, "US policy is simply Israel."

Todd: Also, the guy, in saying that it is a culture war, blatantly said that Hollywood is America's second biggest export, and that the world is more largely realizing that America's culture is becoming the culture of the world, and that people were jealous of that and that's why they are angry-when there's a Coca-Cola billboard in every small village in every third world country.

MRR: The name of the person being referred to and paraphrased is Clarence Page, from the *Chicago Tribune*. I think it's interesting to talk about that and to see how things are being framed. I was watching a *BBC* talk show on *C-Span* and I forget who it was, but one of the points that they have kept bringing up is that this is an attack on western culture, this is an attack on western civilization, and there's a lot of rhetoric being thrown around that they are just jealous of our culture and our freedoms. There is a really good quote from Ben Franklin that goes something like, "Those who sacrifice their freedom for security will soon end up with neither." That's what the mood seems like right now, that people are so scared that they're willing to give up their own personal liberties for some sense of security, but I personally don't want to take away from the fact that there are nearly 5000 people dead in New York-I think that is an important consideration. I personally feel that US foreign policies are rarely justified, but while I am sort of like, "duh! this is of course what is going to happen as a result of those policies," I don't really feel that what happened in New York was justified, in that I don't agree with killing people, but on the flipside...

Todd: That's a different magazine...
(laughter)

MRR: ...I do have a sort of "duh" reaction to it, this was destined to happen. It's just weird because a lot of people don't even realize that bin Laden, who is the focus of all this, was funded and initially set up by the US through the CIA.

Todd: The US called on his cell phone for years to do CNN interviews-he's not really the mysterious demon that we make him out to be...

MRR: Do think that the attacks were at all justified?

Paul: Right now people are saying "we need to talk, we need to talk," but there is no one left to talk to us. What the fuck is the US saying, we need to talk? We have refused to talk-I mean, we just walked out of the UN Council on Racism. What was that about, a big "fuck you, we're racist and we know we can be"? That's all that was, when the US and Israel walked out. When you wanna talk about talking, the rest of the world has been trying to talk to the US for years.

Todd: And the world has been saying that we need to do something for a long time.

Paul: Historically, ego is the pinnacle in the demise of every empire and I think that this just shows that we're seeing the cracks right now.

MRR: Do you think that is the first sign of the decline of the American empire, then?

Paul: I hardly think that this is the *first* sign.

MRR: What would be, then?

Billy: I believe the actions of people all over the world. People are sick of us ramming our culture down their throats and homogenizing every culture in the world, or at least trying to. This is a scary implication of what may be to come: people's dissatisfaction with the western way of life, and excess.

Todd: What's mind-boggling is that America is proud of that, we're proud of how we shove our culture down the world's throat.

Paul: I think that the greatest thing to grasp right now is that American propaganda is completely unprecedented. I think that it's because of what was learned from resistance to all the other wars...in World War II it pretty much nullified a lot of what was becoming an extremely powerful labor movement by framing things in terms of needing everyone's support. I think that we're at the point now that the very instant that something happened every angle was covered, we were talking about this before and it's pointless to speculate anything like this could have been intentionally done or if the US could have been a part of this, whether it is or isn't it couldn't have been done more perfectly to get mass support. The liberal left will be fully behind this because of the way it's being played out.

Todd: I think that historically, it can go one way or the other, I mean if you look at something like Vietnam, from that came such a large movement for radical change-but then something like World War II broke down the labor movement and broke down a lot of progressive movements, so frighteningly enough with this thing, because this is seen as another "good war" and "something has to be done." I think it's drawing in a lot of people who otherwise would

RETOUR A LA NORMAL

be normally be against it. Then again, it's so extreme that it's making the people who are against it that much angrier, and that anger that people have been feeling for years and years has been building up and has been displayed in a lot of the protests which have been going on recently. Maybe those things will become more extreme too. Maybe as a result of feeling more desperate for something to change.

MRR: Do you feel that this will be utilized to diffuse the groundswell of protest movements we've been seeing over the last few years?

Paul: Going on what I just said, it couldn't have been planned out better. Within the last few years we've seen the anarchist movement breaking out of the confines of the traditional left, we've seen the globalization movement growing. There have also been many examples over the last 20 years about how war can be used to silence dissent.

Todd: While this might sucking a lot of energy out of the left here, I doubt it is like that in other places. I think it's like that here because it's our country, but in Europe I doubt that so much of the left is being apologetic.

Paul: I think a lot of the apologetic left is working under the idea that our civilization is fundamentally right, and just needs to be reformed or rearranged. When you look at that as a starting point, it's easy to be apologetic, because it is seen as them attacking our way of life, not just our political structure.

Todd: I think that what you're saying is totally understandable. Whether you have friends or relatives in NY, it's totally understandable that people are angry. I honestly don't think that people even comprehend where that anger is coming from-the masses. I think people should be angry, and they should be angry about these things that are happening, but to be truly angry about what is happening requires a willingness to understand history and to understand that things like this don't just "happen." This attack wasn't done because there's some crazy guys in the Middle East that are insane and just wanna blow things up; that just wanna attack America because they're jealous. There's a serious course of events and there is a real history with all this that can't be ignored-it's just ironic because we're angry too, just angry about completely different things.

MRR: Why do you think people are confused about their anger? Of course you can say, "I'm angry at the system." That's a very sloganized, cliche punk thing to say, but on another level it's kind of true, just unfocused. While I do feel a lot of empathy and it really affects me to see the images of people holding up photos missing people on the streets of NYC, I know that as a target it made sense. It was the World Trade Center-it's one of the centers of the Western world's economic system-and that ties into the exploitation of people worldwide.

Todd: It's 5000 people, but who's shedding tears for the thousands of people who die of poverty and the economic policies of the US? Who's shedding tears for the thousands who are dying for the same kind of actions all over the rest of the world? That's the part that really blows your mind. I think it's because war is a concealed thing, such a processed thing for most of us. It's something that you see on the television on a far away land. I think it's kind of the same mindset that keeps it at such a distance, that it allows them to do the sort of things they do. I personally believe that, for example, if people saw the conditions of the animals that they eat, their lives, and what they go through before they eat them, if people actually saw them being killed, skinned, and processed, I believe that they'd have a much harder time eating meat. I think the same sort of thing applies here, I think that if people were more knowledgeable about the kinds of US interventions that happen around the world, if people could see the helicopters that gun down people in Mexico, if people could really see these things, I think it'd be almost alarming, the change of view people could have. As it is, ignorance is bliss, and as long as people are completely unaware of these things, and believe that we're just attacked by random insane terrorists, then this will continue.

MRR: Do you feel there is any way to combat that ignorance? A lot of times I just feel totally defeatist about it. I'm just like, that's the way the general American public is going to feel and that's just the way it's going to be and there's nothing I can do about it. Do you think any inroads can be made to combat that sort of ignorance, or do you feel defeated about it? That people are feeling this way because *CNN*, *FoxNews*, etc. are pumping this out, 24 hours a day, this sentiment that something has to be done and not really showing the other side? I mean it's not common knowledge that the US participates in the deaths of thousands of people around the world every year.

Todd: Personally, I feel as defeatist about this as I do other things. I think that in a lot of ways when we ask what sort of inroads can we make, we're asking what can we do to fix something we really didn't create in the first place. That alone can make you feel defeated-this is a system which has been evolving and going for way longer than we've been around at all. We were just kind of born into this mess and expected to cope with it and expected to deal with it. Of course we're defeatist. How can we fix something, when we had nothing to do with its creation and we don't even fully understand its mechanics?

Paul: I don't even think it's being defeatist, I think it's just coming to terms with reality in which we live.

Todd: I feel defeated, is my point. I feel defeated by the world that has been created without our consent.

Paul: I agree with that, but I think a lot of people tend to look at things as if there is really only one way to live, and I think that global capitalism is just so strong that there's absolutely no way to make any inroads that lead to anything but reforms that mean nothing in the end. I don't support making bombs or anything, but I can understand how someone can get to the point of frustration that they feel that the only thing they can do is try to disrupt things and make it all fall apart.

Todd: I think that capitalism will fall upon itself eventually-the earth can't sustain capitalism. It will fall upon itself. I don't see, in the US, radical change happening by the majority suddenly swinging its opinion and realizing that it's all a sham and marching on White House and taking over. This system will fall upon itself, and those people who engage in lives and actions that go against that system serve as sorts of catalysts for that infrastructure to crack and fall apart. So it's important that we do these things-that's why we live our lives the way we live, that's why we work within our circles to push for that, because it is a catalyst. It is a lot more effective than knocking on people's doors and trying to convert them to our way of thinking. To an alternative way of thinking.

MRR: You sort of answered my next question, which is sort of if you feel defeated then, why even try?

Paul: The thing is, we don't wanna live with landlords that are shitty, in world that's shitty. When you get down to things like civil rights-like right now with being people Arab and being American, and when you get down to dealing with people's everyday lives, it's harder to be so idealistic. You can't say, "well, none of this matters because it's not going to achieve any of our final ends."

Todd: Plus a lot of the things you do, you have the base level of feeling something about them. If you walk down the street and see a defenseless person getting the shit beat out of them by a group of people, I think that I would try to do something to prevent that from happening-but if I break up that situation, am I really changing the world? Is the world going to be a different place because I did that? The answer is no, but you do that because that's what you feel you should be doing in that situation. So it's kind of half and half; because it is a catalyst for change and you do it because that's what you believe in.

Paul: Another problem with left wing activists is they transfer a lot of pseudo religious ideology into their activism, in that they feel they're going to achieve this ultimate goal by doing the right thing. Every action doesn't have to serve this ultimate end, so much as it is important to recognize your humanity and try to fit your beliefs into your real life.

MRR: You all are going to Europe soon. Are you scared at all? Are you scared about flying, going over there, etc.?

Todd: I'm not nervous about flying any more than I ever am.

Paul: Flying is such an abstract thing anyway…

Todd: I mean some of the places that we're going...we have shows in Yugoslavia and Greece and other places which are fairly near, I'm sure, to where the bombings are going to take place. We're supposed to go into Italy like three days before the next big WTO-style trade meetings are going to take place. I definitely think it's going to be interesting and I think it's going to be hard, much harder than a normal tour would be, but what better time to go be playing angry music?

Paul: Music is entertainment to some degree, no matter what the political influence is on that music. I think it is important to provide entertainment to people's lives-whether or not it is a catalyst or anything, if nothing else it helps them to stay alive. We've had the chance to play near demonstrations and protests and what not, and I think it's great, it acts as a moral booster, if nothing else, and helps pull people together.

MRR: Going more along the music and politics tangent, for years it's been a criticism that singing songs about war or anything that has anything with any sort of politics is stupid. I feel that music can be entertainment, but it can be more, it can serve to inspire people and I don't think the music itself is a threat, but I do think that it can serve to inspire people to look into alternative ways of living etc.-through the lyrics or what not. I know I wouldn't be the person I am today if it weren't for me stumbling into punk…my politics would be way different.

Todd: So we have those bands to blame for you…

(laughter)

MRR: Basically, yeah....is it just entertainment? Should it be?

Billy: I think that people who say that singing about war is stupid are basically coming from a very privileged point of view. War's not happening in our lives, you know? I think that outside of the US, all over the world, people are singing anti-war songs still. Still passionate about it because it's still relevant to their lives. People assume that it's not relevant to them because they don't see it in front of their faces, but that's one of the things that's going to change now.

Paul: I think a lot people who say that are cynical because there's definitely a difference between singing about something passionately and rhetorically.

Todd: Honestly it makes me more aware, and happier that bands are singing about these issues and will start singing about it instead of abstract things that they are singing about that I find hard to relate to.

MRR: I can see the point of the criticism, though. I mean sitting in the US, before the events of this week, it really wasn't something that most people could really relate to, on the same level that I can't related to a lot of abstract poetic haiku style lyrics. When was the last time war was thrust in people's faces? I think it makes total sense for a band from South America to sing about issues like war, or poverty-because these are things that people there deal with on a daily basis. So I can see where that critique comes from, especially in the US, because the majority of the punk scene comes from a very privileged and very middle class perspective.

Todd: Because you live in a country that isn't war-torn all the time doesn't mean that you can't have strong opinions about war, especially from that point of view. I think that's why a lot of punk kids came from middle class families and in a lot of ways, punk and the kind of lifestyle that comes with punk is a rejection of the very world that they lived in. So, kids that grew up with a lot of money develop these very strong anti-capitalist points of view and are against that sort of society that they grew up in. Sure, they might get money from their parents, or they go back and visit and they're in this plush suburbs. It's not an invalid point of view to be from that perspective and there is a lot that can be learned from that perspective, especially from a large portion of the world that thinks they know what American life is like, based on movies and based on Hollywood being the second biggest export. A lot of people probably don't realize that for a large portion of the American population daily life isn't going golfing, checking out the stocks-the things that have come to represent American life and the American dream.

MRR: Singing about those things makes sense to me personally, but that is the criticism.

Todd: I understand the frustration, having grown up in such a racist environment as Memphis as a kid, and then moving to Portland-where there's definitely racial tension, it exists everywhere-but hearing people talk about bad neighborhoods or certain implications dealing with racism, I can certainly relate to that sentiment. While I think that someone from Whitesville, USA can be angry about racism, and can have a strong sense against it, there is a certain point of view that you only get from being directly on the other end of it.

Paul: Typically, one of the biggest rifts between the leftist activists and punk is the critique of punks being sort of lifestylist and isolationist to some degree. I think a major point to be made is that most punks came to their philosophical points of view out of emotions that began as reaction to whatever in their own lives. I think there is a huge difference between that and intellectually coming to that perspective-it's only when theory is emotionally tied that it is powerful. A lot of times punks are discredited or dismissed because they're not out there trying to knock on people's doors and convert people to the same point of view, but I think it is a very valid point of view because of the emotional factor. There's not very much that can be objectively stated as far as theory-because theory can be bounced back and forth.

Todd: For the record, were Yannik here right now, he would definitely disagree with that.

MRR: I tend to agree with that to some extent, as most people who do reach their politics, in my observation, tend to abandon them due their own selfish ends. They have these politics but they don't mesh with anything else in their lives.

Paul: The perfect example of that is intellectual anarchist who came to be that because of theories that they read in books that it makes the most sense that way. I think that most people that I've dealt with that come from that perspective miss the fundamentals of whatever that you call anarchist philosophy. Particularly when something doesn't come from your own personal desires, then you can't…those desires represent the way you see everything, so if you don't have an honest fundamental base to establish your own theory and your own perspective you miss a lot. I've experienced that a lot with lefty activists that can quote dates and whatever. People just seem to want to rearrange power structures without examining power itself.

MRR: Switching gears a little, since we're all about the same age, I want to talk about the process of getting older and still be involved in punk…

Todd: The process of weeding out.

MRR: There is an element of fear for me. I always joke about how I have these irrational fears about how I don't have health insurance and I haven't been to

the dentist in eleven years and how my teeth are going to fall out. How I'm going to get in a accident and everything is going to break. How do you feel about that? Is this something that you see yourselves being involved with forever? Do you ever see yourselves getting into a position where you get a real job…

(laughter)

MRR: …house, kids…SUV?

Billy: I just think that if you know us that's a really funny question because…

Todd: …we're true losers by society's standards.

Billy (laughing): We're just so past the point of any sort of reclamation of any sort of normal life that there are no options for us other than what we have and each other, and I don't want to use the term community loosely, but we have friends, and hopefully we take care of each other as well.

Todd: The three of us have been playing music together since we were young teenagers. We are all in our late twenties now. Personally, it's hard for me to imagine things changing much between us. I can probably only think of a couple bands with all members that are 35 and over, like Gauze and Seein' Red and maybe couple others, but I think our generation, our age group, there will be a lot more, it seems like... There will be a lot more old men crawling back on stage singing anti-war songs.

Paul: To be honest I don't think about it too much just because it's not really how my brain works. I kind of think about what I'm going to do today, tomorrow. I don't see things changing too much. We've been doing this together for 13, 14 years.

Todd: At this point, it's like a few years ago, we were like 22 or 23 singing to 18 year-olds and now we're 28 and 29 singing to 18 year-olds and in some way, it's not that much different.

Paul: I think we've grown older in a way-that we've learned to integrate this band with what we do in the rest of our lives pretty well. I mean, being a band and touring so much, it's an easier life in pieces but, I mean all three of us live together or live pretty close to one another...most of the things we do we all do ourselves or together.

MRR: Are you worried at all about things like your bodies deteriorating or not being able to do this?

Paul: How do you stop it?

Todd: It is, it's already happening.

MRR: You can stop it by getting a good job and going to the doctor all the time?

Paul: You can pretend that it's not happening...

Todd: I have a good job.

Paul: If I was really concerned about that, I'd have a different approach to handling myself, living in a city, and eating. I mean, even if you're vegan and take care of your health pretty well, negating processed foods and all that matters is taking care of your body too well. If I really cared that much, I'd probably change my approach to living.

Todd: We're all gonna die in a world war next month anyway, so it's irrelevant what we eat and do to our bodies.

MRR: I asked that question because I wonder...it's something I think about all the time. It's also like you see so many people who get to be our age, who used to be totally like "rah! rah! this is it! the rest of my life is like this!" but I think all of the sudden in one week everything changes for them. They get frustrated with playing in front of 17 or 18 year-olds all the time. You feel that sense of alienation not only from the surrounding world but also within the scene itself, because how long can you keep it up? Living in San Francisco, it's pretty common, you know. Songs For Emma, they're all in their thirties-it's common here. There are people that work on this magazine that are older than my dad. That's not so common in other places. Do you think that you'll start seeing more cities like that develop, where people will start moving, and that will part of the trend, moving here or there, like retirement homes?

Todd: Portland's pretty young. There's not a lot of high school kids, but there's a lot of early twenties.

Paul: There are pretty decent amount of people thirty-ish. Incidentally, a lot of people there that are that way are people who were born and raised in Portland. I think the retirement thing is sort of exaggerated-if anything it's more of a vacation thing. People seem to go there for a few years. I think in a lot of ways there is a lot of positive things that come out of that. Potentially, having such a large deposit of great minds could lead to great things. I don't know if this relates at all, but if you look historically at the anarchist movement in New York in the first part of the century, the same thing was happening, people were moving there from all over the country and a lot of great ideas evolved and I think that there are definitely drawbacks of people leaving places they are from, but at the same time you have to live somewhere where you can survive. I know for me, and I think I can speak for all of us, we were getting pretty sick of living in a place where we felt like we were breathing life into a corpse. I was ready to be happy-I was ready to live in a positive environment where people supported me.

Todd: For all who are wondering, Portland is not a utopia. Please don't move there looking for it.

MRR: Well that's basically what I wanted to talk about. Those are the main two things I wanted to talk about. They've been on my mind a lot, obviously, the things that have been going on this week and also getting older and staying involved in punk. I guess I just wonder about how other people feel about this. Do you ever have those moments where you think to yourselves, "my god, why am I doing this?"

Billy: I think the older that I get, the more I'm apt to reevaluate my beliefs and my convictions, but I found myself, as I get older, being more and more passionate about what I do. I do it for a reason and I've done it for a reason, and I just try and block out the bullshit that people put on you. I think a lot of people give up because underlying their punk life and daily life, and just underneath the surface of everything, people have a unknown feeling of desperation and anxiety of not knowing their purpose in life, and basically just knowing that they're going to work for the rest of their lives and not feel any of the benefits of it. That's just America, especially in this time not being able to put a finger on what that feeling is and the psychological implications that has on people's choices.

Todd: I definitely question myself and what I'm doing, but I feel like if I give up on this, I'd just give up on everything, give up on life altogether and just end it, because I have no desire go the other way, so its sort of like this or nothing.

Paul: I think that it's probably true for most people, if you spend too much time thinking about doing things because you've have been doing them or preparing for tomorrow you don't pay attention to yourself enough now. I think that my brain tends to function in a way that if I don't think about my happiness now, I become depressed and it resurfaces in my life a lot, so because of that I try to keep myself evolving in a certain direction so that things feel fresh and new to me. I don't try to make predictions for tomorrow. Speaking for myself, I have a pretty clear definition of security-I know what false security is and I think that when most people see as security, I view as false security. I feel that what is true with all passions is what is true to the moment. Without that, you're not being honest with yourself.

MRR: Closing comments?

Todd: Any people in far away lands who want to trade records with us who don't like eBay, we'd like to trade records.

Paul: Also anybody who would like to help us organize tours in far away places, such as Central and South America...

Todd: We'd love to go anywhere we possibly could...

Paul: Like Israel, East Asia, those sorts of places...Hawaii, Alaska, Canary Islands, Madagascar.

Todd: Yannik wasn't able to appear today, and he's a self-proclaimed-devil's advocate, so keep this in mind when you're reading this...

FOUR LETTER WORD

Anyone with even a passing fancy for UK punk Rock will have heard of Four Letter Word (if you live on that god-forsaken island you can't miss 'em with their constant touring). Their blend of super catchy melodic punk rock mixed with smart politically aware lyrics make for a winning formula...and after 10 years of service, a bunch of releases and a court battle with a major label boy band, these fellas have seen some action! (Interview by Tim Brooks with frontman Welly).

MRR: Ok, since you guys last appeared in this rag (around the time of your first LP on BYO) a lot of water has passed under the bridge–give us a rundown of what's happened since then with releases and line-up juggling, your departure from BYO and your story of David Vs. Goliath!

Welly: Well, since we did the first album *A Nasty Piece Of Work*, we toured the US and Canada for two months in the summer of '98, which was a great time, but two months in a van took their toll and by the time we got back, the cracks had appeared and Hairy the bass player left. We got a new guy in and wrote and recorded the second album *Zero Visibility* over the next nine months. Problems arose again and Tim, the new bass player went, and took Will the drummer with him. We had a long break here, trying to find two new members, but we did it, and by the end of 1999 we had Wedge on Drums (formerly of Rectify) and Tom on Bass (formerly of Aspirin Kid). We did another of our UK tours, and I could tell something wasn't right. Sure enough, soon after, Jon (the guitarist and only other original) decided he'd had enough after nine years. In tandem with all this, around the start of 2000, we heard from BYO that they'd been issued with a lawsuit by a company manufacturing a boy band who had trademarked the name "Four Letr Word", and although we'd used it for almost a decade, they threatened the label and they backed down to avoid legal costs, and let us out of our contract for one further album. Since then, they have also made an agreement, meaning that everything bearing our name has been removed from store shelves and destroyed and subsequently we have been erased from history.

After Jon, we found Neil (formerly of Shutdown) who came in on guitar for a while. We wrote some new stuff, and Ian (Stampin' Ground) asked us to record a track for a Conflict tribute he was putting together, he knew the situation, so he kindly helped us out a bit, and we managed to use the session to record the Conflict song and another five tracks for an EP. Throughout all our problems we'd had unending support from the zine *Suspect Device*, we'd known them for years, but they really came through for us, putting out a benefit issue to help us get the word out. They also do a label, so without hesitation, I asked them if they wanted to put the EP out, they did, and the result is the *A Cold Day In Hell* CDEP. I also started talking to J.S.N.T.G.M. Records again, who put out our first EP in 1995, and we decided to re-master and re-do the EP. Andy's enthusiasm always abounds, and it ended up being *The Band That Time Forgot* 12" EP extra tracks and a big spoken word piece by Andy himself on our fight and the corporatization of music in general. We toured again early this year with Turtlehead and soon after things started changing again, with Neil departing of his own volition. Yet again, we were left memberless, but undeterred we managed to find Matt, a friend of Tom's, who said he'd fill in for another of our upcoming tours and then leave. As it turned out, he must've liked it cuz he's decided to stay, and we just completed a short tour of the UK with two of the best bands here at the moment; Joe Ninety and Fig. 4.0 (not to be confused with the American bands of the same name, oddly enough). And I'm really hoping no-one decides to leave now.

MRR: So, does this mean you can't use the name Four Letter Word anymore? Why is this a big deal to you? Would just changing your name not save all kinds of hassle and money? What's next with this saga and is there anything people out there in punk-land can do to help?

Welly: I don't think we can release anything in the States again, it should've been a redeemable situation, but it wasn't. Things are in place to gain some protection in the UK, although they had already trademarked here themselves before we even knew (their spokespeople have admitted to knowing about us before they applied for US and UK trademarks–which is completely illegal under trademark law, but hey, we're the little guy!) If some label came along now, with enough clout, I'm sure it would be sortable in the US, but that's not going to happen. UK wise, we should be all right, I've spent the last 18 months learning about trademark law. I started out speaking to a lawyer, but two letters cost £200, so that was short lived. Luckily, he had some soul and gave me some advice, as to how to pursue it and what to do down the road. I followed his advice and found that for some reason, they had not trademarked in the UK for "Live Performance" (they did however, purchase records and CD's, merchandise, stationery and toys and games–yikes!), so I applied and fought for this, using the exact same description as their US trademark for "Live Performance", meaning, if they ever try to launch a boy band in the UK, I can, in theory, stop them from making TV, radio or internet appearances of any kind. Meaning, we have some ground by which to stand legally. I've also done something even more sneaky to enable us to release records here, but I won't go into that, it's far too complicated.

The reason it is a big deal to us, is that not only have we used the name for ten years, and feel we have kind of earned it, after such a length of time. It was so hard getting known being from where we're from, that we don't relish the idea of starting again. Granted, the line-up has changed immeasurably, and if it hadn't been for this legal nonsense, I think we would've changed it anyway. But, it is a point of principle. Practically all our lyrics are about global capitalism, consumerism and the breaking down of our society by these machines, and have been for years. So, for me, to back down on this, the exact same ideas that we oppose in the lyrics, would be hypocrisy.

Sure it's cost about £500-600 so far, but that was money we'd got from gigs, especially good friends and bands who went out of their way to support us, so I don't see it as "our" money, we've never made a penny out of the band anyway (quite the reverse) cuz everything goes back into it to pay off what we owe people, the label etc. so the only thing anyone can do to help, is by buying something off us so we can pay them off.

MRR: You guys toured the US a while back, and I know you are always touring across the UK. How do you think the scenes differ? Do you think its harder for a band from Wales than it is for a band from L.A.?

Welly: Ha ha, nah it's far easier to achieve global fame being from Wales than L.A. what are you on about? Ha ha! The scenes differ in a lot of ways. You've got to bear in mind that the UK fits snuggly inside most US states size wise. Basically, like all other aspects of individual cultures in the face of the march of US imperialism, punk rock has benefited and suffered here in different ways. A lot of the really young kids, who read the rock press (who have championed the Epi-Fat culture in their desperate search for new things to bleed dry), are only interested in the Warped tour and all that goes with it, so gigs outside of the theater of the "rock concert" are poorly attended unless they feature a US band headlining (however unknown or second rate). An average gig will have 30-50 people, if you play to 100+, it's cuz you're supporting a US band. Everyone here mainly buys US music (we're all guilty) and most bands struggle to sell 500 records in comparison with tens of thousands for US bands. This is all well and good if you're from the Americas, but something's got to give. All this said, there are some brilliant bands here, many of whom are sadly overlooked –and it's a tragedy.

A few other differences are that bands share equipment a lot more here and it's far easier for bands over there to get somewhere a lot easier and quicker. It took us four years to release our first EP, we were all broke and no label would touch us. Whereas a lot of US bands will get a record out within the same year of forming.

MRR: Continuing with the above–do you sometimes feel you're banging your head against a brick wall? Is it worth all the time and money being in a band? How do you find the time to juggle a family (two kids?), a job, fanzine and a band that is constantly active?

Welly: Yes, it is totally banging your head against a wall. I just put it down to reasons for doing it. Like most things in life, it's all about prioritization. If I did this for any other reason than for the simple joy of doing it, then there wouldn't be any point. Band, fanzine, whatever, it's all a creative outlet by which to get ideas out into the world. You've got to measure success by your own standards. We got criticized for only selling approximately 3000 albums, but to me, the thought that 3000 people own or listened to our records, is an achievement in itself.

I feel privileged to have been switched onto the idea of DIY at an early age. The ethos of Do It Yourself expands your boundaries and allows you to create and make things that are above and beyond people in the mainstream. To most people in the street, the idea of making your own magazine or records, for example, is an alien concept to them, they wouldn't know how to begin, because they are shackled to the concept that someone else does it for you. For example; the mainstream media perpetuate the myth that punk died in '77, because the moment a kid discovers that there's something else out there, they buy real underground music and literature, and get involved in something real, and stop subscribing to the mainstream media.

As for juggling all the things I do with having two kids and stuff. Well, I'm very lucky to have a very supportive and understanding partner, and I "work" as little as I have to (about two-three hours a day). Having children has taught me a lot and has changed me in a lot of ways (I like to think for the better). Not only do children teach you a lot about self-discipline, responsibility and selflessness, but they reflect back to you things that you've maybe lost or forgotten. They remind you how things can be, if you unlearn some of the things that have jaded you towards the world. As a child or teenager, you feel immortal and life feels endless, but having people born and die in your life, makes you realize that you must achieve as much as possible, and a day without some small achievement, is a wasted day. I do far more now, than say ten years ago, because time is more precious, the further you get down the road.

All I can say about applying value to the things you do, is, if you expect nothing, then everything has value and everything is a bonus. We are constantly bombarded with the idea that 'success' is based on levels of fame, fortune, or how many commodities we have; someone else's benchmark; the carrot on a stick that keeps us tied to their yoke of debt and disappointment. But If you can change the emphasis away from the collection of consumer goods and monetary gain as the prime drive in your life, and reevaluate your reasons for participating in something, then nothing is failure and everything is success... because it's on your terms and not someone else's.

MRR: What would you say to someone who accused you of being a part in the Americanization of British punk? You guys certainly have more in common with Naked Raygun than say the Abrasive Wheels!

Welly: All I can say in our defense is; We've never tried to play whatever's trendy, we just played whatever came out. It's not as if we sound like some crappy Pop, Emo or Ska band. We set out with the idea of not trying to fit into any particular sub-genre and see what happens. For me personally, I was never really into all the studs and leather type scene in the old days. Sure, I like loads of '77 and UK bands in general, but that whole parochial "Britain leads the world" attitude just never attracted me. Back then, everyone and their brother was into GBH, Exploited, Discharge, Oi! and glue etc. and the lyrics reflected the dull, hopelessness of Thatchers' Britain, which was totally relevant, but a lot of bands just trotted it out because they had to. To me, I could look out of my window at the council estate every day and see all the concrete and gray skies, that may be romantic to someone on the other side of the world, but it was everyday reality for me. Therefore, it was far more exciting (although not conscious at the time) to listen to bands from other corners of the world, whether it was the US, Italy, Germany or Australia. When I first bought *MRR* in January 1986 or when I first bought compilations like *Let Them Eat Jellybeans, P.E.A.C.E., Cleanse The Bacteria or Flex Your Head'* it just opens the world up to you. In the same way as the idle rich travel the world in their year off college, I traveled the world from my bedroom, through writing letters etc. So if we sound like an American band, it's not intentional, it's just a reflection of our influences. Music is becoming far more "globalized" now anyway, which is a shame. There's a lot less sounds specific to geographic areas, and a lot more cut-to-fit styles. And anyway, it could be said, that up until the '90s, a lot of US punk was based on the UK model, right down to the accent. So therefore, in some ironic twist, we're actually influenced by UK punk–ha ha. Judging by the majority of music that shares our scene today, I'd like to think we were one of the bands responsible for the punkification of punk–ha ha.

MRR: Describe Wales to someone who has never been there?

Welly: A lot of people (especially from the US) have a very romanticized idea of what the UK is. First of all, let me clear up a common misconception; The UK stands for the "United Kingdom", it is *NOT* called England. The "United Kingdom" is divided up into four separate countries, provinces or states (just like the "United States"), these four are England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

All four of these countries used to have very separate and distinct cultures, a lot of which, I'm sure most people know something of. But in the last few decades all of the UK has fallen foul, as much of the world has, to the endless march of American cultural imperialism. This has intensified and accelerated in recent years, and now, your average, town, city or neighborhood is a succession of US based chains like; McDonalds, Starbucks, Gap, Blockbuster, Safeway... you name it, we've got it. We've got the malls, of all shapes and sizes, and even now the introduction of metroplex entertainment centres where you can choose from 400 different movies, go bowling or whatever else you want to pay into the American dream. As a result of this, much small busi-

"To most people in the street, the idea of making your own magazine or records, for example, is an alien concept to them, they wouldn't know how to begin, because they are shackled to the concept that someone else does it for you."

ness, and even larger but non-corporate business has fallen to the cluster tactics of the multinationals. Locally owned cinemas', video rental outlets, and cafes go out of business regularly. On the flip of it, there's just as much poverty, albeit more and more segregated and unseen, it seems the more and more a society fits into the American model, the darker aspects correspond accordingly. With the increase in the "gotta have" mentality, you get the increase in people who don't and can't have, and therefore turn to ever more desperate measures to play a part (whether it be stealing for drugs or killing to wear a logo). Our individual cultures are fast becoming solely inhabitants of museums, being replaced by mass consumerism as the only leisure outlet for the new generations of waiters and tele-slaves. On a natural level, in spite of increased housing and road development, not to mention more and more strip malls, there's still vast areas of green untouched countryside, but how long this will last, I do not know. I just hope it outlives the empire.

MRR: Your layouts and lyrics are something that has always drawn me to the band, smart interesting lyrics usually accompanied by explanations, so do you (Welly) write all the lyrics?. Do you think the lyrics, layout and message are as important as the music? And would you consider yourselves a "political" band?

Welly: Thanks man. Yeah, I write the lyrics. Of course, each facet of music is equally important, the lyrics, graphics and the music. It's like trying to paint a picture; you need the canvas, paint and the brush–it's the exact same idea. A lot of "musicians" usually see the music as more important, but that's just selling yourself short through ego, you're only giving 33% of the picture at best. I saw some pretty sick corporate advert once for pop music promotion on some magazine cover, and it said; "Once you have command of their ears, their hearts and minds will follow," aside from the twisted connotations for mainstream music this statement has, there is obviously an element of truth to it. Whereas pop music utilizes this idea to sucker people into buying into the faceless "celebrity" ethos, I think punk rock uses it to switch people onto new ideas and political thought. That said, yes, of course we are a political band. Everything is political. Politics is the language and means by which society is organized. I think that there's no excuse to be apolitical now or ever, by copping out for the sake of laziness or lack of thought, not only do you surrender yourself to the will of the people who want you to not care in order to control you with ease, you are saying that you don't care about your life or the world in general. And to not care is to nullify your place in humanity and the world. Bands or individuals who claim to be apolitical must come from very privileged backgrounds, because to subscribe to that line of thinking, is almost as arrogant as to believe that some benevolent god would consider you important over billions of others alive and dead.

MRR: Let's stick with the lyrics for a while; what is the song "All American War" about? And is the song "Kick 'Em When They're Down" written about anyone in particular?

Welly: "All American War" was written as a result of our tour of the US Not only did it shock me, to what lengths the media in America seeks to downplay the rest of the world in favor of the US to placate its citizens into thinking "America is the best" so they won't look elsewhere for influence or inspiration. But also, we came across some individuals in the "scene" who would say odd comments that hinted towards levels of nationalism and bigotry towards the poor and women in general. The song is just a simple attack on America's violent global policy, creating new enemies to vilify in order to justify massive arms expenditure that supports the American power hierarchy. But the song was written in such a way as to attack attitudes within American society and not only its government, with the express intention of seeing if we could get a rise out of critics in the US (because the record was largely distributed over there). As expected, there was little response, but we did get a couple of reviews from zines of the HxC persuasion, that spent the entire time going off about this song; "how dare they..." which is exactly what we wanted to achieve. Because unbeknown to them, they blew their own cover as patriotic, nationalistic morons masquerading as "hardcore"–ha ha. As for "Kick 'Em When They're Down," that's about people who treated some people like shit in order to impress others with their "muscle" in the scene, making them no different to mainstream business people. It disgusted me at the time, and I wrote about it, although I'm not at liberty to divulge the objects of criticism as it would stir up a whole load childish behavior.

MRR: You've been involved in punk rock for years now, how do you stay so fresh and committed? How do you think the scene in the UK has changed since you were first involved?

Welly: Fresh and committed? Wow, that could be a 7 Seconds hip hop song–ha ha! Like I said before, you've just gotta view life as possibilities rather than limitations. We don't have much time so we have to share as much as possible before it's over. The scene here has changed a lot, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse. For the better, because the largely stagnant Anarcho scene, with all its social etiquette and rules of behavior, withered and died when techno shit took a lot of the phony drug hippies about ten years ago. Now, there's a lot of activity, but on the negative side, all the real bands get nowhere while all the fake Pop, Emo and Ska bands get instant success, cuz they want to play the "game." I think we've allowed too much emphasis on US big business, so like I said, there's been a shift towards big city concerts and away from small DIY gigs. Also, these big US gigs seem to be exercises in t-shirt sales and little else these days. There's too much segregation, which has come from the US I've actually seen some calls for segregated "hardcore" shows, kinda like; "let's show punk we don't need 'em," which is sad, but in some respects, I think, they stole a good name for short-haired corporate metal. The problem lies with the mainstream music media, who have to perpetuate the idea that you only get into one band, or one labels' output, cuz like I said; they don't want you wandering off into punkland, cuz you'll never come back. They are obliged by their very nature to promote single issues and the cult of celebrity because it reinforces their position. the knock-on effect of this, is a lot of the younger kids ONLY listen to Ska, Emo, Pop, Skate or whatever. It's that old "divide and conquer" adage again.

Overall, there's a strong scene in the UK at the moment, with a lot of really committed and enthusiastic individuals, zines and bands. The only problem is finding out about the good stuff cuz no-one can break through the smokescreen of the mainstream media and the high profile of the Epi-Fat control of the marketplace. If you're interested; a good place to start is; http://www.ukbase.org.uk. It's like a national database for UK punk and has got really in depth information on all the currently active bands.

MRR: As well as the band you also do a great fanzine called *Artcore*? How long have you been doing it for and what things have you been working on for the next issue? Do you not think with the advent of the internet and commodification of punk its getting harder and harder to put out a print run zine?

Welly: That started in January 1986, inspired by my first copy of *MRR*. It's another way to output information and ideas. I'm more into it now than ever too, which is great. I've always found it difficult to sell zines. It's going all right at the moment though, things have definitely picked up. I don't think the internet has affected the amount of zines coming out of the UK I think there's more now than ever. Most zines are limited to a few hundred copies, the only way to break out of this is to get advertising and put it out free, but I don't like adverts, all the mags end up as 50% the exact same ads. and it ends up the same as the mainstream, where you're at the mercy of your sponsors when it comes to what you write and review etc. I prefer to throw my own money away in favor of having the freedom to say what I want. More and more zines these days, are started for the express intention of getting free music and the literary output is getting more and more pro-sponsor and sycophantic. I hate this, I don't feel like I'm reading honesty when just about every record gets a glowing review, especially when they're all for big US labels. It's about as punk as eating meat–ha ha. The last issue will probably be sold out by the time you read this. And the new one (Issue 16) should be out. This new one has got interviews with; Smogtown, Strike Anywhere, Joe Ninety, Welt, Fig. 4.0, F-Minus and more, and there's also the "Vaultage" section of the mag which covers old bands for the express intention of giving exposure to some of the younger kids and as a good way for some of us old fogies a chance to wax lyrical about our old faves in a totally nerded out way. The new "Vaultage" will have; Posh Boy Records, Really Red, Jingo De Lunch, Reagan Youth, Dead Boys and probably more by the time it's finished! You can get it from me for £1.50 (UK) or £3 (World) postpaid anytime.

MRR: Not giving too much away on the age front–favorite record from 1981? 1991? 2001?

Welly: Wow! how about a top 100? Ha ha ha... 1981, I was twelve and listening to 2-Tone bands. Although punk wise, it's impossible for me to say, seeing as that was such a great era. As an overview I guess it would be the comps. like *Let Them Eat Jellybeans* and *Flex Your Head* (and pretty much all of Dischord that year) as they were two very important records that really got the ball rolling for me (and that's not even mentioning the output of California!). 1991, off the top of my head, I guess the Fuel album and Leatherfaces' *Mush*. And as for 2001, it's not over yet, but so far, it'd definitely be the bands I've got coming up in the new zine.

MRR: OK, what's next on the agenda for you guys and where can people get a hold of you and your releases? Anything else you wanna get of your chest before you disappear up the Welsh valleys or wherever the hell you come from?

Welly: Next up, we're gonna try and write some more new material and try and find a label with some guts who wants to put out another album. It shouldn't be too far off, we've got about half of it done, and we're raring to go on it with all the ideas and stuff. We've had so many setbacks in the last eighteen months, we need some good luck! At the moment we're limited to selling our stuff ourselves, we've got one last batch of all our deleted BYO stuff and then it's gone forever, it's all going dirt cheap, so get in touch if you're interested. Or you can get 'em at gigs. Thanks for the exposure... Bands–protect yourselves, because the "intellectual property" market is going to be the next "compensation culture" for the landlords. Refuse to be a consumer.

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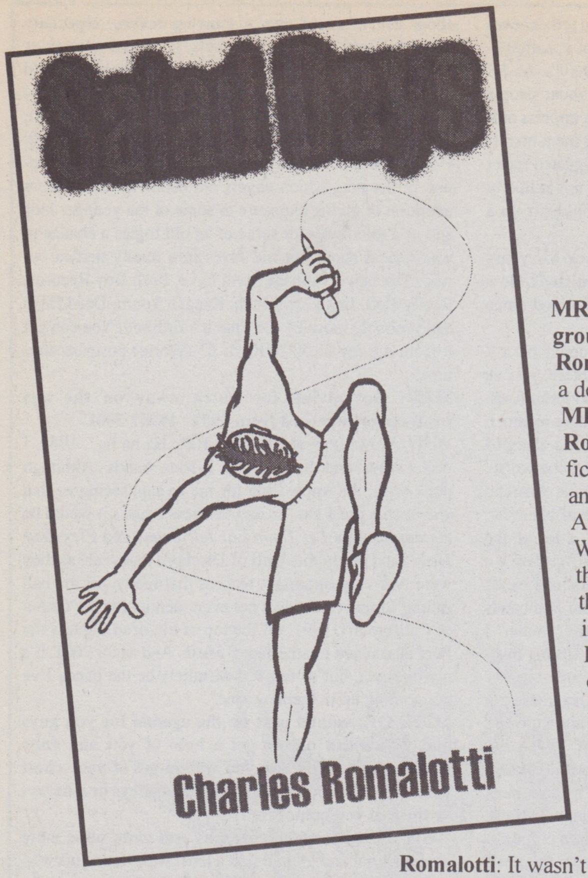

A TALK WITH CHARLES ROMALOTTI (PUNK AUTHOR)

by Daniel Smith.

MRR: I suppose the first and most obvious question would be to simply get some background and history…

Romalotti: I'm originally from Kansas though I've been living in Austin, Texas for almost a decade now.

MRR: I assume you began writing zines and it all evolved from there?

Romalotti: Actually, no. Just the two books. I have written other things in the past, other fictional stories, a couple were novel length, but I never worked them into shape enough for anyone to read. And honestly at this point I have no idea where those stories are now. Although my mother recently found things I had written when I was eight years old. What's funny is that these stories were like fifty to sixty pages long! I remember that by the time I had turned ten, I had written one thousand pages worth of fiction. After that, though, I stopped writing entirely for several years, all through my adolescence. My involvement in punk was as a musician. I did the band thing in the late eighties in Lawrence, Kansas. I played bass guitar for a couple of hardcore bands before switching over to writing novels in the early nineties. I find writing to be much more fulfilling than creating music, though I love few things more than music. Music inspires the writing, but I think *Salad Days* makes that quite clear.

MRR: *Salad Days* is your first novel?

Romalotti: Correct.

MRR: And *Salad Days* is self-published, or in more hip terms DIY…was this expensive?

Romalotti: It wasn't cheap! I could've bought a fairly nice car with that money! I had to work two full-time jobs for a year to raise the money. That wasn't easy, I had no life whatsoever during that time, I practically lost my head, which all goes to make the final product that much more of an accomplishment. I didn't want to cut any corners, I wanted the entire product to be on par with anything else in any bookstore. I am very satisfied with it, I think it's a very professionally packaged book, and I feel the price is extremely reasonable. I want people to read it, I'm not out to make money or recoup the investment, I want it to reach people.

MRR: Have you made a decent profit?

Romalotti: Hell, no! Nowhere near, and I won't. The way I saw it is I spent seven years of my life, 3-14 hours a day writing and editing and rewriting this book, so when I made that investment financially, I was spending a couple grand on my very own copy. One copy. And it was worth every penny. Every copy after that is breaking even, though not monetarily, it's the satisfaction of having such a great reception of my work. Far more valuable than the money I'd have blown on useless things.

MRR: And have you sold quite a few copies?

Romalotti: More than I originally planned. In fact, I had to reprint within the first two months. I can barely keep up, so I will be seeking a second job again soon just to make sure that the thing remains available. Right now it's being distributed by Last Gasp and AK Press, and I assume that list will grow in time, but for now that's all that I can really keep up with. I've sold a considerable amount on Amazon.com as well. Some record stores are really selling the hell out of it, which is great. In fact, there's one particular store in southern California that has sold roughly 90 copies. That is phenomenal! Most other stores are selling anywhere between 15-30 copies. It's overwhelming for me, I can't begin to explain how flattering that is and how much that blows me away.

MRR: How do feel about having your book in mainstream or corporate stores?

Romalotti: I don't shop in those places personally. I always tend to stick with independent places. Like my tour last summer, I avoided all corporate places, which made it a lot more of a challenge. As far as I know, Amazon.com is as close to mainstream as you'll find. I wasn't sure how I felt about Amazon.com until I made my way to Seattle on the tour and stayed with an old friend who works there. He told me about the company and its owners and history, I have a different perspective on them than I did. That perspective change came with an open mind, I had to set aside my boxed notions to listen and learn, something a lot of punk people could really benefit doing. Amazon.com is simply someone's innovative idea. I got a good sense from the company while I was in the offices, there was no undermining deviance lurking in their business corridors! And not to mention, that is the system that we live under, and the very nature of our species. The strongest survive, and I am very much a believer in that philosophy. The reality is good doesn't win out, endurance does. That's reality. And good people can run big companies, and shitty people can run the little corner store.

MRR: How are the reviews for *Salad Days*?

Romalotti: I assume there are folks out there who don't like it, but I've not heard from them, which is fine with me. Although most people tend to think it's their civic duty to tell musicians or writers something negative about their efforts, there will always be that. People think to criticize means to find something/anything negative and bring it out. Of course, I can only sit and listen patiently—I can't criticize their book, they haven't got one. I have a system that protects me against bad reviews, style and quality and content aside. When I finish a novel, I make my friends and family read it and give their harshest opinions so that when I finally present it to the editors, it's a pretty mean and lean work. My tactic is to allow all the bad opinions to rain upon me at the first, fix all the problems so that the finished product is as tight as it possibly can be. That's a hard thing to do, by the way, to take such a beating. It truly makes a better artist of you, though, at your ego's expense. But you get that confidence back when the first review comes back and praises the hell out of you. This approach must be the key because I haven't seen a review yet that was negative, and many of the reviews are absolute raves. It makes me know that every second of every year I put into it was worth it. Like I said, it blows me away. Nothing in my life has been more rewarding.

MRR: You said it took seven years to write *Salad Days*, when did you begin?

Romalotti: I came up with the story in 1993. The book came out in 2000, though I would say that the work on it in 1999 was more of the fine tunings and such. It had to be exactly right, and there finally came a point when I decided that this is the book I set out to write. Honestly, I had to learn how to write. I didn't know how much of a craft creative writing is when I first began. The whole process was self-taught, which is the best way for me to learn.

Salad Da
d Days
photo of Amanda Garrett by Josh Mui

I never went to college, I was too busy going to punk shows and rocking out.

MRR: Why did you set out to write a story like *Salad Days* in the first place?

Romalotti: I felt that it would be a very cool story to present publicly, not because it was some profound experience, but because it was one that so many people have lived and could relate to. I found, and still find that most punk-based books or movies still cater to cliched ideas or they are so politically correct that they don't challenge the reader in any way. If you aren't running the risk of potentially offending someone with your art, then you're failing as an artist, in my opinion. Not that I feel *Salad Days* is all that offensive, but *Rash* overcompensates quite effectively. I think *Salad Days* is pretty cut and dry. I didn't want to simply state facts, I'm not a guru on the topic and I wouldn't ever want to be. I wanted to write a book more about why than what, if that makes any sense. I wanted to explain why those old ideals are in place as best as I understand. Anarchy and chaos, yes, but why? What is at the heart of punk idealism and integrity and beliefs? Why be skinhead or Straight Edge or punk? I am very proud of how I told this story without making these themes overly stated or heavy. You see by the actions of the characters why they are as they are, what they get out of it, and why they chose to live this way. It simply made perfect sense to me to write a book that presented the heart of it, not the style. I tried to go beyond the whole 'punks are drunks' and 'skinheads are all racist' and 'sex and violence' themes to show them as a little more real and noble. Another thing about punk fiction is that it always talks about punk as being something that started and ended in the seventies when I feel that the best stuff came from the eighties. Black Flag, Descendents, Minor Threat…this is the generation and ideology that I wanted to dictate and delve into. I made a point in *Salad Days* to never mention the words: Sex Pistols. You'll see Tchaikovsky mentioned several times, but not Sex Pistols. Nothing against the Pistols, of course, I love them as much as the next guy, but that wasn't the era I wanted to represent with this book. That story has been written into the ground, I wanted to present something a little more fresh.

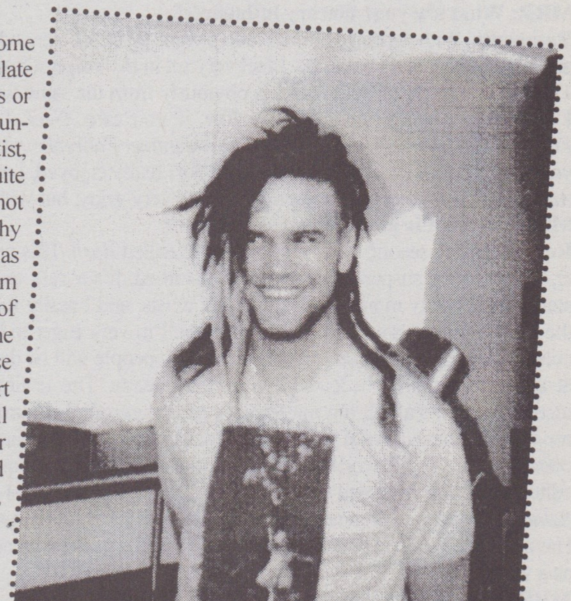
photo by Yancy Westg

MRR: The protagonist of *Salad Days* is a fairly inflexible and head-strong bastard, is there any of you in Frank?

Romalotti: Never been in Frank, no. Frank is me, but I'm not Frank. I'm a little more open-minded and jovial than him. I think it's interesting that the narration has a sense of humor that he doesn't really outwardly convey in the story. I think that represents his caution toward the populous, and I think it brings the reader closer to him, as though you're getting the inside skinny on this mysterious and rigid person. He's pretty anal, he sees things one way, his way.

MRR: All the way down to his fantasies and random thoughts...

Romalotti: I had this idea that since I wrote it in first person that it'd be cool to see all of his thoughts, all the way into his daydreams. Those particular sequences were a lot of fun to write.

MRR: Was the background and atmosphere of *Salad Days* all from experience, or did you have to do some research?

Romalotti: It was all from experience. My dog co-authored as a ghost writer—not all of it, just the good parts. He'd get going on some crazy idea while I was away, so I'd try to write it off as though it were a day-dream of the character or something. He always told me that good fiction needs only one thing: a lot of hookers. I suppose *Rash* made up for the lack thereof in *Salad Days*.

MRR: I'm sure this is probably the most common question asked, but how much of *Salad Days* is based in fact? I know you call it fiction, but to what extent?

Romalotti: All of it is real, none of it happened. Does that make sense? It's all me, and it's all based on something, but did all that happen verbatim? No. It is certainly inspired by real events, though, but I think that's obvious. The story itself aside from the flashbacks is entirely fictional.

MRR: No best friend died?

Romalotti: Well...I wouldn't go that far! Like I said, all of it is real. But it didn't happen as you're reading it. I changed names and mixed things up to preserve myself. It's a lot of smoke and mirrors that keep me a step away from the reader, and I like that. They get to really know me, but yet I gave up nothing to them. People ask what band I was in and I'd be very proud to say, but to mention it in an interview like this would come across as a plug, and I don't want to do that. So we'll not go there.

MRR: It would be very easy to consider something like *Salad Days* a self-promoting glamorization. How do you feel about that?

Romalotti: I don't think that the main character Frank is put in a very pleasant light throughout portions of it, and I think that's what really bonds him to the reader, or so I've been told. It's that he's flawed like all of us, and especially like me. One of my favorite comments on it is that it reads like a painfully honest diary. It's far from a glamorization. And besides, the actual 300 page book itself is more ego boost for me than the supposed gallant adventure that takes place within its pages. The novel itself is my biggest accomplishment, that is my pride. It's not the content of the book, it's the work that made it what it is. I love it. I'm very proud of it.

MRR: What are your literary influences?

Romalotti: With writing, none. I don't want to be influenced, although anymore I don't feel I could be. I feel very set in my voice, it's all my own. The narrative style of both books is obviously from the same writer. Now, I can tell you what books I really like, if you care. *Geek Love, Wasp Factory, The Fountainhead, Caveman's Valentine, Fahrenheit 451*...and if you want to know what punk cultured books I really enjoyed, I recommend *American Skin.* Very well written, fun story, very gritty, but with feeling.

MRR: So what is next for you as a writer?

Romalotti: My second book is out now. It's called *Rash*. This one is shorter, tighter, more suspenseful, and very disturbed. It's a dark and macabre story that is pretty morbid, has some plot twists, and I really fucking love the story. I think it's a pretty clever premise. I'm very eager to have it circulated as largely as *Salad Days*, I don't think people will be disappointed at all, not from the feedback I've gotten already. The testimonials are incredible on it, calling it a masterpiece of underground culture, or a horror story for the industrial generation. You can imagine how flattering such comments are, but I worked very hard to avoid the sophomore slump, I edited this thing over and over and over...it's a very different story than *Salad Days*. Very different, much more of a malicious and twisted tale. Having a good second book was critical to me if I was to be taken seriously as a writer.

MRR: Does the story of *Rash* deal in punk culture, too?

Romalotti: To an extent, but nothing at all like *Salad Days*.

MRR: What was the inspiration for your second book?

Romalotti: There was this kinky girl I used to date, but I won't go there...I really like *Salad Days*, but it's a pretty sterile read, or as user-friendly as I see myself being. I idealized a book that would be the perfect supplement for the 'dark and stormy night'. I wanted something dark, something almost horrific, but at the same time romantic. My favorite comment thus far on *Rash* is that it is at the same time romantic and disturbing. That's quite a compliment, I think that's a hard mix to fuse together. Such a statement comes from the final scene, and if you read it, you'll understand. Writing the characters in this book, especially Jobie Wallace, I've never had such an attachment with my characters. Those scenes were great fun. He is such a devilish little bastard...

MRR: Any more ideas brewing?

Romalotti: I've got a few. I have titles, premise, basic flow, all that for the next three books.

MRR: Details...

Romalotti: *Rash* will likely be as demented as I will get. Good or bad, I'm not sure! I am writing my third book now and it's an idea that I am very excited to write. Titles could always change, but as it stands it's called *The Stickler*. It deals with body modification, surreal dreams involving an entity that has a revelation to unravel in the real world, and obsessive/compulsive disorders all wrapped in one off-kilter story! Two ideas on the back burner are *Blood of Stone* and *The Iron Vulture*. *Blood of Stone* tells the story of Chasey from *Rash* and what happened to her in the events that followed, where she goes from her departure in the book. I can't give any details but I can say that it is probably my most creative and clever idea yet. I think that one has considerable potential. *The Iron Vulture* is a more humorous idea that is a side story for two *Salad Days* characters, Stanley and Thik. It would be a fun one to write, but the other two are definitely coming first. They're my best ideas yet.

MRR: Will you self-publish these as well?

Romalotti: I don't know. I suppose. I haven't thought that far ahead. They will be released somehow, I know that much. There's definitely the will, so the way will present itself in time.

MRR: You seem to like reusing the same characters, are there any characters from *Salad Days* in *Rash*?

Romalotti: Yes.

MRR: Which ones?

Romalotti: You'll have to read it!

MRR: Has anyone ever approached you about making a film of one of your books?

Romalotti: Yes, actually. *Rash* is being made into a script right now and location scouting is supposed to begin this summer. An independent company is working on it, so if you have any interest in acting in a low-budget movie, let it be known!

MRR: So you did a promotional tour with *Salad Days* in the summer of 2000, how did that go?

Romalotti: Very well, actually. I did the west coast for a month, and had to cancel the east coast dates due to lack of funds! Back to the grind again...I met some cool people on the west coast. It was a great experience, I hope to return again soon!

MRR: Lastly, I must ask about your presence in the Austin punk scene.

Romalotti: I have none! I'm pretty far removed personally. I know a few people in the scene, but I don't get out much at all. Spend too much time writing these books! There are some great bands in the scene now, and some from the past that no longer are with us. Lower Class Brats, Ignorance Park, Eastside Suicides, Hatchbacks, the Commies, and the Applicators are the bands I tend to see the most. Although I did see a reunion show of the Motards recently and it was a blast! That's the great thing about defunct bands, their reunions always bring out the crowds. Unfortunately, writers have to die to have a reception like that...

MRR: Well, thanks for the interview...

Romalotti: Thank you.

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VERY METAL

Interview with Very Metal by Mike Beer City

St Louis, MO, the home of the Arch and Budweiser, is also home to a killer punk/hardcore band called Very Metal. Now, after being together for some time, Pat Nutsack (founding member and guitarist of Very Metal), is taking his band out on the road all over the US and to the rest of the world. Here's what Pat had to say about all this and other matters.

***MRR: You're hitting the road after all this time*. Tell us why, and where Very Metal intends to go.**

Pat: We want as many people to hear Very Metal as possible. The good ol' days of cover art selling a bands release is over. Plus playing out is fun and that's what bands are supposed to do anyway. We want to meet new people also. That's why were doing it. As far as where—we want to hit the entire world. We have a lot to do here in the states. We plan on doing that throughout the rest of this year and into next year. We would like to play Japan, Australia and Europe by the middle of next year at the latest.

MRR: Who is the current lineup for Very Metal and how long has this line up existed?

Pat: Pat Munster is our vocalist and he has been in the band for 3 1/2 years. Chris is on bass and has been with us 2 1/2 years. We just got a new drummer named Barry. We got an open door policy involving drummers. We get a little fussy and have to replace them quite often. Last but not least, I have been in Very Metal since the beginning. It's been 7 1/2 years.

MRR: What makes Very Metal different then other bands?

Pat: I think what makes us a bit different is we're not trying to fit in with any particular clique. I don't think we're a street punk band. I don't think we're a crossover band. I don't think we're just a hardcore band. I don't think we're a '77 band. We take all of these elements including metal, and take what we think is the best elements of all that music. 'Cause I think you can't really say all that music is the shit or it sucks! It's all very good and we try to take our favorite elements from it all and make it into what we want to be Very Metal.

MRR: How would you describe Very Metal? After all your audience seems to be quiet diverse.

Pat: When I got into punk and hardcore it was 1986. This was the crossover era, so to speak. I started seeing bands like DRI, Agnostic Front, Corrosion of Conformity—it kinda sprang from there. I started also seeing bands that were less metal. Like Life Sentence, just to name one. From there it just branched out and I kept listening more and more. When you come to a Very Metal show it kinda feels like home to me, so to speak. Because when I started going to shows there were long hairs, mohawks, skinheads. There were no limits to who would come to these shows. Of coarse there were fights now and then over stupid bullshit. After that kinda cleared out around '87 or '88,. I think everything was really great. That's kinda the element that's being brought to our shows nowadays. Everybody is welcomed. That's what punk's about! Being yourself! That's the key ingredient I like to see at a Very Metal show.

MRR: You guys did two 7"s a few years before you did the CD. The 7"s are quiet different from the CD. Why is this?

Pat: When Very Metal started in '94, the original frontman and myself had talked things over and we had a basic idea of where we wanted things to go with our sound. Unfortunately back then we didn't have the musicians or the musicianship, and I'm talking about myself here too, to pull off what we wanted to sound like. So we did the best we could. Back then Very Metal shows were pure chaos. We couldn't go beyond the three or four chords we heard on the Dwarves LP or Verbal Abuse LP. Lots of those riffs we basically ripped off. That was due to our lack of experience and talent. I think the new Very Metal stems from the old Very Metal, except there's a lot more talent and more years put into it. We also have a better grasp of what we want to do.

MRR: So maybe age, passing of time, and wanting to polish things up came into play?

Pat: Somewhat. I think it was more of us not knowing a lot of people when we started and we took whatever musicians we could. I have to say lot of the old Very Metal musicians sucked! No offense to anybody, but they did. There was a lot of ex-members that were full of hot air and couldn't play their instruments worth a shit. I think it shows on the 7"s . and our demo tape.

MRR: The Midwest seems to not get taken to seriously at times. What do you think of that?

Pat: The reason there is so much hype on the East and West Coasts is cause there are mags and zines there. There are a lot of people that support the scene. Not that there aren't in the Midwest, but there are not a lot of magazines. Not a lot of people doing webzines. The radio shows, people doing and supporting shows seems to be spread out a little more. A lot of the bands that were known in the Midwest in the late '80s and early to mid '90s have all split up. You don't hear much about them nowadays. The bands that are coming up now, not as many of them want to tour, they're lazy. I guess they look at touring and promoting their band as a hassle. I'm not saying its not, 'cause it is and it's a lot of hard work. But If you call yourself a punk rocker and you are in a band, then you should assume a little bit of responsibility and be into what you are doing. If you're, not just get out of the way cause we'll be glad to take your spot!

MRR: You have a new CD coming out soon. Tell us about it?

Pat: The new CD and new songs we're writing is all coming from the last CD. We're very happy with the last CD. From the songwriting to the recording. Of course, there are a few songs on the first CD we thought could be a little better. That's the step we're taking right now with writing the new material. I would like to see the new CD jump off of what the first one does with a little bit of improvement. The song writing is going to be a little better. I think the packaging and recording is going to be a little better. Where going to spend a lot of time and money on this CD. So it should turn out to be really good.

MRR: Most people don't know much about the St Louis scene. Tell us a little about it.

Pat: I'm going to disagree with about 99% of St Louis. Most people from St Louis will say, "St Louis sucks and I'm not going to do anything to make it better." That goes for people forming bands and everything. People say there is no good musicians or clubs here. I guess I scraped the bowels of this city to find good musicians over the past two to three years.

Chris is a phenomenal bass player. Pat is a fantastic vocalist and frontman. Don't think I could find better. Barry, our drummer, is very good as well. We we're worried about replacing our last drummer. He was very good too, but Barry has fit in just as good!

Anyway, back to St Louis. Basically the attitude of St Louis is: "It sucks here—there is no good bands." That's not true. We have our share of good bands. We had Drunks With Guns, who had a bit of a cult following. Their record (if you can find it), now goes for $100 or more. We had Ultraman, who did two full lengths in the late '80s and early '90s on New Red Archives before they broke up. We had a lot of good bands here that didn't know how to promote themselves. That's the downfall of St Louis. Everyone says it sucks, and that they're not going to do anything to make it better. There is a lot of talent in this city, and a lot of potential. I see things eventually taking off. At least I hope so! We get a lot of good shows here. There is also *Motion Sickness* magazine, which our friend Phil runs.

Yes I see thing s getting better.

MRR: You obviously think touring and playing out is important. Why is this?

Pat: When we started Very Metal, 'Crash,' our drummer at the time, was always gung ho about touring. I have to say the guy was right. The problem was no one had a vehicle that could tour, and no one wanted to take the time to book it. Its obvious to me that touring is the only way for a punk band to be heard. Playing live shows says a lot for a band, if you're going to get people to buy your records nowadays. If you put on a hell of a live show, they will buy your record. Otherwise if you don't tour, no one is going to know or care about your band. A band needs to be seen and heard! Touring is the best way to do that.

MRR: Any last comments or shout-outs?

Pat: Thanks to you guys (Beer City) for all your support. All the ex-Very Metal members for making me realize what I wanted to do with my life and helping me get on the right track, (even though some of them had a piss-poor attitude). Thanks to everyone in St Louis and of course to my wife who endlessly supports us. MRR for giving us space in their mag! Everybody come check us out when we come through your town.

Very Metal currently has a CD out on Beer City entitled 'Life's too Short' It's $8 PPD in the USA, and $14 airmail to anywhere else. They will be recording a new full length in September, and it will be out (on CD and vinyl) by January of 2002. They will be playing out and touring in between recording. (All dates are listed on the Beer City website)

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Maurice's little Bastards

Interview by Larry Rickets

Maurice's Little Bastards are a snotty teenage punk band from Bainbridge Island, WA. They play enticing early 80's style hardcore punk rock that is reminiscent of Ill Repute and Toxic Reasons. Live they are a powerhouse of annoyance and high energy. Their shows always result in large amounts of nudity, with their singer Justin flaunting his bare ass in the face of anyuncomfortable bystander. Along with self releasing two solid full length CD's and one split 7", MLB has also just finished engulfing the entire US in a whirlwind of vomit, nudity, mohawks, and mayhem. I caught up with MLB over the phone late one night in early August. - Larry Rickets

Justin del Mocheeks - vocals
Devon Dequine Fletcher - guitar/vocals
Zack "Wally" T. Furl - bass/vocals
Sean "The Roach" - drums/vocals

Larry: Tell us about your most recent show in Richland, WA.
Justin: There was this PVC pipe above the stage, right? During our 2nd to last song I decided it would be a good idea to jump and hang from the pipe. The pipe broke & I fell 6 or 7 feet to the ground. Out of the pipe seeped this black water all over Devon. It smelled like sewage. (laughter) The wind was knocked out of me & it felt like I broke my hand. We kept playing & I pulled down my pants & jumped at the crowd (laughs).

Larry: Did anyone lap up the sewage?
Zack: No, but there was some girl who wanted Justin's shirt that was covered in sewage 'cause she really liked it (rowdy laughter) Justin: We almost got arrested for pulling similar antics at the Redmond Firehouse last Friday (a Seattle All Age Venue) We got banned from the Old Firehouse.

Larry: Rad! Has anyone tried to kick your ass because of your annoying stage antics?
Everyone: Yes! (chorus of "yeah's" & laughter) Sean: These crusties wanted to kick our ass in Berkeley. Zack: These kids jumped us in Sacramento and Larry restrained them (laughs).

Larry: Tell a specific story, maybe when those jocks in Bremerton kicked your ass... Justin: That was with a different band.
Everyone: Let's just leave the answer at yes.

Larry: Bainbridge Island is a very odd place for a punk band to be from. Could you give a brief history of Bainbridge Island Hardcore & explain why you're the only punk band left on the island?
Sean: Cos everyone likes reggae (laugh) Justin: People like smoking pot too much. Sean: They like driving their SUV's & feeling comfortable & don't question things anymore. Justin: I think "safe" music is very prevalent on Bainbridge because it's an artificially "safe" place. I think we're the only punk band because kids tend to get involved in "legitimate" non threatening activities like sports, and parents are most likely to support their kids if they're doing something well contained within the social boundaries of the norm. Wow. (laughter) Where did that come from (more laughter) Somebody else talk. Zack: you should give a brief history of Bainbridge

Maurice's little

punk. Justin: Ok. March of Crimes were the first punk band on Bainbridge back in 82 or 83 (future members of Soundgarden, Pearl Jam, the Accused, & Nirvana were in March of Crimes), then Malfunkshun, then The Rickets were the 3rd punk band in about 1990, followed by the Cleavers, then Pud and the Displacements, then in the mid 90's bands were popping up like crazy & the scene was pretty good for a small town. In the mid-later 90's as grunge & metal started to lose its popularity, people started listening to mellower music, I guess because it became more socially acceptable & fashionable to be into birkenstocks & Phish. Devon: and reggae! (everybody laughs). Sean: Then this amazing band called Sickencide came out of nowhere & blew everyone away.

Larry: who were they?

Devon: Sean & Matt's reggae band (everybody laughs except for Sean). Sean: Shut up!

Larry: You seem to have a broader range of influences on the new CD. How has your sound evolved from previous MLB line-ups?

Devon: We're reggae influenced now. Zack: And Alanis Morrisette (everyone jeers). Justin: Devon is into a lot of acoustic blues like Robert Johnson & Leadbelly & stuff like Hank Williams. And Zack is into a lot of classic rock & folk & weird shit. Sean is into a vast array of music Justin: I'm into lots of old 80's punk like Ron Reyes Black Flag, the Germs, Adolescents, UK Subs, Aggression, Youth Brigade, the Controllers, Red Kross, The Gears. Together, we're a real cohesive group with lots of different influences. Devon: Justin is into his Dad's band (laugh)

Larry: That's a perfect segue way. The song "Animal Eyes" is a cover of an old LA punk band the Defenders which featured Justin's dad on vocals. What is it like to cover a song your dad wrote almost 20 years ago?

Sean: It's a cool song. Justin: (long pause, everyone heckles him) It feels good to follow in my father's footsteps (laugh) Zack: We butcher his song.

Larry: Did you step in any poo when you were following in his footsteps?

Hang on a second while I figure out this beer run here (Joe from Strychnine yells obnoxiously in the background). (long pause)

Larry: Sorry, ok Bainbridge Island is located 1/2 an hour away from Seattle. What is the Seattle punk scene like, and how does MLB fit into it?

Devon: We just got banned a few nights ago from the Fire House Teen Center in Redmond and the Redmond police could be calling us in a few nights about a possible arrest for indecent exposure. Sean: Seattle's punk scene is kind of shoddy right now and I think we're the people who can bring it back. Justin: There's a lot of emo and Indie rock and people don't really know how to perceive us, a lot of the time. We don't fit in that regard, I guess.

Larry: What is the Seattle punk scene like?

Justin: really Passive, really emo. Devon: Real Alex Daily (a big time Bainbridge scenester who enjoys much emo on his turntable) (everybody laughs) Devon: That screamo shit is out a lot.

Larry: I bet if Dan Halligan kept doing 10 Things (legendary NW punk zine) instead of The Tablet the punk scene would be better.

All: MLB thinks so too (laughter).

Larry: When I saw you at Mission Records in San Francisco, Fuck Yea Avocado borrowed your drumset and completely trashed and broke your drumset. How do you feel about loaning out your equipment to other bands?

Sean: I just wanted to say that they still owe me like $100. (everyone laughs). I don't care if they are poor cause I'm pretty poor too, I'm never letting those guys borrow my drumset again.

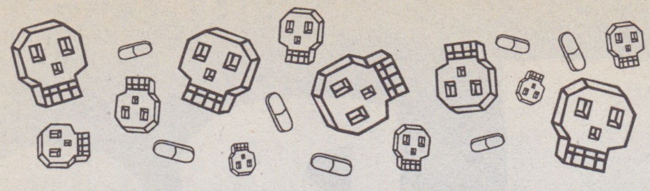
Larry: I don't blame you. How did the drumset hold up the rest of tour?

Sean: Everything is broken now except for the kick pedal (laughter). Zack: But it's good to loan out equipment as long as people are respectful of it. Some bands can't bring some equipment on tour so it's always nice to be kind. Devon: We loan out our equipment only to Seattle emo bands now. Zack: They are very gentle. Devon: Sometimes they don't do anything but blow on it.

Larry: (laugh) The next question is what happened in Memphis?

Justin: So we show up at the show, it's a warehouse that is really hot. We're playing with this band called Countdown To Puts. They were supposed to play "jazz styled" hardcore and they're on Ebullition Records. The people in attendance were just there to see them, and during our second song everyone walked out except for like 2 people, pretty much the whole crowd. So I started jokingly talking shit about Ebullition Records. And that didn't make them come inside so I went outside naked & sat next to them pretending to fix a skateboard, and everyone seemed quite thoroughly disgusted. We weren't fashionable to like or something. So it wasn't a great show. We didn't have a place to stay so the promoter suggested we go down to the park by the Mississippi River. It seemed nice at first & then the mosquitoes started swarming us. It was too hot to just sleep in our sleeping bags & I was naked because I couldn't find my underwear & we start getting completely wasted by these bastard insects. Zack suggested to go get our tent & just sleep in it without

Bastards



the tent poles, so we would have the luxury of the mosquito netting but it wouldn't be a cop magnet because its illegal to sleep in the park. We try that out & it turns out the mosquitoes can stick their noses through the netting and are jabbing us all over. So its really miserable & sticky & unbearably hot, we haven't showered in about a week, and its 4 AM & these fucking mosquitoes won't leave us alone right? So Zack goes to get the tent poles and he comes back saying, "Guys, the van is gone!" It turns out the Memphis Police kicked Sean out of the parking lot & followed him around for 3 hours. Sean: I didn't get back 'til the sun was coming up. They followed me to make sure I didn't park anywhere. Justin: It was not our finest moment.

Larry: Are you going to record or put out any more releases?

Justin: When we get enough money, yeah.

Larry: Liar.

Devon: If Ebullition is interested, yeah. Sean: If anyone wants to send us any money then we'll put out a record.

Larry: So this is your shout out to all the big labels.

All: Yeah.

Larry: What are your upcoming plans?

Justin: I think we're going to do a westcoast tour in January and a Southeast Asia tour, hopefully next summer.

Larry: That would fucking rule. What do you think they would think of nudity there?

Justin: Some places they would probably cane you in the gonads.

Larry: What is your favorite burrito place?

Sean: On tour, I personally liked Carmalita's in San Diego.

Zack: That place was horrible. Sean: The best Carne Asada Burritos. Zack: I like La Victoria in San Jose their sauce is excellent. Justin: I like La Cumbre.

Larry: Do they have cum in their burritos?

Justin: I thought that was the sour cream. Devon: I liked Cancun best.

Larry: That one rules, I always eat there. Tell us about the most beautiful girl in the US from Wisconsin.

(All of MLB moans in longing) Devon: She might have been from Minneapolis. She was amazingly beautiful. Justin: She was really curvy, not skinny, not fat, sooo perfect. She was wearing this green dress that just hung off her body. She had these amazing deep eyes, you could just tell her dark skin was soft. She was an angel. It turned out she was the bass player from Death First's girlfriend (an awesome thrash band from Menomonie, Wisconsin). Sean: Plus we were really horny at that time so our standards were probably lowered considerably. Justin: No, she was amazing. (Devon agrees vocally).

Larry: Have you guys had to hump each other yet?

Sean: We resorted to dry humping. Justin: We actually didn't jerk off that much on tour.

Larry: So you guys got all aggro?

Sean: Wait, who went the most? All: Sean. Sean: I only did 6 times, I stopped after San Diego. Zack: You stopped after San Diego? Devon: Oh my god! Justin: Whoa. Devon: I jerked off at Sean's grandma's then in Columbus.

Larry: was there hand lotion?

Devon: It was in the shower.

Sean: I prefer conditioner as lubricant.

Larry: Did you use denture cream?

(All laugh Grossed out)

Larry: That was horrible, I can't believe I said that. You guys were way too easy on Seattle, why does it suck?

Justin: Everyone has cell phones, everyone drinks Starbucks, and everyone works for Microsoft, there's no punk scene! Devon: Everyone pays more attention to the way they look in Seattle then any other city we've been to.

Larry: What's yer favorite punk band from Seattle?

Justin: The Pantophobics, Mea Culpa, The Spits, The Daryls, and the Briefs who are now on Interscope records, the same label as Snoop Dogg. They don't want anyone to know that but haha.

Larry: Human Error from Seattle rule. Do you think you guys are going to be the last punk band on Bainbridge? Do you think there will be a new influx?

Zack: It comes in waves! Justin: Yeah, there's a bunch of kids who are into Blink 182 who are in 7th grade, so you know they could be just like us being into Nirvana then the next day getting into the Rickets. Maybe they will be into Blink 182 one day, MLB the next (all laugh).

Larry: What's your favorite place to play in Seattle?

Devon: The Old Fire House, actually the engine room of the ferry! (all agree)

Larry: Do you think MLB is probably going to hit an end with the members moving off to different places? If so are you guys going to reunite at all? Or keep playing music?

Justin: I'm going to be living in Everett after a quick jaunt in NYC. Zack & Sean will still be here, and I love playing music with these guys so hopefully it will keep going.

Larry: Do all of you plan to play music in the future?

All: Yeah. (A long conversation ensues about Barbara Deering being Larry's favorite porn star, Justin's mom thinking he is gay, Zack's solo career, Sean dating Justin's old girlfriend, Devon's hairy buttocks, and Justin getting in trouble with the police)

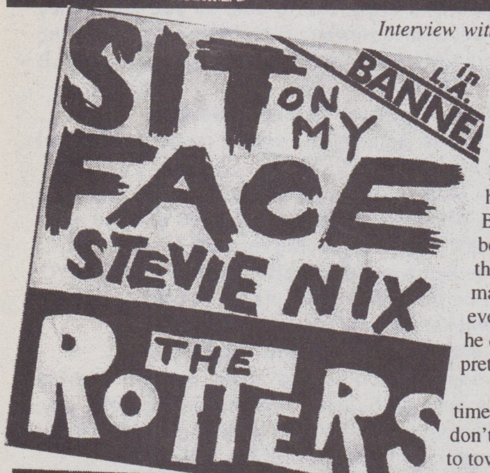
Larry: I should probably take off. I'm pretty wasted. I think I have to go puke.

MLB: Write us!!

Write MLB, join the MLB fanclub, or mail order their CD or 7"($8 or $3ppd). 7709 Fletcher Bay Rd. Bainbridge Island, WA 98110. jmocheeks@yahoo.com www.mp3.com/mauricesbastards

Endnote: Justin received a letter in the mail summoning him to court. He is getting formally charged with "Unlawful Public Exposure" Donations to the MLB legal fund to the aforementioned address please. All CD & record sales will go to the Justin Mo Cheeks legal defense fund.

THE ROTTERS



Interview with Phester Swollen and Bob Lee of the Rotters by Scott Bass (skillyb@hotmail.com). Pics of Phes, Bob, Travis, and Jaime were all taken by Scott at the Sunset Junction Festival in Hollywood, CA.

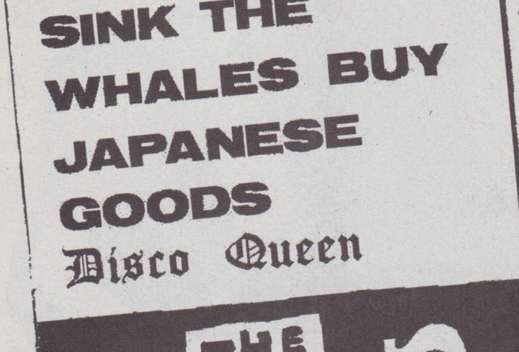
MRR: So let's start at the beginning. When did the Rotters start? What was the original lineup? I guess back then LA wasn't the hospitable punk rock climate that it is now, eh?

Phes: We started in late 1977 but didn't play any gigs until 1978. The original lineup was Nigel Nitro on vocals, Rip Chord on bass, Johnny Condom on drums, and me on guitar. However, the band was started by Nigel, myself, and a drummer by the name of Bruce Brink. He bailed out before we played any gigs. I think he was afraid of the local Ventura rednecks beating the crap out of him for playing punk instead of "Free Bird." He had a good point too. They didn't like us. He rejoined the band around '84 and played some of our best gigs. We also had a bass player before Rip for about two weeks. His name was Rafael Hernandez—he thought he was 6' 2", blonde with blue eyes, and came from Finland. We thought he was just eccentric and making a joke, but he actually believed it. He was psychotic. It didn't work out. I don't really count him as ever having been a member, but it makes for a good story. He never learned a single note of a single song. But he did lock himself into the recording studio sound booth, and the rest of us out, for about two hours while he pretended to play all our instruments. That was the end of that.

As far as LA not being hospitable back then, well, nowhere has ever been hospitable to us, no place, any time. We've been pelted with shit everywhere we've played. So that's a hard one to answer. At least the cops don't single out punks for abuse in the same way they did. But then, most of us are older and have learned how to tow the line and act like responsible adults. On the other hand, if you consider the demise of Al's Bar, I'd say LA is a lot less hospitable to punk than it was a few months ago.

MRR: Your first single, *Sit On My Face Stevie Nix*, caused quite a stir. Changing the spelling of her name proved to be a hollow strategy to ward off lawyers, eh? For those that don't know, how would you describe the reaction to the (now classic) record?

Phes: We didn't change the spelling on the sleeve to protect ourselves from lawyers. We made that with a felt pen in about five minutes and didn't think "Nicks" would fit. So we cheated. Looking at it today, I don't know where we got that idea. I could have forced the extra letters in there no problem. "Nicks" is spelled correctly on the record itself anyway. And "Nix" was a lame pun. As for the reaction by Fleetwood Mac, they failed to see the humor in it. I guess there's no accounting for taste. It was during the time Mick Fleetwood was penetrating Stevie Nicks with his penis behind Lindsay Buckingham's back. So, not only did Stevie take offense, but so did Mick for some reason. We got his dander up. He must not have liked the idea of anyone else horning in on his action even though he was horning in on someone else's action. Mick called KROQ where we were actually in rotation, although I'm ashamed to admit it today, and threatened them with a lawsuit. Then he had the Big Mac law team pester and harass all the record stores in LA with the threat of no more Tusk albums if they sold our single. Yeah right! Like who the fuck cared? Tusk sucked the tapeworms out of John McVie's ass. And they didn't run Warner Brothers anyway, so they didn't really have the power to do that. It was all bluff. Some stores wussed out and some gave them the finger. And then, Mick Fishface himself called Nigel at home and threatened us directly with a lawsuit. Nigel was the wrong guy to threaten. He just laughed at Mick and told him to fuck off. The cocksucker can't play the drums worth shit anyway. I doubt he was any good at blowing coke up Stevie's ass with a straw either.


SINK THE WHALES BUY JAPANESE GOODS
Disco Queen
THE ROTTERS

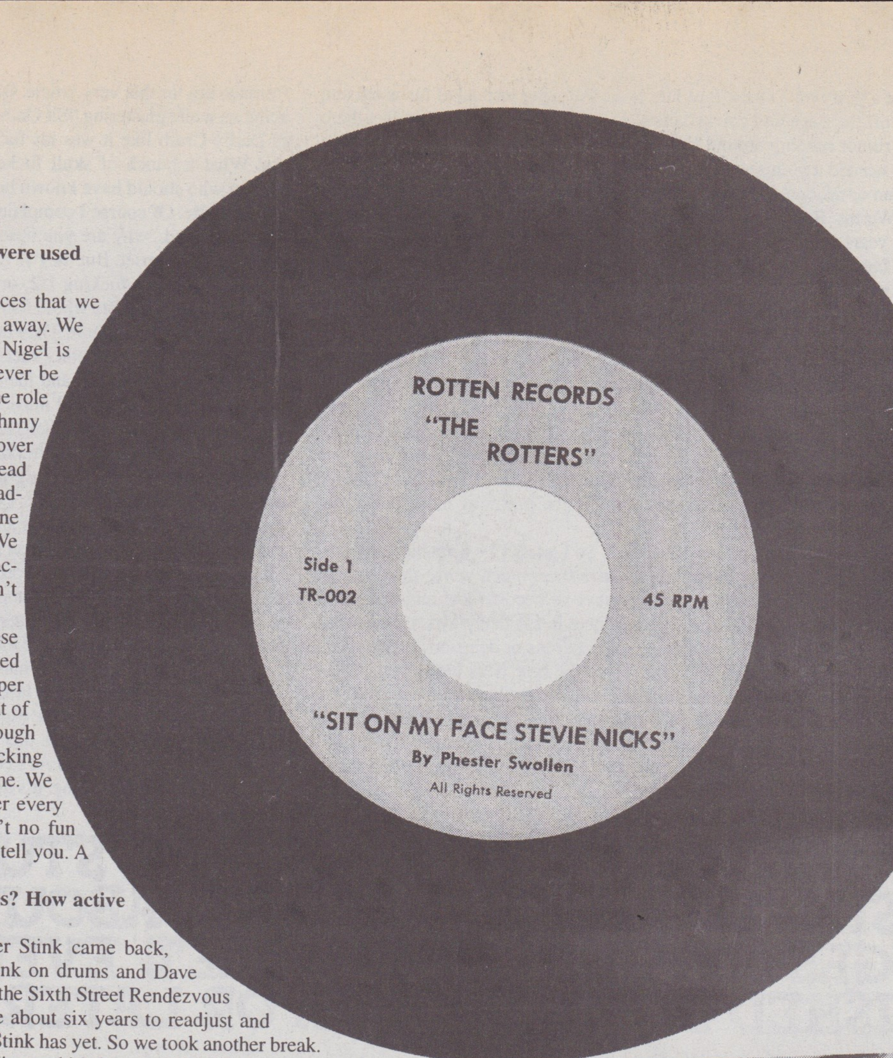
MRR: You were in rotation on KROQ?

Phes: Yeah, that seems pretty improbable, doesn't it? There's no way in hell that could happen today. Anyway, we snuck in. Being young, naive and full of chutzpah, we drove down to Pasadena to get Rodney Bingenheimer to play our single. Of course, there was no way. But Nigel hung out at the back door with some punk-looking types who he assumed were guests and walked in with them. Then he let the rest of us in. Nige was good at that kind of skullduggery. It turned out to be the Ramones and Clem Burke of Blondie. They let us hang out for a while, even though we didn't have any drugs for Dee Dee, and finally they played a test pressing of *Sit...* Then they put us live on the air with Rodney and the Ramones. That probably wasn't a good idea. Rodney asked us if we liked the Ramones, but at the time we thought they were too bubblegum-y. So Nigel and I almost simultaneously said "Uh... well... uh... we like the Sex Pistols." Rodney broke for a commercial and then the technician said, "You guys gotta leave *now*!" We were booted out the door into the alley. But KROQ was inundated with requests for the song after that.

MRR: How long was it before you issued your second single *Sink the Whales (Buy Japanese Goods)?* Why is that record so damn hard to find these days?

Phes: The second single, *Sink The Whales, Buy Japanese Goods,* came out about six months later in 1979. Compared to *Sit...*, we couldn't give it away. So we all got discouraged and boxes of them ended up in the garage, only to be tossed in the trash a few years later. I keep hoping to run across a box of 100 someday. I could use a new car. But I'm just dreaming really.

MRR: What prompted the band to move to Japan? How active was the band at that time? How was the reaction of Japanese audiences compared to what you were used to in LA?

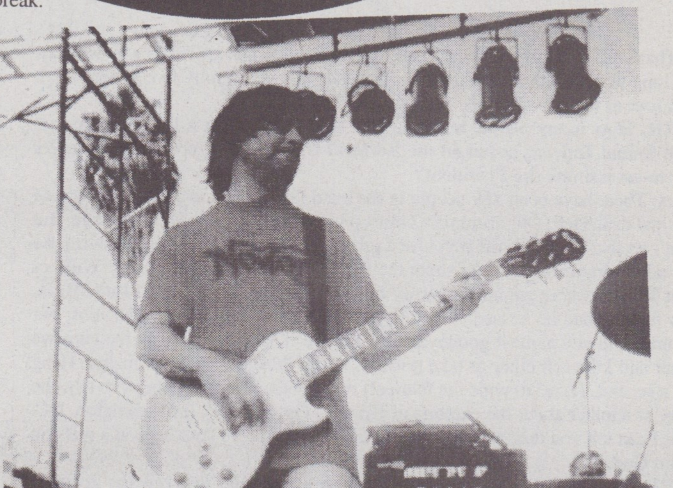


Phes: It was just a series of weird coincidences that we ended up in Japan. I think we all wanted to get away. We didn't really decide to move there as a band. Nigel is still there, after eighteen years or so. He'll never be coming back. We've lost him. He now plays the role of the wacky foreigner on the radio. Johnny Condom is over there too. His work sent him over right before I came back. As far as I know, his head is shaved and he's a monk who thanks the headmaster for whacking him with a bamboo cane when he falls asleep during meditation time. We were able to have a couple of fun, no-point practices with him. He's been there eleven years, ain't never comin' back. We've lost him too.

Let's see, the reaction of Japanese audiences... They sat politely in horror and tried not to look. But we never got to play any proper punk gigs. The only gigs we played were in front of mostly terrified teenage girls. Strangely enough there was always one lone guy in the back rocking out. For all I know it was the same guy every time. We weren't really very active. We just got together every week to get drunk and blow off steam. It ain't no fun being the "gaijin" for too long in Japan, let me tell you. A lot of steam builds up.

MRR: When did you move back to the States? How active did the band remain?

Phes: I've been back about eleven years. After Stink came back, there was an attempt to reform with Bruce Brink on drums and Dave Grave on vocals, but aside from one good gig at the Sixth Street Rendezvous in San Francisco, it didn't work out. It took me about six years to readjust and become a normal American again. I'm not sure Stink has yet. So we took another break. It's been about six years since we started rebuilding and it's been a long haul. I think we're there now, but I'm the only original survivor. But it's been worth it. The current line up with Bob on vocals, La Jaime on bass and for our last gig, Travis Johnson from the Dickies on drums, is the strongest it's ever been. Unfortunately, it looks like Travis is going to take some time off from music. So if you know of any good drummers with experience who might be interested let us know *please*!



MRR: Now there seems to be renewed interest in the band, sparked by the reissue of the two old singles along with a bunch of unreleased tracks from that era. How would you describe people's reaction to the *Pull it and Yell* release that came out last year on Bacchus Archives?

Phes: Well the reissue singles aren't out yet, but will also be on Bacchus Archives. The reaction seems to be good for *Pull It And Yell,* but I haven't seen any reviews personally. I hear they've all been good but one and it was respectful. At least we haven't been compared to a parking lot full of whale vomit.

MRR: Hot on the heels of that Bacchus Archives release, the band is working on its first release of new material in a long while, *Bukkake Beach Party*. Tell us about that. When will it be out?

Phes: I'm afraid we're not going to call the album *Bukkake Beach Party*. I believe Mike Love and Chuck Berry are duking it out over who gets that one, along with Vidal Sasoon, who wants it for a new hair conditioner. We don't want to enter into the foray, or have to explain it to our families. I can just see my son asking me what "bukkake" means for years, and then being horrified when he finally finds out. I know I was. I might enjoy explaining it to my mother-in-law, though. Hope you're not disappointed. It does have a nice "ring" to it. We'll choose something tasteful, like "Meatwood Fuck" or "The Jism Kings." OK, back to business... As of doing this interview, we haven't mixed. That's this weekend (late August). We're real happy with the tracks and won't release it until we have a mix we're happy with. It's the first recording since 1979 with an active line up of the band. It sounds pretty much like we actually sound live right now too. There are a bunch of new songs, of course, some old songs that have never been recorded or released and some retooled, rerecorded versions of songs off *Pull It And Yell* and *Presumed Dead In Japan*. There's a cover of a song written by Tom Holliston, the guitar player of NoMeansNo, and a cover of a 24 year-old punk classic from the great '77-era Central Coast punk band Publik Enema, written by former Rotters singer Ron E. Fast. And for you purists, it's all analog. No digital clarity or finesse for us. As far as who'll be putting it out and when, I have no idea. Gonna have to shop it around. But Lee Joseph at Dionysus/Bacchus Archives/Hell Yeah will get first crack and hopefully pick it up.

MRR: What happened to Ron E. Fast?

Phes: About a year ago he took four hits of acid at a gig instead of his usual one or two, fell off the stage and cracked his skull open. He nearly died. In fact there was a wild rumor running around LA that he had. He decided to retire. We also thought we needed a younger guy with more intestinal fortitude so we got Bob. I still have an occasional band with Ron E. and Edwin Letcher called Silky And The Glow Worms. Ron E. and Edwin were in Publik Enema and the three of us go back 23 years.

MRR: To fans who haven't heard the band recently, your sound is even faster and rawer than it was back then. Most bands get mellow with age—are the Rotters becoming meaner and leaner, or just more pissed off and jaded?

Bob: With me and Jaime in the band, it ain't getting any leaner. But it is getting better and better, and that happens as you learn what you're doing. Meaner or just more jaded? Most of the jaded people over 30 that I know stay home at night and listen to Stevie Nicks records now. The rest of us still have our bands and practice a lot so we can kick people in the head every time we play. Even if we get jaded about not being everybody's favorite or having a record come out right, we still ain't jaded about playing the songs right. "Right" meaning in a manner that tears your fucking head right off.

Phes: I started out jaded and pissed off as fuck. So I guess I've been mentally prepared for the worst all along. Some things have been much worse than I could have possibly imagined, though. Nevertheless, I've become less and less jaded over time. There's a good solid core of bands here in LA that play for the love of the music and nothing else. They have no expectations or delusions of fame and glory. Nor do they try to compete to see who's the best. This really helps. That competition crap is bullshit. When we lived in Santa Barbara and Oxnard there was a heap of bands all trying to be the next big thing, strutting around like the cock of the walk. Fuck! It's not good to take this stuff too seriously. You can't worry about being the biggest fish in the toilet. Everybody gets flushed down sooner or later.

> **IT'S NOT GOOD TO TAKE THIS STUFF TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU CAN'T WORRY ABOUT BEING THE BIGGEST FISH IN THE TOILET. EVERYBODY GETS FLUSHED DOWN SOONER OR LATER.**

Like Bob said, the goal is to play the shit out of the songs and that's it. That's all that really matters. That's why we go see bands. That's why we play. As long as we do that we can hold our heads up even if only five people see it and four of them work in the club.

MRR: How many people have been in Rotters? Isn't it a little known fact that Spinal Tap was based on the Rotters? Didn't one of your ex-drummers try to assassinate the President?

Phes: There have been 789 people in the band. Spinal Tap is a pale imitation of the real deal. Hell! Our drummers blow up before they even make it on stage. But don't let that scare you off if you're a prospect. Those days are over. I swear. As for an ex-drummer trying to shoot the President, let's see, was it Slick Willy or that Tex Ass we've got in there now? I don't remember. But if it was Little Bush, too fucking bad he missed. We can pretty much kiss the ecology, our jobs, our futures, and you name it goodbye, huh? But we'll be able to buy all the guns we want and kill each other or take potshots at the President, for that matter. Hang on a second, I have to wipe the foam off my mouth. I'm not at liberty to say one way or another about the exploits of Kimon "The Senator" in Washington, DC. But I can tell you this; he's there. He's a rabid Democrat. And he's on a mission from God.

MRR: The latest in a growing list of corporate entities to screw the group is *Spin* magazine, which in its recent "20 Years of Punk" issue used the headline "Sit On My Face, Stevie Nicks," and didn't even mention the band. That must've really got your goat.

Phes: Oh man! I just got the foam cleaned up!

Bob: I like the Germs, but why couldn't they title it "We Must Bleed," or "Shutdown," or "What We Do Is Secret"? I wonder what Darby himself would have thought of a statement indicating a desire to eat pussy appearing under his beautiful mug. It does make us feel whitewashed. They did print my letter of correction in the letters column, but who reads letters? I would like to think that it's Mick Fleetwood's fault, and I want to say right now that I *hate* fucking Mick Fleetwood. My friend Richard told me about some English prog-rock guy that got Mick to graciously agree to shit on the drum set at his sessions, thinking this would be a big selling point, but when he mentioned Mick's name, none of the people he had brought it to were the least bit impressed and the record remains unreleased. "Hey thanks for nothin' rock starrrr!" I laughed my ass off at that one. So maybe it's not him—he's such a loser in his old age—but I'd still like to think so. I hate him so much.

Phes: What those fuckers at *Spin* did was to contact us first for photos of the band from the era for that very article. But they didn't use any and didn't say one word about us while plastering "Sit On My Face, Stevie Nicks" under a full page photo of Darby Crash like it was his fucking song! "The history of SoCal punk," my ass! What a bunch of skull fuckers! And the article was written by Brendan Mullen who should have known better too. I'd like to think he had nothing to do with the title. Of course I complained like hell but got responses like "what's the problem?" and "why are you upset?" They knew exactly what they were doing and why I was upset. But they're a bunch of chickenshits. I suppose they felt that because we're not fucking U2, or Aerosmith or Madonna, we don't count and screwing us is OK. The whole fish wrapping bird cage liner is run by pathetic little people who don't get it. They don't have any real talent, taste, or integrity and measure quality by monetary success. By kissing ass to the big labels who spend big bucks for advertising and their lackey commercial pop bands while fucking over the little guys and real musicians they feed their own pathetic egos so they can think they're hot shit. Well, they're not hot but they are shit. I should mention that they edited Bob's letter,taking much of the sarcasm and sting out of it.

It's this sort of thing that still pisses me off. If anyone were to ever ask me what my influences are, I'd have to say it's magazines like *Spin*, in it for the money and fame, and bands and acts like Kid Rock. Every time I pick up the guitar at home, in practice, or on stage, it's to keep the real fucking thing alive. We sure as hell ain't *never* gonna get it from the big bucks merchandising machine. They may have the money and fame, but they don't do it half as well as we do or any of a million struggling failures around the world do, for that matter. Geez Louise! We'll call the album *Kid Suck*! Or better yet, *Spin Is Shit*!

Damn! I gotta go change my clothes. They're soaked in foam.

MRR: So, twenty-odd years later, the band is back, playing local punk dives in Los Angeles. Is it a better atmosphere these days?

Phes: Didn't you already ask this question? Well, like I said, since some greedy slum lord bought and killed Al's Bar, we've suffered a big blow. But yes, in some ways it's better and in some, it's not. At least 20 years ago it was new, on the cutting edge and exciting. But on the other hand, there were too few places to play and many of them really sucked. The Masque is legendary, but lasted for all too short of a time. And it's significance historically is way overrated. Al's Bar was much more important in the long run. There tended to be a tight knit clique with rules at the Masque too. If you weren't a member you had a hard sell. Since I've never believed punk was about wearing costumes, I got hassled once by some of the Germs followers for being "normal." Some of the members of the Simpletones gave Nigel crap for wearing the wrong t-shirt. What the fuck? Their singer was dressed like a clown! But we were all very young and immature. There also wasn't the same number of people into it either. We did many shows with Fear at Club 88 and The Hong Kong Cafe where together we drew maybe 20 people. Can you imagine that today? Well, maybe 20 people to see us, but Fear?

Today there is more acceptance from the clubs towards punk and there are more of them. By and large the punk bands are treated much better at the clubs too. And the attendance is larger on most nights, even the off ones. There's a much healthier punk community here now. I'm much happier playing these present day dives than I was playing the dives 23 years ago. If only the crowds weren't so geriatric.

MRR: What do you have to say to your lesions, I mean legions, of dedicated fans?

Bob: Stand up to be bent over!

Discography:
Sit On My Face Stevie Nix/Amputee 7" 1978 (Rotten - the first one, there have been two)
Sink the Whales (Buy Japanese Goods)/Disco Queen 7" 1979 (Rotten)
Presumed Dead in Japan LP 1989 (Baka)
Pull It and Yell! LP / CD 2000 (Bacchus Archives)
Bukkake Beach Party/Meatwood Fuck/The Jism Kings/Kid Suck/Spin Is Shit LP / CD 2001 or 2002 (who knows?) coming soon
Sit On My Face Stevie Nix/Amputee 7" repress 2002 (Bacchus Archives) coming soon
Sink the Whales (Buy Japanese Goods)/Disco Queen 7" repress 2002 (Bacchus Archives) coming soon

Contact the Rotters at: phesswoll@aol.com

Listen to the Rotters and other classic punk bands every week on Scott's radio show, "Gift Wrapped Crap" at http://www.antennaradio.com

M.D.C. Brazilian tour diary

MDC has just completed a three-week tour of Brazil. We planned the tour D.I.Y. with a fellow named George Ferreira. We arrived at Kennedy Airport 8pm, checked in, and then we were asked to and then sang a few songs on an acoustic guitar for the American Airline reservationist's crew. They were really very cool folks. Back in the day airline crews were out and out afraid of punk bands or at least they just hated us. Not today with this flight crew. Then we boarded our flight and for $629, you get a decent vegetarian meal thrown in, in the way of a tofu vegi rice medley. If you fly remember order vegetarian or vegan. Thirteen hours, Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon in flight movie later, we arrive…jet-set proletariat…I was thinking about the crash sequence out of Castaway would be cool to watch but of course the airlines would never show a plane wreck movie. I wondered for a second if they show train wreck movies. I'm quite morbid about these things.

July 11

So we actually stayed awake through the night and arrived bright and early here Tuesday about 9am. We make it through customs no problema. No baggage checks, cool by me. I hate all customs everywhere. Millions of Dead Cops has such a shoddy success rate with customs. Then we make it quickly through immigration and spot our Brazilian hosts double cool. They whisk us away and take us to deep in the center of the world's third largest city, São Paulo. Metro So Paulo has 16 million plus citizens. It is a multi cultured city with large Italian, Spanish, Central European, a half million Japanese and varied amounts of different Asiatic peoples are added to this already blended mixture of Portuguese, African and Native Indian mix of mestizos and mulattos. If world beat sounds could ever have just one home, this certainly could be it, it is July, Brazil's winter, but still it is 80 F and the view is very clear, from the air upon landing, I could see the deep red, rich clay earth next to the various shades of green, some of which I have never seen on vegetation in person before. This is my first time below the equator. This is very cool to me. I feel like Mykel Board on one of his exotic journeys.

From the airport we drive directly to our host's friends apartments in downtown São Paulo. I think for an overcrowded city of 16 million we are making good time. São Paulo is Brazil's New York. It is the financial capital, a lot of manufacturing, slums everywhere. It is one of the first places settled in Brazil in the early 1500's. Architecturally and visually I am reminded of Barcelona and parts of Northern Italy. Large boulevards, with webs of tiny back streets, containing thousands of bodegas that all seem to sell the same coffee, liquor, ices, sweet cakes and cough drops. There is a danger in the air…almost like lower Manhattan in the 1970's. This is paradise.

July 12

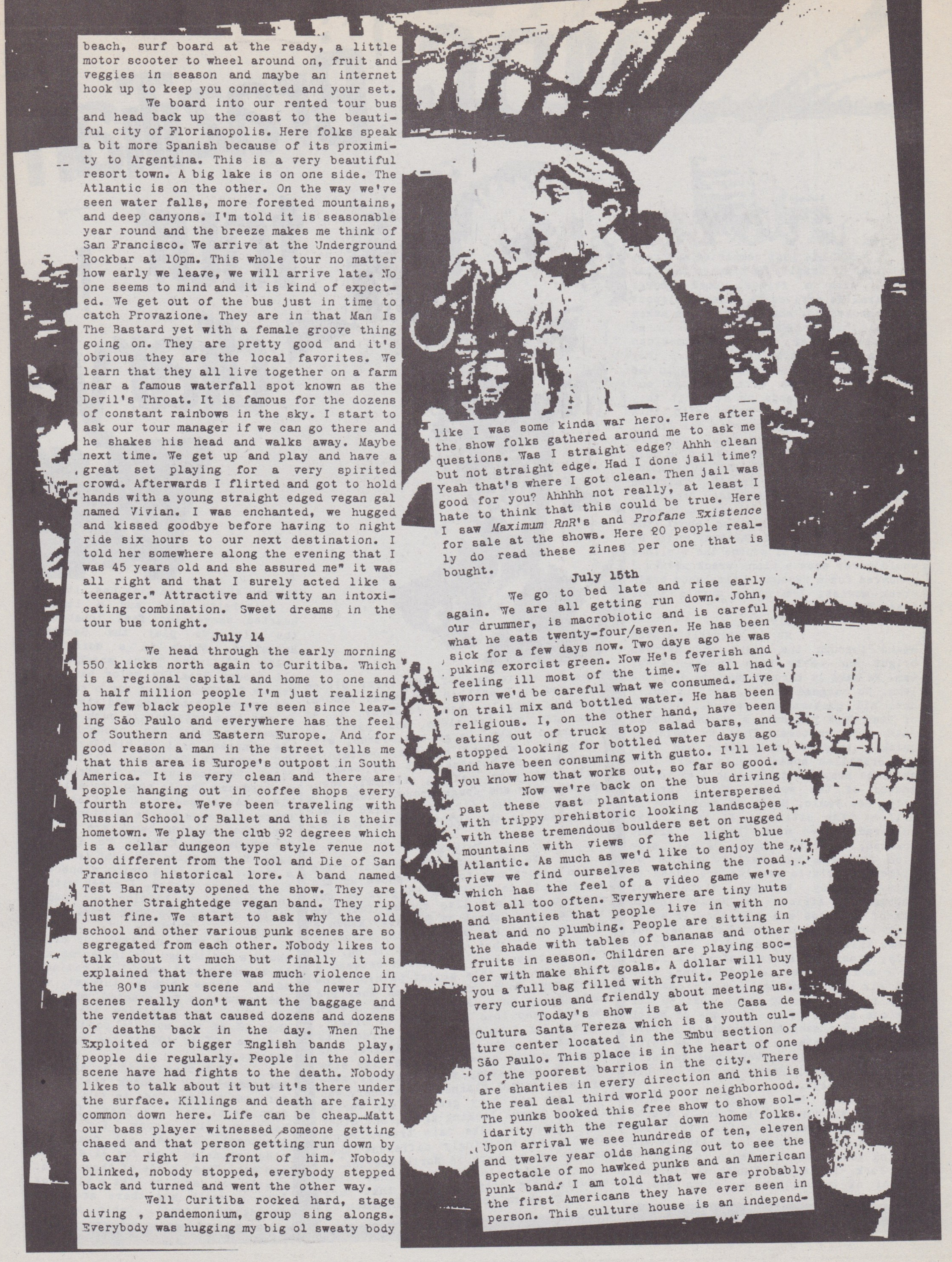
We are in São Paulo only a few hours before our tour van shows up and we are off to Curitiba to pick up our support band who live there. They are the "Russian School of Ballet," kinda a Flipper meets the Dwarves, and throw in a little of that Anal Cunt thing. It flip switches back and forth between a grind core and this almost painful slow paced four four thing. Anyway they are gathered up onto the bus and we are on our way deep into the south of Brazil, not too far from the Uruguay border, to the coastal city of Porto Alegre. The terrain varies between jungle like slow sweeping mountains, wooded hills, valleys and coastal plains. The scenery was very lush and very green. Many variations of Cyprus looking trees, and other tall thin pine like palm trees. Fauna that is so strikingly different then what we see up here in North America.

Porto Alegre is another five centuries old city that has that Euro old world charm thing going on, much in the way that Quebec City has, it is a university town and a light hearted easy-going feel inhabits the air. We play the Garage Hermetica, which is a worker's union affiliated place which are all around Brazil's major cities. People depend on them for a social and economic resources and its cool to see that extended to punk rock. I have an older man, probably in his sixties, tell me his favorite MDC song is Skinhead. That's a first. We play our set of straight up hardcore People pogo, go a little nuts, stagedive. No difference there. The show starts at midnight. The other opening bands are Horda Suburbana and XAmorX. We finish 4am.. Been a while for that late of a show. We go to a union cooperative visitor center, I crash within minutes of hitting our camp style, bottom/ top bunk beds.

July 13

We wake up, take our cold showers and though its invigorating in an unpleasant way, I am reminded of those simple things' we Americans take for granted, what is it again, we Americans are less then 5% of the world's population but use 30% to 40% of the world's resources.

But then again we average Americans' pay through the teeth for some things. Food is very cheap down here. Rent is cheap (a two bedroom flat goes for $100 American). We eat all over the place at salad bars for $1 all you can eat. This is one of those great places you can live like a king for $200 a month and there are many throughout Brazil. Cabin on the



beach, surf board at the ready, a little motor scooter to wheel around on, fruit and veggies in season and maybe an internet hook up to keep you connected and your set.

We board into our rented tour bus and head back up the coast to the beautiful city of Florianopolis. Here folks speak a bit more Spanish because of its proximity to Argentina. This is a very beautiful resort town. A big lake is on one side. The Atlantic is on the other. On the way we've seen water falls, more forested mountains, and deep canyons. I'm told it is seasonable year round and the breeze makes me think of San Francisco. We arrive at the Underground Rockbar at 10pm. This whole tour no matter how early we leave, we will arrive late. No one seems to mind and it is kind of expected. We get out of the bus just in time to catch Provazione. They are in that Man Is The Bastard yet with a female groove thing going on. They are pretty good and it's obvious they are the local favorites. We learn that they all live together on a farm near a famous waterfall spot known as the Devil's Throat. It is famous for the dozens of constant rainbows in the sky. I start to ask our tour manager if we can go there and he shakes his head and walks away. Maybe next time. We get up and play and have a great set playing for a very spirited crowd. Afterwards I flirted and got to hold hands with a young straight edged vegan gal named Vivian. I was enchanted, we hugged and kissed goodbye before having to night ride six hours to our next destination. I told her somewhere along the evening that I was 45 years old and she assured me" it was all right and that I surely acted like a teenager." Attractive and witty an intoxicating combination. Sweet dreams in the tour bus tonight.

July 14

We head through the early morning 550 klicks north again to Curitiba. Which is a regional capital and home to one and a half million people I'm just realizing how few black people I've seen since leaving São Paulo and everywhere has the feel of Southern and Eastern Europe. And for good reason a man in the street tells me that this area is Europe's outpost in South America. It is very clean and there are people hanging out in coffee shops every fourth store. We've been traveling with Russian School of Ballet and this is their hometown. We play the club 92 degrees which is a cellar dungeon type style venue not too different from the Tool and Die of San Francisco historical lore. A band named Test Ban Treaty opened the show. They are another Straightedge vegan band. They rip just fine. We start to ask why the old school and other various punk scenes are so segregated from each other. Nobody likes to talk about it much but finally it is explained that there was much violence in the 80's punk scene and the newer DIY scenes really don't want the baggage and the vendettas that caused dozens and dozens of deaths back in the day. When The Exploited or bigger English bands play, people die regularly. People in the older scene have had fights to the death. Nobody likes to talk about it but it's there under the surface. Killings and death are fairly common down here. Life can be cheap…Matt our bass player witnessed someone getting chased and that person getting run down by a car right in front of him. Nobody blinked, nobody stopped, everybody stepped back and turned and went the other way.

Well Curitiba rocked hard, stage diving , pandemonium, group sing alongs. Everybody was hugging my big ol sweaty body like I was some kinda war hero. Here after the show folks gathered around me to ask me questions. Was I straight edge? Ahhh clean but not straight edge. Had I done jail time? Yeah that's where I got clean. Then jail was good for you? Ahhhh not really, at least I hate to think that this could be true. Here I saw *Maximum RnR*'s and *Profane Existence* for sale at the shows. Here 20 people really do read these zines per one that is bought.

July 15th

We go to bed late and rise early again. We are all getting run down. John, our drummer, is macrobiotic and is careful what he eats twenty-four/seven. He has been sick for a few days now. Two days ago he was puking exorcist green. Now He's feverish and feeling ill most of the time. We all had sworn we'd be careful what we consumed. Live on trail mix and bottled water. He has been religious. I, on the other hand, have been eating out of truck stop salad bars, and stopped looking for bottled water days ago and have been consuming with gusto. I'll let you know how that works out, so far so good.

Now we're back on the bus driving past these vast plantations interspersed with trippy prehistoric looking landscapes with these tremendous boulders set on rugged mountains with views of the light blue Atlantic. As much as we'd like to enjoy the view we find ourselves watching the road, which has the feel of a video game we've lost all too often. Everywhere are tiny huts and shanties that people live in with no heat and no plumbing. People are sitting in the shade with tables of bananas and other fruits in season. Children are playing soc- cer with make shift goals. A dollar will buy you a full bag filled with fruit. People are very curious and friendly about meeting us.

Today's show is at the Casa de Cultura Santa Tereza which is a youth cul- ture center located in the Embu section of São Paulo. This place is in the heart of one of the poorest barrios in the city. There are shanties in every direction and this is the real deal third world poor neighborhood. The punks booked this free show to show sol- idarity with the regular down home folks. Upon arrival we see hundreds of ten, eleven and twelve year olds hanging out to see the spectacle of mo hawked punks and an American punk band. I am told that we are probably the first Americans they have ever seen in person. This culture house is an independ-

ent run school and job training center. It is one big cement building with a dirt floor. It is in the process of growing and donations collected and T-shirts sold today will go directly to building a floor, buying more chairs and tables and maybe a few computer parts. Here teenagers will be able to get training to search for jobs. This is as cool as it gets. We play with an all girl band called Infect (look for the interview). They slide back and forth from a power straight edge to an Eve Libertine (Crass like) lyric rants. These gals rock very well and some of my band mates would say they were the best band we played with down here. The next band was Judabota. Then we got up and did our version of power hardcore. These kind of shows rock the soul. I just have received some Peace Compilation money and we donated $300 dollars to the center. If you want to send some money to folks that won't spend it on air conditioning and high rents, then send it here to the Casa Santa Tereza, Rua Cerqueira Cesar, 164-Jardim Santa Theresa, Embu, SP / CEP 06813-000 or call #55 (11) 4783-3865 (4203-3036).

After the show I hang out with people from the neighborhood who don't speak a word of English, who just want to smile at me and stand next to me. Pretty fucking awesome!

July 16th

Today is Monday in São Paulo and we are off for a few days. We kick it at our tour friend's apartment, cruise Paulista Blvd which is one of the main drags. I play chess at an internet café, check my e-mails and test various fruit drinks. We are actually staying on Rua Augusta which is the main red light district here. There are many, many attractive women working the streets. Prostitution is legal here. I see a young punk looking prostitute with a red plaid skirt who is a dead ringer for my ex lover…I almost went back…

July 17th

We rise and eat lunch at the best all you can eat vegan spread I have ever seen or have tasted with our artist buddy Flavio Sant' Anna. He is a great layout artist and is hip to website design check out what he did for us at out website http://www.freespeech.org/deadcops/ also www.colera.org/mdc. He has worked with The Buzzcocks, The Queers, and others his e-mail is maladjusted@bol.com.br . He later takes us out to see some sights eventually take us to a television station for a live rock and roll show that feature rockabilly bands from Brazil. Its fun and strange to see this appreciation of American culture carried out like this and made ready for Brazilian prime time. On the news stands is Gordo of Ratos De Porão. He is featured on the cover of one of Brazil's biggest culture magazine. Rock and Roll and even punk takes up such a larger space and place in the culture, that's really cool. On the way home we get hit up by a mother panhandling with her two children. We hit her with a Brazilian quarter and then witness a big car accident. People drive very crazily down here at night you are allowed to ignore red lights. Pedestrians are given no respect so look both ways twice while on foot or in a car.

July 18th

Well a nice long sleep. Here, like many places it is very easy to slip into nocturnal mode. People party (even straight edgers) all night here. I have fallen into that mode. All those wake up early and get out to the rainforest plans are sliding away from me. I rise, its dark out. I walk and get myself a bowl of Açai which is turning into my favorite fruit down here. They serve it whipped with frozen bananas and granola. It's delicious and nutritious. I'm finding it very easy to eat down here. Tonight we're playing a folk rock set at a studio and its word of mouth but the place is still packed. I run through slowed down versions of some MDC songs and lay them onto my newer Better Late Than Neverly Brothers set. It works…drink coffee and meet new people.

July 19th

Tonight it's Thursday and we're back into MDC mode and we're playing the Blackjack Bar, which is one of the typical punk rock dive places. It kind of reminds me of the CBGB's in some ways. It has that many gigs happened here feel. Tonight we're playing with Diáspora…They kick mother fucking ass. They really rip. I know all this judging band stuff is very subjective. But I have been around the block and me 'm known as one judgmental asshole when it comes to handing out compliments. And let me say it again, they fucking rip. They bound and lunge and scrunch. They are political hardcore with a large edge. We interview them should be in this issue of maximum or next's and of course they don't understand a word of English…who cares, they rip. Next was I Shot Cyrus who are also very good. Old School Hardcore, they are on this compilation Thrash Master. We go on next and for the first time in a while I give my band, who aren't getting it, that we're getting our ass's kicked tonight so stop making goo-goo eyes at all the girls and to stop posing for the cameras and play like your getting your ass kicked or we will. I'm glad my band understands this and we kick out a hot set but I don't kid myself that we were the hottest band tonight. After the set my drummer John is raging with fever again, everybody has been queasy and sneezy except for me. I'm amazed, knock on wood, but I'm worried about John.

July 20th

Friday, today we wake up and the people we are staying with are going to the solidarity with the Genoa ,G-8 meeting in Italy. We march with thousands through Paulista Blvd. to the American Embassy. Many, many people are wearing commie red hats, red tee shirts or are carrying red flags. This is commie protest heaven. They are a lot of punks and a very large contingent of Landless Peasant Workers Party people. Rob Kaplan our video guy is with me and we meet many different people from the country. Some ask Flavio, "why are we, not speaking their language." He tells them we are from the U.S. and speak English. They are totally confused by this and keep asking why we don't talk like them. Flavio smiles at this and I get it, we might as well be from Mars. They have no concept of people speaking a different language. I smile and look at their sun drenched golden brown bodies. It's not like a beach sun tan, they have the look of people that have spent the majority of their lives outside in the sun and probably working in the fields. Real Campesinas. We struggle to communicate in our broken Spanish. I tell them we are from New York and we support their struggle for land and economic justice. One woman smiles at me and invites me to touch her pregnant bellies. We laugh and have a great time. Later Flavio tells me that one of the women asked him if Rob or I wanted to marry one of them. Flavio has gotten to know me and chose not to tell me. He knows I probably would have proposed. He's right. They were so beautiful, so real, and I wonder where they are tonight…We get back and get going to a São Paulo suburb gig in São Bernardo. We get there about eleven p.m. and we're early. Finally about 1am, Jello Viagra plays. They are psycho punk, my guitar player Dave really likes them. Then Discarga, a popular three piece who are intense noise core. Then Ação Direta, thrash hard for about an hour. We get on at about 3:30am. and the guitar amp is fried, its actually smoking which I can't remember ever seeing. I'm pissed as we have to play the guitar through the bass amp. Our bass then goes through the PA system with my vocals. The P.A. is also pretty fried and it sounds like shit. I hate sounding like shit and it sucks worse to travel 7,000 miles to sound like shit. I tell off, and actually curse at George our tour manager. I tell him his idea of DIY is to sit back and just let shit happen. I tell him nobody wants to go on at 3:30am. that he had no idea when we were to go on here. How many bands would play through the same equipment etc. etc.? He quits and there we are. People are still running up to ask treating us like somebodies, having us sign things , saying we are great…I feel like shit. John is puking back stage. Helter Skelter. I promise to find John a doctor. Touring is not always great. This is one of those times.

July 21/July 22

We went to bed about 7am, we get up around 6pm. John is feeling a little better. I call George and he doesn't want to continue with us. We had to cancel Campinas. We have a big show at the Verdurada. This is the big full on straight edge show of São Paulo and there are 1000 or so folks packed into a space twice the size of Gilman Street in Berkeley, California. It is a great show with a lot of excitement in the air. Tables surrounded the perimeter of the walls with bistros' tables hawking veggie food, tee shirts, records, and political information pamphlets. On the bill from Columbia is "Dar A Cada Uno Lo Que Es Suyo" they are a Limp Biscuit inspired thrash unit. They have been touring the continent by car, that's some tour to be on folks. Next was Constrito, who are a crazy metal thrash band. They were loud, no doubt. Then No Violence, who has a very charismatic front man named Ruy whom I got to meet. He is a Syrian born Brazilian who doubles as an activist lawyer who works the streets during hellish protests. He gets up in front of a crowd and people react feverishly. People chanted to his band like it was a soccer match. It was really cool. We got on and it was all that. Big circular swirls of people friendly style skanking. Piggy back riding, the whole go crazy thing. Since we've been here, I've not seen one fight and tonight is no different. This is a great scene. You rock São Paulo. Tonight is a great feeling. I end up at a man named Matthias's house and we watch old Marty Robbins and Johnny Cash live at Folsom prison video tapes till seven in the morning.

July 23

Well last night was great but today smacks of the reality that John, our drummer, is still sick.

He requests to go home…what am I to say but lets get you to the airport. He has had a low fever daily since the beginning of the tour. John is as I mentioned before totally macrobiotic. He doesn't believe in aspirin or in general western style medicine. He pretty much believes most of how we feel or how we get sick is due to diet and stress. Here he was unable to control his diet to the extent he would have liked and those fifteen hour rides, getting over heated playing that hour a night, having limited heat and hot showers and sleeping on the floor night after night just didn't work for him. John is forty years old and feels terrible about it all. The truth is, it would be hard to continue this tour without a tour manager anyway. The ride from São Paulo to Brasilia is at least a twenty-hour ride and the rides after that are all twelve hour plus ordeals. When you tour, these long rides take their toll. It has on this tour. We are very sorry to Brasilia, Belo Horizonte, Vitoria and Campinas. I have been a promoter and have had bands cancel on me with short notice and it is No Fun.

July 24/25

The three remaining players of MDC plus our video friend Rob decided to hang around and enjoy the rest of the time we had left on our tickets in São Paulo. We hung out with the Varukers who had just arrived for their tour which was planned by the Ratos de Porao's folks. They were rocking hard and doing well. We were invited to be interviewed for a radio show that went out to millions of folks in the greater S.P. area.

The three remaining players of MDC plus our video friend Rob decided to hang around and enjoy the rest of the time we had left on our tickets in São Paulo. We hung out with the Varuckers who had just arrived for their tour which was planned by the Ratos de Porao's folks. They were rocking hard and doing well...Cheers Marvin. We were then invited to be interviewed for a radio show that went out to lots of folks in the greater S.P. area. We ended the night at a large nightclub record spin party that Gordo of Ratos was the star DJ at. It was a very cool party with lots of groovy and beautiful people. At the party we were invited for the next night to hang at Ohlo Seco's practice.

July 26/27

Again we sleep most of the day. After an evening breakfast we beat it on over to Ohlo Seco's rehearsal spot. We hung out and watched them blare out their set. They are known to be the most powerful old school hardcore act and sure enough they are very powerful and live up to their reputation. Their drummer Andre and us decided to try to play a few MDC songs and he ripped them tight and hard and we ended up doing 15 songs. They then invited us to play with them and to do as many songs as we felt comfortable with the next night. So our last night played a bunch of the straight ahead MDC songs to a mostly old school crowd. It was very cool. Ohlo Seco are really great people. I hope they keep rocking another twenty years. The gig was at a club called the Tribehouse. This was our goodbye show and it ended our tour to Brazil.

I want to tell everyone that Brazil is an outrageous place to tour as well to just go down and check out. We met so many great people from the scene that were so friendly and grateful for us to make it there. We met many Americans, some punks and some not, just drifting having a good ol time floating around, having their American dollar go very far. We didn't find any of the Yankee Go Home or gringo crap that can get laid on you on other south of the border places. It wasn't very dangerous criminally wise and for now politically it's fairly safe. We had a great time there and you too could have yourself a very special time. So get out of the USA and make it on down to Brazil.

RUB ME OUT
THE CRAVATS

BY LANCE HAHN

Redditch is a small part of Birmingham. Located in the Midlands of England, Birmingham is an industrial city most known for at one time being England's car manufacturing capital. But like its American sister-city of Detroit, Birmingham is also a fragment of the city it once was. Financial ruin led to urban decay. By the '70s, Birmingham and Detroit were mirrors of each other. In terms of culture and music, the city that brought the world the MC5 and the Stooges was certainly matched by the city that spawned the Move and Black Sabbath. Considering the weight of its music history and the circumstance of late '70s Britain, the absurdity that Redditch would be the birth place of Dadaist practitioners, the Cravats, is simply par for the course.

Taking their inspiration from punk's energy and lawlessness rather than its formalism, founding members, The Shend and Robin Raymond started the Cravats with all the foresight and planning of a whim. Their desire to create as spontaneous as the desire to play, the two dove headlong into their first musical venture.

Shend, "...Robin Raymond and myself were at school and went to see the Stranglers in Birmingham in '77. It changed our view of everything. The next day we formed the Cravats with one acoustic guitar and a pair of bongos. No-one could play any instruments, but we got drunk and screeched through the night."

Their lack of musical ability meant an outsider approach to making "punk" music. Rather than taking their cues from rock-n-roll, the two felt more inspired by tunes from theme songs of TV shows.

Shend, "...once we'd been joined by sax player Svoor Naan who could play we let John Barry theme tunes lead unto temptation."

To further set them apart from the trend, they picked a name for the band unlike any other punk bands at the time. They named themselves the Cravats, for the 16th Century Croatian neckwear (the name is actually derived from the word "croat" though the neckwear could be dated back to Roman times) brought to England around 1660 and still worn by some segments of British society.

Shend, "At the time everybody was calling their band the Killers, the Death Suckers, etc. and we just thought our name should be totally obtuse and set ourselves apart from the mass. Cravats are whimsical, very English, eccentric, and so were we."

Though seemingly conceptual, the Cravats were immediately a functioning band playing gigs (some of which could have been confused as performances and/or installations) taking the absurd and mundane and giving them new perspective by involving them in the process of art making. All this without the benefit of a supportive art/anti-art community who could understand where they were coming from, the band unleashed their playful deconstruction on an unwitting punk crowd.

Shend, "Total confusion. We didn't do two-minute guitar thrashes and swear. We all wore black evening suits, we had a saxophone played through weird effects, we had a man sitting on stage watching TV and reading the newspaper, we miked up vacuum cleaners and coffee percolators, we used a theramin, we had cassettes with speech loops on that we would hold up to the mike (this was way before sampling). We got spat at a lot and we made people angry because they didn't understand... "...Both Robin and myself loved the Dada thing for its childlike attitude, its love of the ridiculous and its confrontational stance. We were Dadaists before we'd heard of it and punks because we realized we'd found a channel for our strange ideas."

Dadaism in Europe by 1920, could be drawn into two very distinct camps. While originated in Zurich, the German Dada grew out of its inspiration and saw the evolution of Dada as a revolutionary means affecting culture and society. Rather than exist as an art movement, the German Dada saw itself as an anti-art movement.

According to Richard Huelsenbeck in his essay "En Avant Dada: A History of Dadaism," "Dada is German Bolshevism. The bourgeoisie must be deprived of the opportunity to 'buy up art for his justification.' Art should altogether get a sound thrashing, and Dada stands for that thrashing with all the vehemence of its limited nature."

This quote of course being the logical extent of the idea started with Marx and Engels' "The German Ideology," "In communist societies there are no painters but at most people who engage in painting among other activities."

Tzara's Dada was far less concerned with politics and more with the playfulness of its origination. In Paris, he and others would follow this vision of Dada to what would eventually become Surrealism.

Happy to draw from both the Zurich Dada of Tzara as well as the German Dada of Huelsenbeck, the Cravats found manifestations of Dada all throughout punk and its incarnations.

Shend, "Dada stuff was always in the Punk generation, whether it was the anarchist stance, making clothes out of garbage sacks and safety pins, or playing incredibly fast and using strange noise makers. Dada is all around us always."

These "strange ideas" were not limited to their performances. Oblivious to the workings of even the independent record industry, the band set out to make their first recording and consequent record by taking the most direct route. Seemingly obvious to someone outside of the music industry, the Cravats in 1978 were the punk rock equivalent to outsider art.

Shend, "The first recording we did was the first single

> "Some laughed, some danced, some were furious and full of hatred and many thought we were mad. All fine reactions in our book."
>
> The Shend, the Cravats

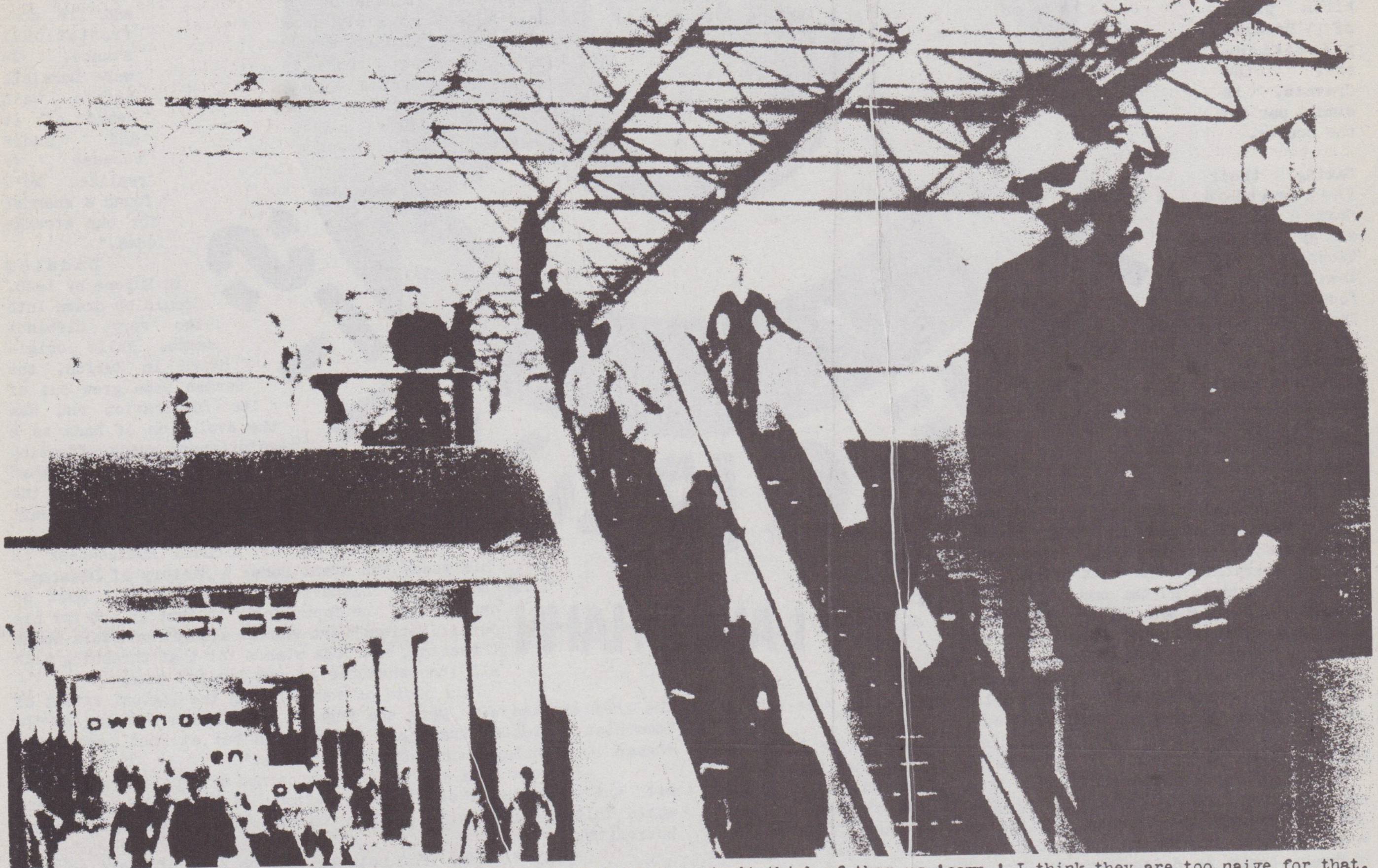
'Gordon' at Outlaw studios in Birmingham. We had not recorded anything before, even on a cassette player. The drummer didn't have a drum kit so we used Judas Priest's kit in the studio. We had no idea what the hell we were doing and just did what the pot-smoking hippy on the desk told us to do. When he gave us this big tape at the end we were really confused as to what to do with it.

"...Stoned hippy, eight track master, play live, Judas Priest's drum kit, two overdubs, six hours, done."

With tape in hand, the band set out to release their first record. Without ever considering sending out demo copies of the recording to any of the many new independent record labels popping up around London in the post-punk fallout, the band decided to release the record on their own. No record label at all. But the *Gordon/Situations Vacant* single secured them their first of several appearances on John Peel's radio program in July of 1979.

Shend, "We pressed up 1000 7" for £400, of *Gordon*, did a proper cover and took one to give Peel at a gig he was doing in Stratford-upon-Avon. I wrote apologizing for appearing as goats. He played the record twice that night and gave us a session the next week. We did four Cravats Peel sessions, one Very Things session and a DcL Locomotive session...

"...As I said, we knew nothing about the record industry and we'd recorded (*Gordon/Situations Vacant*) and cut it before realizing that you send tapes to record labels. We sent the record to Small Wonder and they signed us."



For many people involved with the punk scene of the late '70s, the original punk rock explosion of '77 soon became redundant with the influx of bands copy catting the fashion and music of the bigger name bands like the Sex Pistols or the Clash. But this creative stagnation on the popular front left wide-open spaces for experimentation outside of the typical rock-n-roll format. Spurred on by a new wave of independent and adventurous record labels, new ideas were coming from every angle with an exuberance not seen since the "free" jazz explosion of the late '60s. This atmosphere was nourishment and encouragement to the Cravats.

Shend, "[There was] much more freedom. Bands such as Pere Ubu, Devo, the Swell Maps, the Fall, Spizz Energie, etc. were churning out stuff that would never have reached an audience in the days before. Folk were positively looking for groundbreaking music and there were enough weirds and eccentrics to fulfill every taste and if you couldn't find an artist that filled your particular void, you simply became that artist and did it yourself...

"Bands like the Fall, Pere Ubu, even Devo and the B-52s would have been good gig allies. The Birthday Party and Bauhaus were bands we played with on occasion. As well as Cabaret Voltaire and even Michael Nyman's orchestra. But we were different and followed our own wibbly-wobbley path."

To match the musical freedom, the band didn't feel compelled to put together lyrical ideas in the same old formulas either. Taking seemingly abstract approaches to songwriting, the Cravats were, in fact, attempting the opposite in trying to create an atmosphere of childlike playfulness to convey their concepts and perceptions.

Shend, "Many of the lyrics came from the stuff that was going on around us. What we'd seen on TV and personal experience, some even came from Robin's dreams and episodes of Thunderbirds and The Twilight Zone. They were always more likely to create an atmosphere than be literal...

"It wasn't bleak at all because behind any serious message we communicated to the masses was a humor and childlike curiosity, a glorification in our ability to communicate. How could anything be bleak about the fact we'd finally found a way to spew our ideas onto humanity."

Recalled singer, guitarist Robin Raymond Dallaway, "Humor was a really big part of what we were doing. Just part of what we are. Black (grim) humor is a big part of life in the industrial Midlands of the UK. I like to think that we were able to be optimistic about a 'spirit of resistance' and being outside convention.

"...I always imagined that we used more of the '50s sci-fi 'B' movie elements in the Very Things stuff especially 'The Bushes Scream While My Daddy Prunes,' but I guess that there's some of it in the Cravats too. We liked lots of things about those films: we don't think of them as 'camp,' I think they are too naive for that. We like the atmosphere that many of them have, some of them just chimed with our imaginations, many of them, especially The Twilight Zone original series seemed like bits of dreams we'd had or that we might have had. Many seemed like unintentional parables, and we could give them a different meaning by retelling the stories, or using taped sections of dialogue or sound."

These new record labels included Rough Trade, Fast, Factory, Step Forward, and Small Wonder. Much like the same whim that started the band, the Cravats selected Small Wonder as the label to approach.

Shend, "We sent the *Gordon* single to Small Wonder after we heard *Bela Lugosi* by Bauhaus and they signed us up. We didn't send out any other records. We just assumed you sent off a record and got signed, which is luckily how it happened."

This lead to the re-release of *Gordon* on Small Wonder with better distribution as well as most of the band's future output. By 1979, the band had a revamped line-up and was ready to record their second record. This new line-up would remain stable for the rest of the band's existence.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "Shend and myself were founder members of the Cravats and remained the creative force within the band as the line-up changed, although the few changes happened early on and the same line up played on everything except the first single (*Gordon*). The line-up on everything else was myself (Robin R Dallaway, guitar and vocals) The Shend (bass and vocals) David Benett (drums), and Richard London (aka Svoor Naan, saxophone)."

Immediately building up a body of material, the band recorded their second single (though most people think it's their first) *Burning Bridges/I Hate the Universe/The End*. Taking the a-side from one of their Peel Sessions, this record blended elements of punk, jazz as well as non-"musical" functions to create a state of pandemonium. Not unlike some of the more frantic moments of the first Lounge Lizards' LP, the skronked out sound becomes waves of crescendo and decrescendo, the over-all impact reaching well beyond the sum of its parts.

What followed was a series of live performances taking their new sound to an unsuspecting public, though often that was more the fault of promoters rather than the band.

Shend, "We seemed to be doing gigs every week around the country and London was obviously the big place. Unfortunately we were often put on with totally obtuse acts, such as mod bands because no one seemed able to categorize us."

It would be another year before the band would feel the need to record again. Following their inspiration rather than what would be good for the band's career, the Cravats next release, a two-song 7", wouldn't come out until August of 1980. In the meantime, the band did their second Peel Session that June.

Shend, "We wrote something then released it then wrote some more. We never really understood what 'promote' means and stuck stuff out when the opportunity arose."

Precinct/Who's In Here With Me? continued the idea originated with "The End." Rhythmic and upbeat, the music infused a lot of the elements coming out of the new, harder punk scene of the '80s with their own angle in terms of where they were from and even more personal observations.

Shend, ""Precinct' was about the new Redditch Shopping Mall that was foisted on the inhabitants whether they liked it or not, and 'Who's In Here With Me?' featured the voices in my head that babbled continually. The Shopping Mall is now decaying and the voices in my head keep me company on long winter evenings."

With just a few singles out, the band was already finding dedicated support in London and abroad.

Shend, "A few reacted with gusto such as John Peel, a select bunch of journos and some freaky cat members of the public. Jello Biafra said nice things, and Steve Albini scrawled our lyrics over his squat so I heard. The general public were blissfully unaware of our existence though so we didn't think we were changing the world, just changing us."

The *Precinct* single lead to the band's first full length LP in October of that year called "The Cravats In Toytown." To reproduce the world of the Cravats on tape, it made sense to record the record in a less than typical recording environment. Without the pressures of a "normal" studio, the band was able to put together a record that's both unique and accessible. But not accessible in terms of commercialism or being commodities, but rather in its candidness and immediacy.

Shend, "We recorded it in the basement of some guy's hotel in Torquay (a seaside town in England) for about $1500. The hotel man knew bugger-all about recording but we sort of muddled through and laughed and had a good time. The LP is a fine testament to what was happening in our lives at the time."

In many ways, "The Cravats In Toytown" summed up everything that was the band at that time. Like a lot of the better records that came from that time, it was a very cohesive record. It consequently created its own atmosphere: listening to the record meant entering Cravats Planet. Playful and absurd (at times), the record was a reflection of their interest in Tristan Tzara's attempts to return to childlike play as even connoted in the title.

Shend, "Very Tristan Tzara, very kid-in-a-candy-store, very optimistic, very lunatics-taking-over-the-asylum, very *joy de vivre*, very teddy-bear-with-fangs…

"…There was a big toy store in Torquay called Toytown and we were there most days. We always felt and still do, that is a perfect explanation for how we fitted in to the greater scheme of things."

The record, on release, stumped many music critics. Like other new groundbreaking artists such as Pere Ubu, the Pop Group, and the Birthday Party, the Cravats were affecting more and more of their surroundings with the side effects of their unique approach to their craft. In the same way that they were forcing their audiences to listen with a broader palate of aesthetics, so did they help force the birth of a new kind of music journalism that was both open-minded and inspired enough to be able to cover the new music without sounding out of touch.

The downside to this was that as music journalism and criticism was becoming more analytical, the possibility of over-analysis and personal projection became more evident. As that is the case in all forms of art and its adjacent critics, the Cravats responded with appropriate indignity.

Shend, "If they thought it was too cerebral, they obviously had the insight of a sock so their feelings are totally irrelevant…

"… We just liked wallowing in the joy that can be gleaned from anything and everything."

That joy translated into a record unlike anything else at the time. Mixing rhythms that would become commonplace with bands like the Ex or the Rondos with a unique Arto Lindsay-meets-the Au Pairs guitar whitewash, the band created a perfect backdrop for the manic story telling and the Dolphy-esque sax work.

Unlike many other bands of the time, the Cravats did not live and die by the road. They didn't rely on live performances to hone their sound or to work out ideas in front of an audience. As a result, there were no promotional tours to support the record, as successful as it was in terms of independent records. Still, the occasional invitation to perform led them to travel throughout the country.

Shend, "No, we never toured, just played gigs here and there whenever we felt like it or were asked nicely…

"…Lots of strange noise-makers, vans full of weird people in strange clothing, an armchair and TV for Mr 'H' to sit on stage and watch, crates of chocolate milkshakes, scary Birmingham gangsters who liked us for some reason and protected us from trouble, dodgy secondhand equipment, a huge 'C' in a circle backdrop, suits, ties and white shirts, and a big vat of strangeness…"

By 1981, however, the music world was going through changes noticeable to anyone who bothered to turn on the radio. The dawn of the cultural bacteria known as '80s music was coming into full swing with its new wave, r & b and, generally, happy escapist music. The corporate seizing of hundreds of new bands with the promise of profit created a situation where big business was once again able to maintain control over the culture with both its contractual control over the bands and the subsequent capitulation or destruction of many potentially competitive independent labels. It was the same old story of the big chain market moving into the neighborhood eventually driving the beloved corner store out of business. This was the time of pap like the Stray Cats, Spandau Ballet, and horribly revamped versions of Adam and the Ants and Bow Wow Wow.[1]

"The '80s were such a disaster of music," recalled Ari Up from the ground breaking band, the Slits. "…(The A&R people) wanted either this vintage punk, what they thought their idea of punk was, or they wanted this modern poppy-even beyond new wave-shit. What the hell was new wave? I don't know. It's some diluted form of what punk's supposed to be… Reggae was terrible, went through a major downfall, disco was atrocious. Punk didn't exist."[2]

While certainly happy in the playfulness of their music, the Cravats were certainly never escapist and existed as an abrasive response (intentionally or not) to the bourgeois abstraction of dumbing down popular music. This process not only was an insult to the public, but a sneaky way of taking music back from the hands of the artists and giving it over to entertainers.

In March of 1981, the Cravats released the *You're Driving Me/I Am the Dreg* single on Small Wonder. "You're Driving Me," while driving and powerful in its use of repetition and augmented arrangements, the song is also a slightly subdued moment for the band. The staccato bass lines with the long held sax notes are mesmerizing and workmanlike, the constraint helping to emphasize the building vocal part. "I Am the Dreg," on the other hand, is a quirky song of counter rhythms and tight breaks creating the illusion that it's a faster song then it really is.

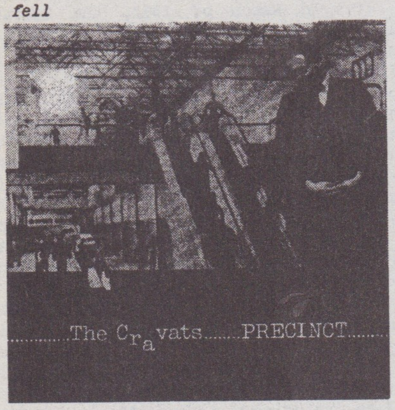
The cover art is in some ways the band wearing their love for Dada on their sleeves. Using the image of a white bathtub in the photos on both sides, the graphic recalls some of the "readymades" of Marcel Duchamp including his famous "Fountain" from 1917 where he simply signed the name 'R. Mutt' on a porcelain urinal. In explaining "readymades" to his sister, Duchamp wrote, "Here in New York I have bought some objects of similar style and called them 'readymade,' you know enough English to understand the meaning of 'already finished" that I have assigned to these objects-I sign them and put an inscription on them in English… Don't try too hard to understand this in a romantic or impressionistic or cubistic way-it doesn't have anything to do with that…" Duchamp was also known for having said that the best art in America was in its bridges and plumbing. His belief in finding the beauty in mundane objects was also a way of redefining what could be considered "art," bringing into question whether the idea behind the art was as (if not more so) important as the actual piece and ultimately bringing into question the whole concept of the Museum for artists.

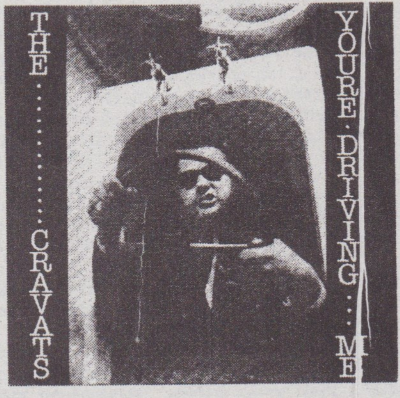
Robin Raymond Dallaway, "We were aware of that connection with the readymades and stuff for the *You're Driving Me* cover. White porcelain looms large in my imagination. The photos were taken in my small flat in Redditch, me standing on the end of the bath tub persuading Shend to put his head further under water."

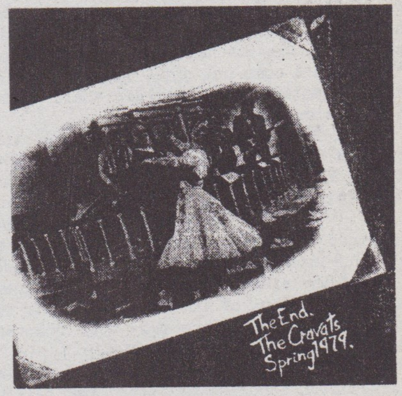
Following a third Peel Session that August, the Cravats released their fifth single and last with Small Wonder that November. The single for *Off the Beach/The Sun Shone* would turn out to be one of the final releases on the label. The freedom of independent labels of the post-punk generation was being met head-on in the '80s with Thatcher's England as sub-market for Reagan's America. Conservative politics and depressed economic conditions led to conservatism in the arts and culture.

The single is an upbeat blast of raw energy with elements reminiscent of earlier Crass recordings with demented song structure done with high-speed execution. "The Sun Shone" on the other hand is a slower brooding meditation on a simple riff made more and more abrasive by growling, effected sax parts. The story becomes the forefront with its outside view of the peculiar landscapes of Redditch.

And the sun shone through high windows
In the new part of the old school
In the windows there were stories
They told of fast food and of new cars
They were adverts in the stained glass and the lead
Then the noise came short and sharp
Hard and taut through the wall
Just one man in a grey suit and a pink tie
Tried quietly to explain through the wall
Then the crash came
Brick and blue sky poured in
A brick came, it thumped his head,
And he staggered on legs of soft meat
Towards the wall and he stumbled
And he fell and drunken words stopped where he fell







Robin Raymond Dallaway, "…I think of it more as a warped rockabilly track, although it was recorded at Southern Studios where all Crass material was. We were never happy with the single version of the track, and were pleased that we were able to release the best version, recorded on an eight track mobile, on the 'Colossal Tunes' LP."

Near the beginning of 1982, the Cravats released their first record without the help of Small Wonder since their first effort. On the little known label, Glass Records, they released their sixth single, *Terminus/Little Yellow Froggy*. With its demented surf guitar riff and quick pace, "Terminus" was the band's most powerful performance to date. Its Gang of Four charge is assimilated into the Cravats' unique vocal styling and arrangements. Still, the lack of budget on the small Glass Records limited the records potential.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "I still love *Terminus*. And no, it didn't do very well, despite getting great reviews. Largely because it was with a tiny label who screwed the release up, and did nothing to promote it. It is partly what made it important to release it on *Colossal Tunes Out*."

A lesson learned, the Cravats decided to join their fellow Small Wonder orphans and release their next single, *Rub Me Out/When Will We Fall?*, on Crass Records. Though already bonded with many of the Crass bands of the time, they did maintain their outsider status even in that scene.

The Shend, "We did some Rock against Racism gigs with Reggae bands which were excellent as the audiences were made up of many different elements. We also did some benefit gigs with the Poison Girls, who Dave Bennett-the original Cravats drummer-later joined. But in general we were kept away from the other bands and did our own escapades."

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "I don't think we were desperate to break out of anything. Part of the punk aesthetic for us was that it could include disparate elements. It seemed to us to be about an attitude rather than a narrow style thing. From the outset the Cravats were never a straight-down-the-line punk band. We were always into jazz, ska, funk, classical, all sorts of stuff. We were really interested in the music, but of course our politics informed our approach. 'Rub Me Out' produced by Penny was the closest we got to Crass in terms of form and content, but otherwise I think we were pretty much different to Crass…

"…We were very good friends with Penny Rimbaud, who produced some tracks for us, including 'Rub Me Out.' He was really into what we were doing and gave us a lot of encouragement."

In 1982, Crass Records was releasing a wide variety of records from punk rock to spoken word. That year's releases included singles from Conflict, Rudimentary Peni, Andy T, Alternative, Hit Parade, Anthrax, Omega Tribe, and Sleeping Dogs, as well as two Crass singles, a Dirt LP, and the second Bullshit Detector compilation. "Rub Me Out," while in the classic Cravats' style, was still out in left field compared to most of the label's roster.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "I think 'Rub Me Out' broadened the range of Crass' label output, it was well received generally, and particularly by people who were into the label's output. We've never really worried over whether people would pick up on everything going on in a track. You just can't think about that when you're writing. But it is good when people do recognize those things, and maybe hear new elements after a period of time."

But by the end of 1982, the band was just about finished. Never committed to the "band" concept, Shend and Robin Raymond had been finding new interests and new outlets for their artistic endeavors.

Their second and final LP was compiled for Corpus Christi, the Crass Records imprint, and was titled *The Colossal Tunes Out*. Culled from various recording session from the previous year and a half, for many this is the band's defining moment. Along with single versions of "Terminus," "Rub Me Out," "When Will We Fall," and "And the Sun Shone" the album featured nine previously unreleased recordings.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "I much prefer it to our first LP. Many of the tracks were recorded in different studios. But it is the tunes that we were playing live at the time and it hangs together well, in our opinion, and it contains our favorite Cravats tracks. …I think that rather ironically, it covers a period when the band really 'hit its stride,' just before its demise.

"…It was just a body of work that needed to be together."

The record was a chance for the band to assemble what they considered to be their best work and put it together as one cohesive set.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "Only some of *Colossal Tunes* had been previously released, and then only on 7" 45s. It was always intended as an album, but it was an opportunity to, for instance, release our own version of 'Off the Beach,' which we preferred to the one, released by Small Wonder. It just seemed to us that the band was doing its best stuff ever, but that our best recordings were fragmented all over the place, on singles, on Peel Sessions, or unreleased. I think that we thought we'd already recorded the best versions of tunes that we currently had.

"…I still really like a lot of it. Also I think much of it stands the test of time pretty well. I particularly like 'Terminus' and 'Off the Beach' and 'There Is No International Rescue.' We were using taped 'samples' before samplers, along with 'found' tunes, and a wide variety of instrumentation, including kids' toy instruments and ethnic instruments. Lyrically, I still like them too. I would hope that they still have something to say…"

By November of that year, the band played their final Peel Session and called it a day, citing lack of interest in working in a band environment.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "The band was pretty democratic, but Shend and I wanted a bit more freedom to pursue other things, to work in different ways, with different people. And I think we were all a bit tired of each other at the time."

Indications of the band's imminent demise were obvious with the addition of a 7" flexi-disc with *The Colossal Tunes Out* by Shend and Raymond's next project, DcL or the Dadacravat Laboratories.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "Shend and I had just become a little tired with the restrictions of the band, or any band. The Dcl (Dadacravat Laboratories) was set up to be a framework within which all sorts of creative activity could be done, but mainly it was so that we could pursue a number of diverse musical directions without them compromising each other. We just wanted the tunes and artwork of each project to be of a particular nature. DcL Electric Recordings was the title of our label."

The flexi was the first statement on behalf of the DcL. It was done by splicing together several different prerecorded speeches largely for the purposes of contrasting sound quality. But the style was also reminiscent of the Beats' cut and paste style as well as the punk "ransom note" style.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "We were mindful of the Beats cut-up stuff, and had been part of the same sort of thing happening with punk, but we were also looking further back to Dada. We were interested in allowing chance and randomness into some aspects of what we were doing, and also interested in the subconscious having an influence. For instance, for the first DcL manifesto disc we devised a way of randomly selecting different geographical locations to record sections of the speech part. We wanted that sense of being in the real world, as well as achieving that variety of sound quality."

The demise of the Cravats was the result of new ideas that were beyond the context of a band. But the ideas, Dadaist or not, continued with The Shend and Robin Raymond's subsequent musical and artistic works to this day.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "I felt we suspended the Cravats as a working band at about the right time. We'd pretty much had enough of each other, and we were producing, I think, our best stuff. Time to go. With DcL: We made the whole thing too complex to be easily understood with the multitudinous band names and identities…

"…The Dadaist approach was appropriate for that project (the Cravats, DcL) at that time. I have to change the way I write all the time, but that approach and way of looking at things is bound to color the way I write now. Life is chaotic. Embracing the absurd and using it creatively is to me an important part of being expressive."

Shend, "I agree."

> "…The Dadaist approach was appropriate for that project at that time. I have to change the way I write all the time, but that approach and way of looking at things is bound to color the way I write now. Life is chaotic. Embracing the absurd and using it creatively is to me an important part of being expressive."
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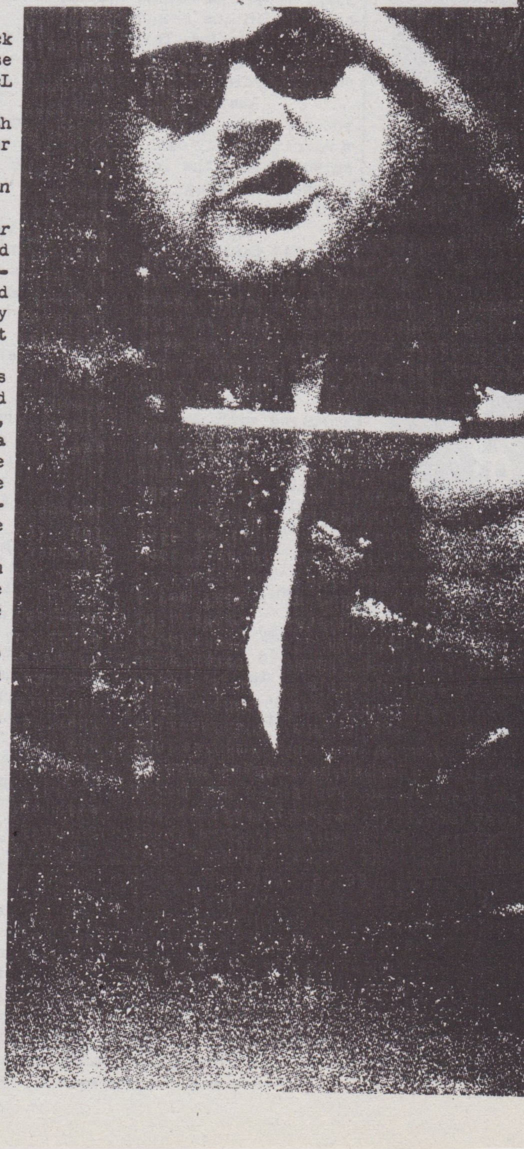


POST-SCRIPT

Within a year after *The Colossal Tunes Out*, Shend and Raymond were back in the form of the Very Things, DcL Locomotive, and the Babymen. The first release would be from DcL Locomotive. Just as the Cravats were splitting in '82, DcL Locomotive released a 12" called *King Midas In Reverse*.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "Whilst the Cravats were working as a band, with the four of us, Shend and I concentrated on that. We didn't start any of the other projects until after the demise of the Cravats."

Early in 1983, the Babymen followed with a 12" called *For King Willy* on One Little Indian.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, *King Midas In Reverse* by DcL Locomotive and *For King Willy* by the Baby Men are two of the 'project' band releases from DcL, and because they are so different, remind me why we set up DcL as we did-to accommodate a spectrum of music types. I love the *King Midas* single-and we had a good time recording it. I remember one summer being really into a mutant rockabilly thing, sitting in Shend's back yard with a wrecked Ford Capri, playing cards. It became a big hit in New York gay discos for some peculiar reason…

"…The DcL was set up by The Shend and myself in order to 'free ourselves up.'' I think we felt a bit constrained by being members of the Cravats and although what we did musically afterwards we very linked to, and developments of, what we had been doing, we felt that we had to suspend the Cravats and have a break from the other band members. With hindsight it maybe would have made more sense for us, and people buying our records, to have continued simply under the Cravats name. The Dcl title was Penny Rimbaud's (Crass) suggestion. We really wanted an umbrella organization, under which a whole variety of things could be done - a record label, 'happenings,' artwork, film as well as music."

In the Autumn of 1983, the Very Things released their first effort in the form of a 7" on Corpus Christi. Being the most like the Cravats of the three projects, *The Gong Man* is the one release by the Very Things most compared to the Cravats.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, *The Gong Man* feels very unlike the Cravats to me. But it's bound to have a lot in common given that Shend and I were the main architects of both."

In 1984, the Very Things moved from Corpus Christi to Reflex Records, an independent label distributed through Rough Trade known for having released records by Christian Death and 10,000 Maniacs.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "We didn't leave Corpus Christi as such. Corpus Christi was a Crass spin-off label that gave us the opportunity to release the first tracks that we had recorded as the Very Things. We got involved with Reflex because they had recently moved to the Midlands, near to us, and because they were very keen to do the Very Things album."

Late that Spring, the band released a 7" of the classic "The Bushes Scream While My Daddy Prunes," a demented track of experimental guitar work with a darkly humorous theme of futuristic unease. That August, they followed the single up with an LP of the same name.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "Working on the *Bushes Scream* LP was like building an alternative universe for ourselves to inhabit. A bit of a collage of all our interests at the time: obscure psychedelic guitar music, '50s sci-fi, '60s pop music and the troubling, baffling, absurd nature of society at large. Again we were using a lot of 'found' material spun in from tape, before samplers were around."

The Very Things' one release of 1985 was a 12" for a song complimentary to "The Bushes Scream" called "Mummy, You're a Wreck."

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "'Mummy, You're a Wreck' was written and recorded when we were living on quite an eccentric orbit, and written partly in memory of my late alcoholic mother. I see it as a companion piece for 'The Bushes Scream While My Daddy Prunes'-both about neuroses, about how the pressures of life warp people.

"A well known BBC producer said he didn't like it being played on Radio 1 because it was disrespectful to mothers. There you go..."

That same year, they surprised everyone with a new record released under the name of the Cravats. *The Land of the Giants* was a four-track 12" on Reflex featuring new tracks "The Land of the Giants," "The Shroud of New York Chapters 1 and 2," and "Execute His Will." But though the sound and concept was very much like the Cravats, the line-up that recorded it had more to do with the Very Things.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "I'd been working on some tape collages, so had Shend, and we had a tune that sounded like it was going in the direction that Cravats material had been taking. Of course it has similarities with Very Things stuff of the same period. Shend, myself and Robin 'Disney' Holland (the Very Things) played on those tracks. It was a kind of footnote really, after the demise of the Cravats as a working band, but pursued a direction that we were heading in anyway. We released it as a four-track 12" entitled *Land of the Giants* with Reflex. The track 'Execute His Will' is one of my favorite things that we've ever done. It was pretty time consuming spinning in so many tapes before sampling, but a really satisfying result."

Right around this time, another record was recorded by the Very Things called *It's a Drug, It's a Drug, It's a Ha Ha Ha...* but was never completed and never released in its proper form.

The Very Things released one single late in '86 for the song "The Motortown." It would prove to be the only recording released on DcL Electric Recording.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "The single *This Is Motortown* was the only true release on DcL Electric. I wouldn't exactly call it a tribute to Motown, but I wanted to express the influence it had had on me when I was younger, growing up in a very unglamorous part of Britain."

1987 would turn out to be the band's busiest year and their last year. In the same way that Shend and Raymond decided to end the Cravats while at their peak, they ended the Very Things the same year that they would release a successful single for *Let's Go Out* (7" and 12" format), an LP called *Motortown* (both on One Little Indian) and a collection of their Peel Sessions on Strange Fruit.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "We wanted to get involved with One Little Indian because Derek Birkett (founder on OLI) had put together a really good production team including Brian Pugsley and Ray Shulman. It coincided with our wanting to record in a different way and with our writing of material that suggested a particular, more 'poppy' production. This resulted in the 'This Is Motortown' single, which we released on DcL Electric. We recorded the LP with the same team, which was conditional on us releasing it with OLI.

"...I grew up listening to Motown, ska, and soul music. My brother was a DJ. We also live near Birmingham (the UK's motor city). Motown is one of those influences in our music which in previous work maybe wasn't obvious, but was always there, and there just came a point where it came more surface and we decided to give full vent to it."

By the end of the year, the DcL Locomotive and Babymen projects were long gone. They had gone full circle into being back in a "band" situation with the Very Things.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "We wanted to concentrate on the Very Things at that time and part of moving the Very Things to One Little Indian was that they would release some other DcL material. In a way, I think that there was more 'mileage' in the Very Things and maybe we should have continued with DcL Electric (our label). Fire Records re-released the three Very Things albums for us, using the DcL identity. Ideally we'd like to do the same for all the other back catalogue (the Cravats, DcL Locomotive, Baby Men)...

"...The DcL is really Shend and I, bands involved different members of the same small group of people, centered around Shend and myself. It included Richard London, Robin 'Disney' Holland and David Bennet. The Cravats was a band that spawned many other projects; one of those projects, the Very Things, in turn, became a band."

The Very Things catalog gradually went out of print until late in 1993 when Fire Records took the initiative to release three full lengths (LP and CD). Previous LPs, *The Bushes Scream While My Daddy Prunes* and *Motortown* were re-released as well as a compilation of the material from the unreleased album, *It's a Drug, It's a Drug, It's a Ha Ha Ha...*

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "The most recent releases were the three re-released Very Things albums. Actually, not a re-release in the case of *It's a Drug*, but the first time that material had been compiled and released. We had always planned that Very Things album, but it got sidelined, as we got busy with Very Things touring, recording and releases around the time of *This Is Motortown...*

"...*It's a Drug* was originally intended to be a sort of spin-off, a 'Gothic Excursion" pursuing the strand of material in the Very Things output that was drawing on dark English Victorian Music Hall songs, sci-fi 'B' movies, etc. Originally we had intended to use a string quartet for the whole album, making it a complete piece. The tracks were recorded separately, at different times. But at least it was eventually released in compilation form."

Since then, The Shend and Robin Raymond have continued to make music though not together.

Robin Raymond Dallaway, "I've never stopped writing and playing stuff, and at the moment I'm working on a chill-out dance type project, at the moment titled 'Silverlake.'

Shend, "I had a band called 'Grimetime' for a while who did an album called *Spirit of Disgust* using imagery from American '60s Angels films and am currently doing mutated, Latin, croon tunes as The Puritanical Love Choir."

DISCOGRAPHY
The Cravats
Gordon/Situations Vacant 7" (own label then Small Wonder)
Burning Bridges/I Hate the Universe/The End 7" (Small Wonder)
Precinct/Who's In Here With Me? 7" (Small Wonder)
The Cravats In Toytown LP (Small Wonder)
You're Driving Me/I Am the Dreg 7" (Small Wonder)
Off the Beach/And the Sun Shone 7" (Small Wonder)
Terminus/Little Yellow Froggy 7" (Glass Records)
Rub Me Out/When Will We Fall 7" (Crass Records)
The Colossal Tunes Out LP (Corpus Christi Records)
In the Land of Giants 12" (Reflex Records)

DcL Locomotive
7" flexi with *The Colossal Tunes Out* LP
King Midas In Reverse 12"

The Babymen
For King Willy 12" (One Little Indian Records)

The Very Things
The Gong Man/The Colours Are Speaking To Me 7" (Corpus Christi)
The Bushes Scream While My Daddy Prunes 7" (Reflex Records)
The Bushes Scream While My Daddy Prunes LP (Reflex Records)
Mummy, You're a Wreck 12" (Reflex Records)
This Is Motortown 7" (DcL Electric Recordings)
Let's Go Out 7"/12" (One Little Indian)
Motortown LP (One Little Indian)
The Peel Sessions 12" (Strange Fruit Records)
The Bushes Scream While My Daddy Prunes LP/CD (Fire Records)
It's a Drug, It's a Drug, It's a Ha Ha Ha, It's a Trojan Horse Coming Out of the Wall (American Gothic) LP/CD (Fire Records)
Motortown LP/CD (Fire Records)

[1] (1) Keeping in mind that there was a time when these two bands were closely associated with underground, independent music as well as bands like Crass and the Mob.

[2] (2) From an interview by Evelyn McDonnell in "BB Gun" fanzine Issue #5, 2001.

JR EWING

INTERVIEW BY HÅKON MELLA

FASHIONFREAKFANZINE/DRINKTO/PARAPLY

MRR: WHO ARE YOU?

ANDY: IT'S ME ON VOCALS, ERLEND AND MARTIN DOING THE GUITARS, PETE ON BASS AND KEN ON DRUMS, AND WE ARE WHAT YOU MIGHT KNOW AS JR EWING.

MRR: CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT MANY PEOPLE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE NORWAY IS, HOW IS IT BE A MORE OR LESS ACTIVE BAND, COMING FROM NORWAY? AND HOW DO PEOPLE VIEW JR EWING UP THERE?

ERLEND: WELL, IN NORWAY THE CROWD WE GET IS KIND OF DIVERSE. I THINK THAT IN THE REST OF EUROPE MOST PEOPLE THAT ATTEND OUR SHOWS HAVE A STRONG BACKGROUND IN PUNK AND HARDCORE, BUT IN NORWAY, WHICH IS A VERY SMALL COUNTRY, WE GET ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE. A LOT OF PUNK-KIDS OF COURSE, BUT JUST AS MANY ROCKERS AND BASICALLY PEOPLE THAT ARE JUST INTERESTED IN CHECKING OUT DIFFERENT BANDS, AND HAVE A LOVE FOR MUSIC IN ALL ITS FORMS. I'M ACTUALLY HAPPY ABOUT THAT, BUT THE PUNK-MAFIA NEVER IS. THEY CAN SOD OFF.

MRR: MUSICALLY YOU'VE PROGRESSED... HOW DO YOU SEE IT, COMPARING THE EARLIER MATERIAL TO WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW?

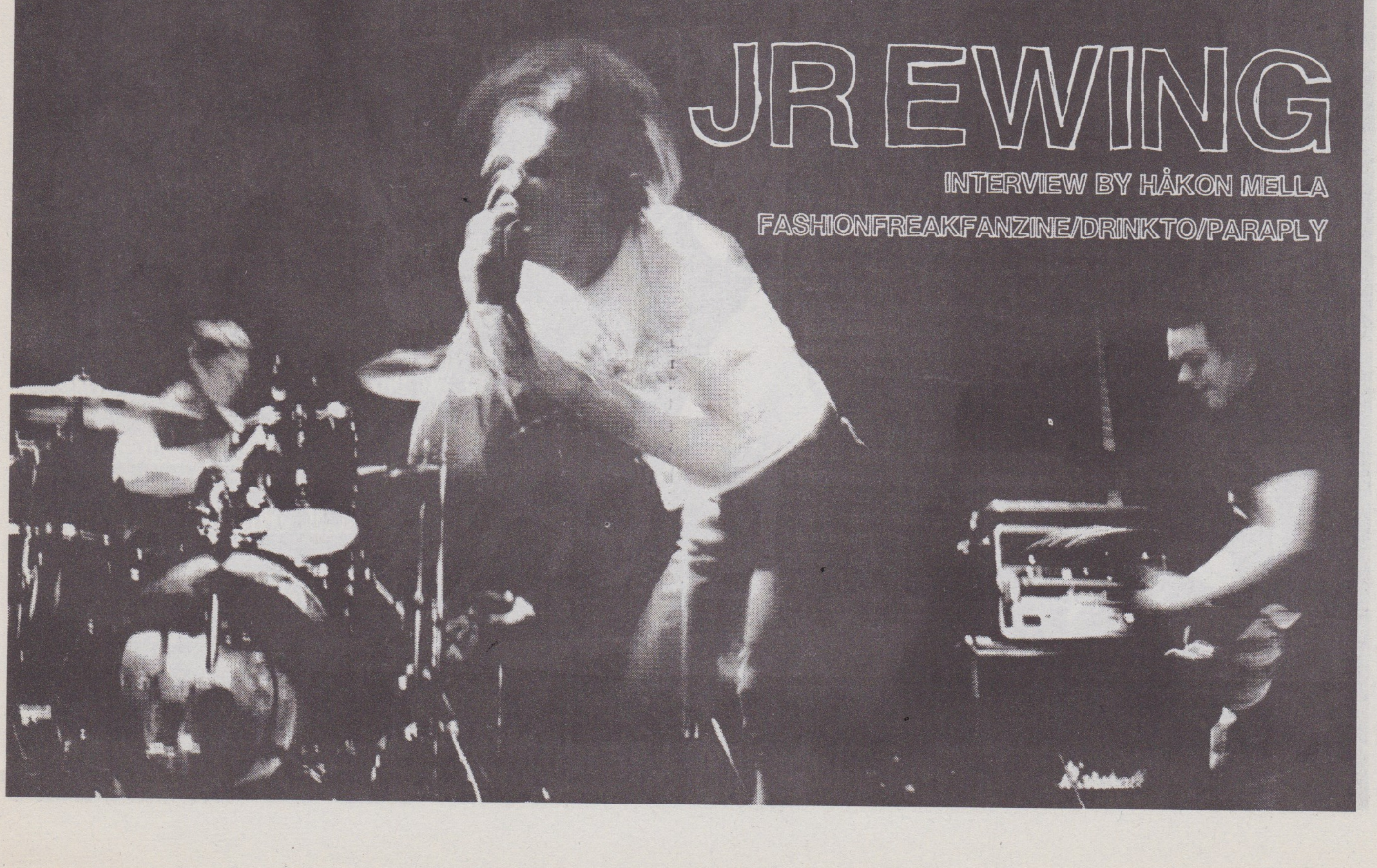
ERLEND: I THINK IT'S A NATURAL PROGRESSION FOR US. WE'VE DONE SOME PRETTY CRAPPY STUFF IN OUR TIME, AND YOU CAN BLAME THAT ON BEING A YOUNG BAND AND ALL, BUT AS FAR AS WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW, I'M SUPER-HAPPY ABOUT IT. WE NOW MAKE SONGS ALL THE MEMBERS ARE FOND OF, AND WE WORK HARD ON IT. WE THOUGHT THE NEW STUFF WAS GOING TO BE SO DIFFERENT PEOPLE WOULD TURN AWAY, BUT SO FAR WE'VE ONLY GOTTEN GREAT FEEDBACK TO WHAT WE'RE DOING. I THINK IT'S MORE STRIPPED DOWN AND RAWER, BUT ALSO MORE EXPERIMENTAL, IN SOME WAYS. AND I BELIEVE WE'LL DO EVEN MORE VARIATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS ON THE UPCOMING STUFF.

ANDY: OBVIOUSLY WE HAVE IMPROVED AS MUSICIANS, AND I MYSELF HAVE DEFINITELY GROWN AS A SINGER. THE EARLIEST STUFF HAD SOME METAL IN IT AND I'M GLAD WE GOT RID OF THAT A LONG TIME AGO. ACTUALLY, I THINK SOME OF THE STUFF ON THE NEW 10" KIND OF REMIND ME OF SOME OF THE STUFF WE DID ON OUR FIRST 7".

MRR: I'VE HEARD PEOPLE COMPARE YOU TO ALL KINDS OF STUFF; DRIVE LIKE JEHU, SONIC YOUTH, ANTIOCH ARROW, SHOTMAKER, EVEN CALMER THINGS LIKE PAVEMENT. DO YOU INTENTIONALLY WRITE MUSIC TO REACH OUT TO MORE PEOPLE? OR SIMPLY SOURCES OF INSPIRATION SHINING THROUGH?

ERLEND: WE NEVER MAKE MUSIC IN ORDER TO REACH OUT TO PEOPLE. IF WE DID, WE WOULD NEVER PLAY THE STYLE OF MUSIC WE DO, BECAUSE TO MOST OF THE MAINSTREAM-AUDIENCE IT'S STILL JUST "NOISE" . BUT WE TRY TO BLEND DRIVING RHYTHMS AND GOOD MELODIES WITH MORE CHAOTIC STUFF, SIMPLY BECAUSE WE FEEL THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOOD AT, AND A LOT OF MUSIC WE LISTEN TO INSPIRES US BECAUSE OF THESE THINGS. THE MEMBERS IN THE BAND LISTEN TO A WIDE VARIETY OF MUSICAL GENRES, BUT WE TRY TO MAINTAIN THE FOCUS THAT WHAT WE'RE DOING IS SUPPOSED TO FIT WHATEVER JR EWING IS. WE TRY TO MAKE ADJUSTMENTS AND PROGRESS, BUT STILL KEEP THE ENERGY AND INTENSITY WE FEEL WE ALWAYS HAD.

ANDY: PEOPLE COMPARE US TO ALL KINDS OF BANDS ALL THE TIME WITHOUT IT HAVING TO DO ANYTHING WITH US AT ALL REALLY. I THINK IT'S KINDA STUPID WITH NAME-DROPPING BECAUSE THAT ONLY GIVES PEOPLE CERTAIN



LIMITATIONS AS FAR AS WHAT TO EXPECT.

MRR: LYRICALLY I GET THIS PERSONAL/POLITICAL FEEL. WHICH IS IT?

ANDY: BOTH. JR EWING IS NOT AN OPENLY POLITICAL BAND BUT AS INDIVIDUALS WE DO HAVE OUR OPINIONS, SO IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT TO HAVE ANY KIND OF POLITICAL AGENDA. SPEAKING FOR MYSELF THERE ARE SOME POLITICAL UNDERTONES WHERE I AT LEAST TRY TO PRESENT A SARCASTIC CRITICISM OF THINGS, SITUATIONS THAT I FIND FUCKED UP, OR IN GENERAL SOMETHING THAT'S BOTHERING ME. SOMETHING THAT'S WORTH PUTTING DOWN ON PAPER. MOSTLY I CONSIDER THE LYRICS PERSONAL BECAUSE THEY ARE BASED ON THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN ON MY MIND, IN SOME WAYS. I TRY TO CAMOUFLAGE THE LANGUAGE A BIT IN ORDER FOR THE LISTENER TO FORM HIS/HER OWN OPINION OR INTERPRETATION. I CAN GIVE YOU A WEIRD EXAMPLE? ME AND A FRIEND OF MINE WERE TALKING ABOUT THIS SONG AND HOW HE LIKED THE WAY I ATTACKED THE NORWEGIAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM..I WAS TALKING ABOUT BROKEN HEARTS.

MRR: WHAT INSPIRES YOU LYRICALLY AND WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR OF JR EWING, THE MUSIC OR THE LYRICS?

ANDY: HMM, DAVID BOWIE, LOU REED AND IAN CURTIS HAS BEEN VERY INFLUENTIAL TO ME, BUT I WOULDN'T SAY THAT ANYONE OF THOSE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE OTHER. THE MUSIC IS OBVIOUSLY THE MOST VITAL PART. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE BEING EXPOSED TO FIRST WHEN YOU PUT ON OUR RECORD OR SEE US LIVE. WHEN IT COMES TO THE LYRICS YOU HAVE TO TAKE A MINUTE AND READ THEM.. BUT THEN AGAIN THAT MIGHT HAVE AN EQUALLY POWERFUL EFFECT?

MRR: WOULD YOU SAY THE DIY AND HARDCORE/PUNK-SCENES ARE ANY DIFFERENT FROM MAINSTREAM SOCIETY?

ERLEND: GLOBALLY SPEAKING, I DEFINITELY SEE THE MAINSTREAM GETTING MORE AND MORE INTERESTED IN MODERN PUNK ROCK, IN ALL IT'S FORMS AND EXPRESSIONS. THIS CAN BE BOTH GOOD AND BAD, ALL DEPENDING ON THE SITUATION. THE UNDERGROUND-SCENE IS SOMETHING WE TREASURE, WORKING WITH PEOPLE YOU KNOW, KEEPING GOOD CONTACT BECAUSE YOU KNOW THEM PERSONALLY, AND PLAYING SHOWS ON THE FLOOR OF PEOPLE'S HOUSES. THEN AGAIN IT CAN ALSO BE COOL TO PLAY BIGGER SHOWS WHERE NEW PEOPLE GET TO SEE YOU PLAY. SO I DON'T HAVE AN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, BASICALLY HAHA.

ANDY: THE DIY SCENE IS JUST A MINOR VERSION OF THE OPPOSITE. IT WORKS THE SAME, JUST ON A SMALLER SCALE. I GUESS THE MAJOR DIFFERENCE IS THE CONSCIENCE AND AWARENESS OF WHAT WE'RE ACTUALLY DOING.

MRR: AS MOST "HIP" BANDS, HAVE YOU BURNED ANY BRIDGES, IF SO WHY?

ERLEND: WE BURN BRIDGES LIKE CRAZY ALL THE TIME. LIKE I TOLD YOU, WITH ALL THE "UNDERGROUND" SCENE-POLICE BULLSHIT YOU GET WHEN YOU'RE IN A BAND, YOU GET PEOPLE WHO TALK SHIT BEHIND YOUR BACK AND ALL THAT. THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU JUST HAVE TO STOP CARING, AND DO WHAT YOU DO REGARDLESS OF THEIR PERSONAL "ISSUES" WITH YOU AND YOUR BAND. EVERY BAND THAT SOLD MORE THAN TEN RECORDS GETS CALLED "SELLOUTS" BY SOMEONE, WHO CARES? MY EXPERIENCE IS THAT THE PEOPLE I MEET THAT ARE IN BANDS, ALL HAVE THE SAME VIEW ON THESE THINGS. IF YOU WANT TO GET PLACES, YOU CAN'T SOOTHE EVERYONE,, AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY BRIDGES ARE BURNED. "HIP"? I DON'T THINK SO.

ANDY: YOU KNOW WHAT, WHEN WE STARTED OUT, WE WANTED TO BE A FUCK-OFF BAND IN RESPONSE TO THE MANY MORONS INVOLVED IN THE SCENE HERE IN NORWAY SO I'M SURE WE CAN SAY WE'VE BURNED PLENTY OF BRIDGES IN THE PAST. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY HIP, BUT WITHIN THE LAST YEAR I HAVE NOTICED A DEFINITE CHANGE IN THINGS. A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT US NOW WANT TO BE OUR

"Me and a friend of mine were talking about this song and how he liked the way I attacked the Norwegian educational system..I was talking about broken hearts."

BEST PALS. BUT AT THE SAME TIME THERE ARE PEOPLE HATING US FOR VARIOUS DIFFERENT REASONS. PEOPLE CALLING US OPPORTUNISTS AND ARROGANT ASSHOLES. I GUESS THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF BITTER AND CLOSE-MINDED KIDS TOO CAUGHT UP IN THEIR OWN PUNK INTRIGUES WHO DOESN'T KNOW US AT ALL.

MRR: TELL US ABOUT YOUR LAST TOUR IN EUROPE? HOW WAS THE RELATIONSHIP WITHIN THE BAND, AND DOES TOURING FOR SIX WEEKS CAUSE ANY TROUBLE FOR THE MEMBERS IN ANY WAY? WOULD YOU RECOMMEND TOURING EUROPE TO US BANDS?

ERLEND: THE TOUR WE HAD THIS SUMMER WAS JUST CRAZY FUN, AND WE WERE AMAZED THE SHOWS WERE SO GOOD, AND WE GOT ALONG SO WELL. WE GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER PRETTY WELL THROUGH THESE THREE YEARS AND 4 TOURS, SO WE KNOW NOT TO STEP ON EACH OTHER'S TOES. WE SHARE A PRETTY SICK SENSE OF HUMOR WHICH A LOT OF PEOPLE PROBABLY DON'T GET, AND THAT KEEPS US ON TOP OF THINGS ALL THE WAY.

ANDY: ALL AMERICAN BANDS I'VE MET/ TALKED TO HAVE BEEN SIMPLY OVERWHELMED BY TOURING IN EUROPE. PEOPLE TREAT YOU NICE (MOSTLY), YOU'LL GET ENOUGH MONEY, FOOD, DRINKS, AND A PLACE TO STAY. OF COURSE THIS DEPENDS ON THE BAND, WHO SETS UP THE TOUR, AND ALL THAT. SPEAKING OF OUR OWN EXPERIENCES US BANDS SHOULD DEFINITELY GO TO EUROPE!

MRR: YOU'VE TOURED EUROPE THREE TIMES NOW, WHEN ARE YOU COMING OVER TO THE STATES?

ERLEND: WE DEFINITELY PLAN TO GO TO THE US IN THE NEAR FUTURE. WE'VE BEEN GETTING LOTS OF MAIL, FROM AMERICAN PEOPLE WANTING US TO COME PLAY THERE, AND FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND THE RECORD HAS D ONE PRETTY WELL IN THE US. WE JUST NEED TO FIND A TIME WE CAN ALL GO, WHEN SCHOOL AND WORK IS NOT IN THE WAY, AND TEAM UP WITH SOME GOOD BANDS TO PLAY WITH. BUT YEAH, WE'RE DEFINITELY COMING OVER SOMETIME.

MRR: YOU'RE DISTRIBUTED IN THE US BY EBULLITION, HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF DOING A RECORD ON AN AMERICAN LABEL?

ERLEND: WE'RE DEFINITELY INTO THE IDEA OF DOING SOMETHING ON A US LABEL, AND WE'VE BEEN TALKING TO A FEW OF THEM. WE'RE GONNA RECORD AN LP SOMETIME WITHIN THE NEXT MONTHS, AND WE WANT THAT RELEASED IN THE US, NOT JUST DISTRIBUTED. BUT I HAVE TO POINT OUT THAT KENT AND EBULLITION HAS HELPED US OUT AND DOES AN AWESOME JOB. WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

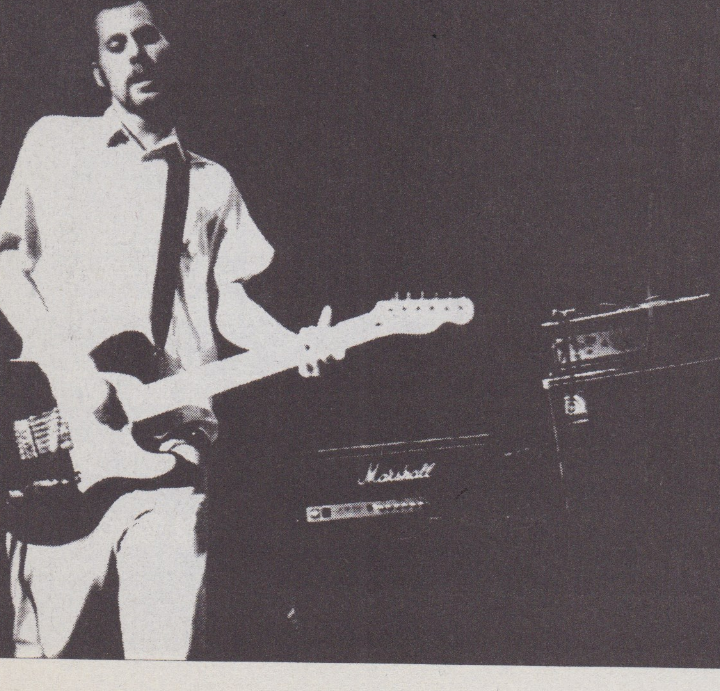
MRR: HOW IS IT TO BE ON THE SAME LABEL AS SUCH INFAMOUS BANDS LIKE HIS HERO IS GONE, CHARLES BRONSON, DEVOID OF FAITH, PALATKA?

ANDY: I THINK IT'S GREAT, SINCE I'M A SUCKER FOR ALL THOSE BANDS.

ERLEND: I THINK COALITION IS ONE OF THE BEST LABELS AROUND. THEY PUT A LOT OF EFFORT INTO EVERYTHING ABOUT A RECORD, THEY'RE SUPER-NICE PEOPLE, AND THEY'VE HELPED US OUT A LOT. THE FACT THAT THEY'VE RELEASED ALL THOSE GOOD BANDS JUST GIVES THEM SOME DESERVED CREDIT.

MRR: DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELVES A PUNK BAND, HARDCORE BAND, ROCK BAND? PLEASE INFORM US.

ERLEND: MAYBE SOMETHING IN BETWEEN ALL THOSE DESCRIPTIONS? I DON'T KNOW, IT'S HARD TO SAY. LIKE I SAID, WE PLAY MOST OF OUR SHOWS IN FRONT OF PUNK AND HARDCORE KIDS, BUT MUSICALLY WE TRY TO PUSH IT FURTHER ALL THE WAY, SO IT'S HARD TO LABEL US AS ONE THING. WE JUST WANT TO WRITE GOOD SONGS THAT ARE DRIVING, ENERGETIC, CHAOTIC, MELODIC AND ROCKING, AND GENRES ARE IN MOST CASES JUST A PAIN IN THE ASS.



"When we started out, we wanted to be a fuck-off band in response to the many morons involved in the scene here in Norway so I'm sure you could say we've burned plenty of bridges in the past..."

ANDY: AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED I'M NOT INTERESTED IN PIGEONHOLING OUR MUSIC SAYING WE'RE EITHER THIS OR THAT. SOME SAY WE'RE A PUNK ROCK BAND. FINE BY ME. WHILE SOME SAY WE'RE A ROCK BAND, AND THAT'S FINE BY ME TOO.

MRR: HAVE YOU SENSED A DIFFERENCE, OR RATHER AN ABSENCE OF INTEREST IN EUROPEAN PUNK BY PEOPLE FROM THE STATES?

ERLEND: IN MY OPINION IT SEEMS LIKE THE INTEREST FOR EUROPEAN STUFF IS DEFINITELY STARTING TO GROW IN THE US. AND IT'S ABOUT TIME. I THINK AMERICAN BANDS JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE GETS MORE CREDIT AND INTEREST THAN EUROPEAN BANDS, SIMPLY BASED ON GEOGRAPHY. BUT THEN AGAIN THERE'S NOT A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF GREAT BANDS ACROSS EUROPE, BUT I GUESS THAT GOES FOR THE US TOO. BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE THE INTEREST IS GROWING, AND THE FACT THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GETTING IN TOUCH WITH US FROM THE STATES, IS COOL OF COURSE. YOU GUYS NEED TO WAKE UP! HAHA.

ANDY: SPEAKING OF SOMETHING ELSE, I GET THE IMPRESSION THAT MANY PUNK-KIDS IN THE US ARE TOO CAUGHT UP IN THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES AND VERY SELDOM DEAL WITH, OR ADDRESS INTERNATIONAL POLITICAL PROBLEMS AND CONFLICTS. AS EXAMPLES I'M THINKING OF THE WAR IN MACEDONIA AND ALBANIA IN THE EAST OF EUROPE, CHINA'S OPPRESSION AND 'IMPRISONMENT' OF TIBET, AND THE ISRAELI-PALESTINIAN CONFLICT. THAT HAS JUST BEEN ON MY MIND FOR A WHILE.

MRR: CONSIDERING THE HISTORY OF BLACK METAL IN NORWAY, I GUESS YOU GET ASKED ABOUT CHURCH BURNINGS AND SATANISM ALL THE TIME?

ERLEND: YEAH. PEOPLE NEED TO KNOW TWO THINGS ABOUT NORWEGIANS. WE'RE NOT VIKINGS, AND WE'RE NOT SATANISTS. AT LEAST NOT 99.99% OF THE POPULATION.

ANDY: FRENCH PEOPLE ESPECIALLY ARE TOTALLY CRAZY WHEN IT COMES TO THIS. "AW, DO YOU KNOW THE SINGER IN DARK THRONE, DO YOU KNOW THE GUYS IN EMPEROR?" "YEAH, THEY WERE AT OUR SHOW, DORK."

MRR: WOULD YOU SAY THERE'S A "THREAT" IN ROCK MUSIC ANYMORE? IS IT ALL STYLE AND NO CONTENTS, OR DO YOU GO AROUND BELIEVING WHAT YOU'RE DOING HAS ANY IMPACT ON THE WORLD AROUND YOU?

ERLEND: I'M NOT THAT NAIVE THAT I BELIEVE WE CHANGE THE WORLD IN ANY WAY. I SEE JR EWING AS A PERSONAL EXPRESSION, AND WE'VE NEVER CLAIMED TO HAVE ANY POLITICAL MOTIVES OR AGENDA EVER. I THINK IT'S MOSTLY ABOUT BELIEVING IN WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DOING IT THE BEST WAY POSSIBLE, HAVE FUN AND SEE THE WORLD. TO BE IN A BAND IS A FANTASTIC CHANCE TO TRAVEL AND PLAY MUSIC, WHICH IS MAYBE ONE OF THE BEST THINGS YOU CAN DO. WHEN IT COMES TO MODERN MUSIC AS A WHOLE, AND THE THREAT IN IT, I THINK THAT'S PRETTY MUCH ALL GONE. ON A MAJOR LABEL LEVEL YOU HAVE HAD A FEW "THREATENING" PERSONALITIES THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS, WHICH IS THE DUMBFUCK MARILYN MANSON WHO PLAYS POP WITH SOME THEATRICAL IMAGERY ON TOP, WHO PROBABLY PROVOKES SOME TEENAGERS PARENTS, AND THAT'S THAT. THEN YOU HAVE EMINEM, WHO'S A GOOD ARTIST AT WHAT HE DOES, BUT BASICALLY IT'S JUST TALKING BULLSHIT YOU'VE HEARD A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE. RATM TRIED TO INVOKE POLITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS ON A FEW SUBJECTS, BUT I BELIEVE THEY FAILED TERRIBLY. WITH JR EWING WE MAKE COMMENTS ON THE WORLD AROUND US, BUT IT'S ALL ON A PERSONAL LEVEL. WE DON'T ENCOURAGE PEOPLE TO DO ANYTHING, BECAUSE WE THINK THAT'S UP FOR THEM TO CHOOSE THEMSELVES.

ANDY: WE DO NOT HAVE AN IMPACT ON THE WORLD, BUT WE DO HAVE AN IMPACT ON PEOPLE AS INDIVIDUALS. I KNOW THAT FOR SURE BECAUSE I HAVE RECEIVED LETTERS AND PEOPLE COMING UP TO ME TELLING HOW THIS AND THAT SONG HAD SUCH A HUGE IMPACT ON HIM/HER.

MRR: WHAT'S THE WORST AND THE BEST SHOW YOU'VE EVER PLAYED (CONDITIONS AND SO FORTH)?

ERLEND: WORST? HMM, HARD TO SAY. MAYBE UBEDA, SPAIN, BECAUSE I WAS SO SICK I COULDN'T MOVE...

ANDY: YEAH, UBEDA WAS TERRIBLE. IT WAS A FREE SHOW AND 30 PEOPLE SHOWED UP. A DRUNK BLIND GUY WITH A FILTHY DOG RUNNING AROUND, RUINED THE WHOLE SHOW BY THROWING HIS CRUTCHES ALL OVER THE PLACE. LISBON PORTUGAL WAS ALSO KIND OF BAD. THERE WERE TWO BANDS PLAYING BEFORE US AND AT THREE IN THE MORNING JUST BEFORE WE WERE SUPPOSED TO PLAY, A COUPLE OF COPS CAME IN WITH A LOADED SHOTGUN, POINTED AT THE CROWD AND THREATENED TO ARREST ALL OF US UNLESS THE SHOW SAW IT'S IMMEDIATE END. WE HAD BEEN DRIVING FOR TWELVE HOURS TO GET TO THAT SHOW.

MRR: ANY FUTURE PLANS, AND LAST WORDS?

ANDY: YEAH, WE'RE GONNA DO A SPLIT 7" WITH THIS MACHINE KILLS FROM THE US, A COMPILATION ON THE AMERICAN LABEL FLASHBURN RECORDS WITH LOADS OF AWESOME BANDS, AS WELL AS A NORWEGIAN COMPILATION. AND IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WE'LL DO A SHORT TOUR WITH THE OATH AND THE LOCUST. THANKS.

ERLEND: THEN RECORDING AN LP/CD FOR SOMETHING, TOURING MORE, AND CONTINUE PISSING PISS-ANTS OFF.

"It's mostly about believing in what you're doing, doing it the best way, having fun and seeing the world."

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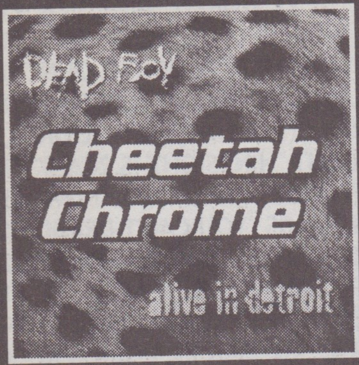

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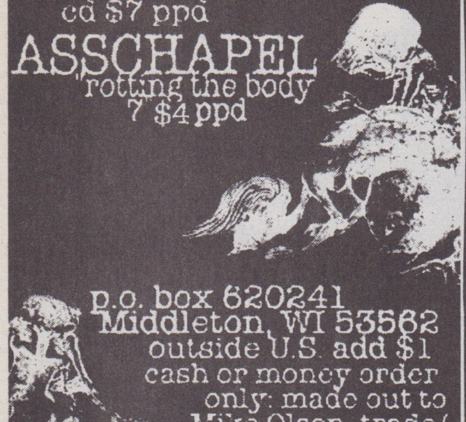

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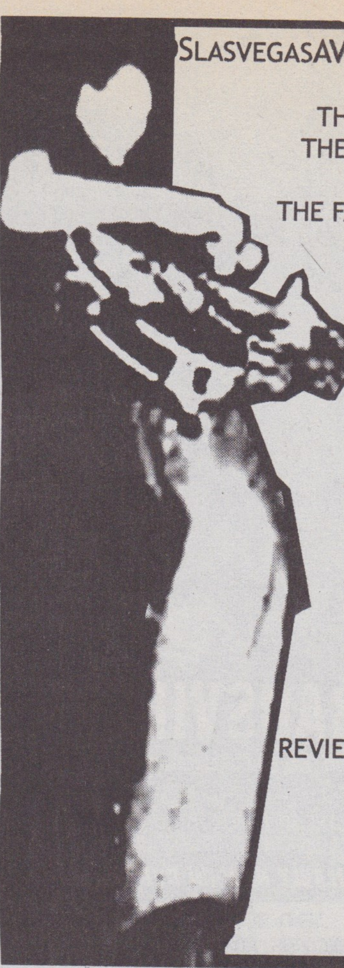

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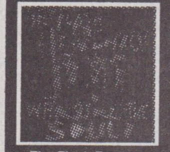

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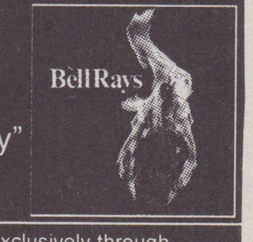

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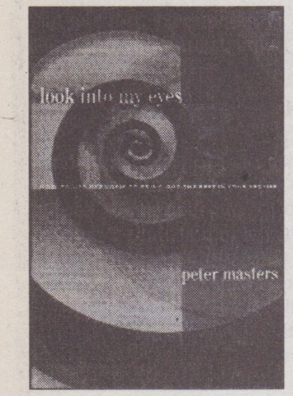


Look Into My Eyes: How to Use Hypnosis to Bring Out the Best in Your Sex Life • Peter Masters
153 pages • $15.95
Greenery Press • 1447 Park Street
Emeryville, CA • 94608

"Hypnosis can be a bit like having a drink to loosen up..."

Peter Masters, author of *Look Into My Eyes: How to Use Hypnosis to Bring Out the Best in Your Sex Life*, is a certified hypnotist who "has enjoyed combining hypnosis and sex with (my own) sexual partners over the last 20 or so years." Masters defines the hypnotic trance as a state of mind in which extreme physical and mental relaxation allow inhibitions to wane, in this state, responsiveness to given commands increases and verbal suggestions can be easily implanted. He says that hypnosis can be used to lower inhibitions, heighten arousal, and enhance physical sensitivity and sexual connection. Yeah, but so does GHB. And when I'm having sex, I don't want GHB anywhere remotely near me. I'm not saying Masters is advocating using hypnosis in order to facilitate nonconsensual sex, but something about this idea gives me the willies.

Look Into My Eyes is one of those books you pray never falls into the wrong hands. Like *Uncle Fester's Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture*, the techniques given could be a recipe for disaster. Peter Masters says that one of the main reasons hypnosis works is because it decreases one's inhibitions. He states that someone in a trance is typically less inhibited by what they do because they implicitly hand over control of what is going on to you. They are going to be open—sometimes much more open—to the ideas and things that you want to do with them. Which sounds completely contradictory to being consensual. If someone would be hesitant to do something when they're awake, you don't try to change their mind by altering the state of their reality. How is this different from using alcohol or drugs to "relax" someone into lowering their inhibitions into doing something they may have not otherwise? To his credit, he does mention that trust is an important issue, stating, "you risk them not letting you hypnotize them again." Hell, if you fuck 'em up good the first time, who needs to do it again?

Anyhow, *Look Into My Eyes* begins with a brief introduction to hypnosis: what it is, how it used, and why. After quickly stating who should not use this book (those in psychiatric counseling or taking anti-depressants; couples in unhappy relationships; and freaks looking to pick up dates in bars) he continues onto the "how-to" section of the book. Here, he goes over the necessary skills and techniques you need in order to hypnotize your partner, what to say once you have them in a trance, ways to enhance their state, how to give them post-hypnotic suggestions and most important, how to wake them up again. He gives plenty of suggestions along the way, including scripts you can use, just in case you've never seen this done in a movie:

"My voice will help you to relax, and will help you to go into a pleasant, relaxed trance. My voice will act as a guide, and as you hear it any tension that you might feel, and any worries that you might have, will evaporate so that all you feel is deep relaxation. Now, your head will become a little heavy and it will soon start to sink down towards your chest. As your head sinks down you will also sink down into a trance. Your eyes will be heavy and tired and they will close. You will sink into a deep trance."

I am going to count to three in a moment. When I reach three I want you to lift your head up straight and then open your eyes and stare straight ahead. I don't want you to wake up when you do this. Shortly after that I will touch you on the shoulder. When I do that I want you to close your eyes, let your head sink back down again and then I want you to go deeper into the trance."

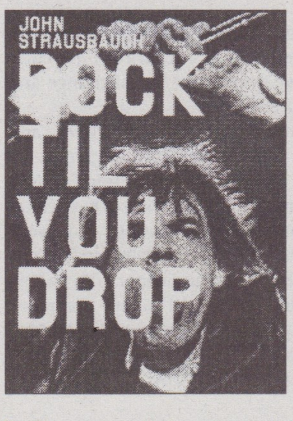
OK. One... two... three."

Finally, we get to the good part. The final section of the book focuses on sex. Inhibitions, masturbation, BDSM, and role-playing all get discussed but the majority of attention is given to sexual fantasies. Masters offers numerous fantasy sex scenarios, including "joining the mile-high club," "making love in a department store," "surgeon makes love to patient," and my personal favorite, "peeping tom." And although Masters specifically stated not to use hypnosis to pick up women in bars, he includes a scenario called "meeting enthusiastic lady in a bar." I know the difference between the two, but not everyone out there understands the difference between consensual role-playing and manipulation. Especially when Masters gives such detailed instructions on how to hypnotize someone and then use one of his scripts to create the fantasy in their mind:

"I am going to start touching you and stroking you sexually now and as I do you'll become very horny. I want you to enjoy the way I am touching you now. I want you to feel my warm hand stroking you and I want you to start feeling very sexy. I want you to think only of the beautiful feelings that you are having now. I want you to respond so strongly to what I am doing."

Masters notes that another "interesting" characteristic of hypnosis is through the use of post-hypnotic suggestion, it's often possible to block memories. This means that after a hypnosis session, your partner might not be able to remember something that happened. He further states that realizing that someone is able to control what they can and can't remember is possibly very exciting or very threatening (or both) to the person being hypnotized.

Block memories?!? What?!? Is he really advocating a practice that allows one to manipulate another person's thoughts, reactions and desires without them being fully cognizant of what actually occurred? Any practice that negates the will and desires of one partner, whether it be through force, alcohol and drugs, emotional abuse and yes, hypnosis, is nonconsensual. It's wrong, it's sick, and it's illegal. If hypnosis does what Peter Masters says it does, then it shouldn't be used in the bedroom or the kitchen or anywhere else except in a doctor's office with a licensed hypnotist. Wait, I take that back. Seeing that Masters is a licensed hypnotist, I'd be wary of the doctor's office as well. —Catherine Cook



Rock Til You Drop
John Strausbaugh
256 pages • $25.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY • 10014-4606

When I first heard the line, "I'm not talking about a Beatles song, written one hundred years before I was born," I nearly pissed myself with glee. After years and years of Baby Boomers jawing on and on about how great the Beatles were and how there will never be a rock'n roll band like them again, hell, how rock'n roll died with the Beatles, and gallons more bullshit drool, it was finally great to hear someone of a younger generation so simply put the Boomers in their place.

Nation of Ulysses followed that reality check with, "They're all talking about the round and round, but who's got the real anti-parent culture sound?" In the first two lines of 1992's N-Sub Ulysses, NOU sums up the essence of rock'n roll and the Baby Boomers' obsession with a rock'n roll past that they had much less to do with than they give themselves credit for.

John Strausbaugh takes a bit longer to demolish the Oz built by his brother and sister Boomers, 256 pages to be exact, but that's OK. Strausbaugh isn't a brash young'un satisfied with dismissing rock worship with an arm sweep. He's a bit older and a bit more pissed off. He also is intent on removing Oz's foundation or, at the very least, lurking around in the basement, kicking out a few support beams so that the Boomers' faux-Eden falls into itself. That is why *Rock Til You Drop* is not only a good read but an important book on rock'n roll.

As I wrote earlier, I am not of Strausbaugh's generation. I am a post-Boomer, a Tweener, a pre-Gen Xer. I missed out being born in the post-WWII Baby Boom (1949-1963) by a couple years. And I am about five years older than the lamely-named Generation X (1970-80). The generation I was born in has not received the media attention that either the Boomers or the Gen Xers do. I have been spared the tributes, the accolades for happening to be born in a certain time period. Because I stand outside of the party, I am in a pretty good position to see who is spiking the punch. Or to paraphrase one critic quoted in Rock..., I can see that the sun does not shine out of the Baby Boom's ass.

Unfortunately, Boomers have not been able to stand outside their world of self-deception, and see what is really real. Instead, they have taken two cultural "movements" and have twisted them, warped them, exaggerated them, lied about them, etc. The Boomers have placed themselves at the front of both rock'n roll and the 1960s protest movement (specifically the anti-war movement) and, through self-tribute, have created one huge myth.

The myth that the Boomers hold onto is that through sex, drugs, and rock'n roll, they were able to rock the system, challenge the Man, and change the fate of this country and the world. The Civil Rights Movement, the small pre-1968 anti-Vietnam War, various struggles against capitalism, the Women's Movement, the Gay Rights Movement, etc. are downplayed or ignored. Instead the Boomers tell us that rock'n roll was the medium, the cultural force which the Boomers used to create change.

Nourishing this world view are institutions such as *Rolling Stone* magazine, the Rock'n Roll Hall of Fame, Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen's Experience Music Project, VH1, and assorted awards ceremonies. Funded largely by a music industry that needs to push the aforementioned world view to remain "hip" to certain segments of the music buying public, these institutions are pretty much dead on arrival. Strausbaugh spends a hundred pages dynamiting the foundations of these institutions.

The Rock Hall of Fame is rightly dismissed as "antithetical to the spirit of rock'n'roll, a multi-billion dollar monument to the sad fact that my generation has completely forgotten what makes rock cool or fun or even 'important.'" Moments after a trip to the Rock Hall, Strausbaugh wanders by a Saturday afternoon, all-ages hardcore show. He writes, "Just standing at the sidewalk of the open door I got more rock in five minutes than I had in three hours inside the Rock Hall."

Jann Wenner, publisher of *Rolling Stone*, is dismissed as a starfucker, and his publication as an avenue to meet his heroes (and, later, to guarantee his position as Boomer sage). The Rolling Stones are revealed to be "a cover band: a Rolling Stones cover band. They were Rolling Stones, Inc., a corporation whose business was to mass-produce and mass-market Rolling Stones nostalgia products."

Strausbaugh goes further than attacking these institutions (and the notion that those over 40 should be allowed to play rock'n roll). He challenges the idea that rock'n roll is an effective avenue for social change and questions the motives of yesterday's revolutionaries.

Through critic Ellen Willis, poet/musician Tuli Kupferberg, and gadfly John Sinclair, Strausbaugh allows that rock'n roll helped relax America's attitudes toward things such as race, social roles, sex, fashion, etc. However the political "revolution" claimed by "radicals" such as cokehead David Crosby never happened. The basic power relations that were in effect before the Baby Boom's glory days are still there. In fact , it can be argued that, with the help of Boomer Bill Clinton and others of the "My Generation" (won't they ever die?), the elite who hold power are more secure than ever. A sax-playing president might be groovy, but he ain't Mao on the Long March. In Ellen Willis's words, "I think there was...always a confusion between 'rebellious' and 'revolutionary.' I always thought it was hype that rock is revolutionary."

This realization is nothing new, even while Rolling Stone and others were hailing rock'n roll as a musical Potempkin, others were wondering why "Maoists" such as the Jefferson Airplane were doing commercials for blue jeans. A few years into their career, it became very clear that the MC5 were not really rabble-rousing Bakunin-lovers, but simply a great rock'n roll band scrounging around for drugs and a piece of ass.

Despite such revelations, establishment "rockers" still insist that they are at the vanguard of the revolution. We are told that everything from Rage Against the Machine with their corporate-sponsored Che Guevara t-shirt enterprise to celebrity hoo-haws such as Live Aid and We Are the World to some drip like Bono yammering about human rights is right on and epoch changing. Lamoes like David Crosby turn out books like Stand Up and Be Counted, both a stroke-job for Crosby and a rimmer for his brother and sister lames. Dopeheads like Crosby give Bob Geldolf, Bruce Springsteen ("a Broadway show about rock'n'roll"—John Sinclair), Bonnie Raitt, and wife-beater Jackson Browne massive props for dedicating a wee portion of their careers to fund-raising for "good causes" (actually for bureaucracies that "administer" the funds to good causes). Christ, the media is so uncritical of our celebrity "radicals" that pigs like Cher can think of themselves as "progressive."

Strausbaugh correctly asserts that such rock'n roll activism is neither. He is right on in nailing Crosby and his ilk as careerists, more dedicated to extending their marketability than real change. I'd go further and add that much of this "activism" is a way for the Crosbys and the Gelds (C&G) of the world to validate a "wasted youth."

Deep inside these so-called rockers, and their allies in the press, is their parent's idea that rock'n roll is both a waste of time and unrespectable (precisely, rock'n roll's two big strengths). Instead of honestly embracing a fuck-it, warts-and-all way of life like Iggy Pop—one of the only rock'n roll seniors Strausbaugh approves of—the C&Gs inflate their political accomplishments while redefining rock'n roll as protest music (specifically, tepid, liberal protest music), their lyrics as poetry (Jim "C'mon baby light my fire" Morrison is a poet? Yeah, and so is Jewel!), and their tunes profound. The C&Gs are embarrassed that rock'n roll is really about "Oh my my and a boo hoo" and "Gabba gabba hey" and not "Give peace a chance." Instead of facing the reality that is "La la la la la," they lie.

"Hey, mom and dad," C&G proclaim, "We're not just rockin', we're working for a better world." Rock'n roll is redefined as something positive, a means to an utopian end, a tool for change. Mom, dad, and future employers will approve. C&G are seen as respectable members of society, not the cocaine bingers and pussy hounds they really are. The great hypocrites are now in the position to beat those younger than them with the rock'n roll activism stick: "I don't know why you listen to that heavy metal, punk rock, gangster rap, fill in the blank. When I was your age, we were stopping a war."

When one steps back and looks at the careers of phonies like Crosby and Geldolf and embarrassments such as Mick Jagger, it becomes pretty easy to drop these icons like a Kennedy on the campaign trail. It also becomes apparent that Strausbaugh's book is less about aging rock stars and more about elderly frauds, or just fakers in general.

Instead of a vibrant form of rebellion, much of what is passed off as rock'n roll is little more than a way to pad pocketbooks. Nostalgia, based on false memories, whether of the Rolling Stones or the Angelic Upstarts, takes the place of three kids in some basement in Red Bluff or honest oldsters such as the Mekons or the Styrenes pounding out four dumb chords. Idiot punks flock to pay $60 to see a 50-year-old Wattie and a bunch of other geezers hobble around stage at the embarrassing Holidays in the Sun tour, when any self-respecting rock'n roller would have firebombed the venue the sham was held in.

Total dishonesty is what plagues rock'n roll. That and money. Not enough-to-get-by-and-pay-the-bill money, but greed. Strausbaugh quotes Keith Richards, musing about the Rolling Stones' beginnings, "We were sort of evangelists. It was a very pure, idealistic drive that did it. The money we needed to live on, we didn't give a damn about. That wasn't the point. We were doing what we wanted. We had all these kids coming to clubs, and we were spreading the music and doing what we wanted to do. It wasn't to make money."

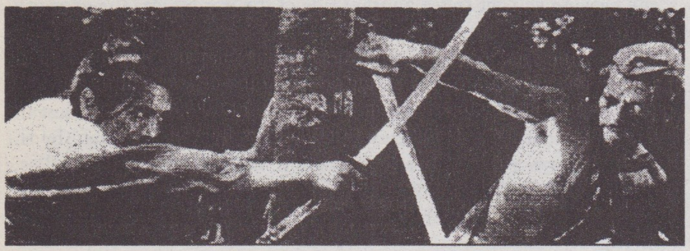
That was yesterday. Today rock'n roll is worth billions. The pressure to pursue the money is great. It is quite reasonable and respectable to make rock'n roll a career choice. What was once rebellious is now pretty conservative. However, that is just one side of rock'n roll, the side filled with the Boomer-inspired lies and self-deception Strausbaugh rails against.

However, for every dillhead who dreams about being on MTV Cribs, there are a handful of drunken losers, work-a-days out to blast away frustrations, and plain dumb kids making a racket in someone's garage. As long as these folks exist and do what they want to do, rock'n roll will continue to be alive. And, hell, if old men like Strausbaugh wanna take literary 2x4s to the heads of the David Crosbys of the world, ain't nothin gonna stop the noise. —Scott Soriano

MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



ZOMBIES AND FLYING SAUCERS AND ROCK'N'ROLL

Take *Rock'n'Roll High School*, add some *Night of the Living Dead*, shake in a little *Mars Attacks!*, and stir it all up with choice morsels of Japanese punk trash, and you'll end up with **Wild Zero**. It's a pick-to-click for anybody who takes their music seriously (and their movies not quite so seriously).

When they're on stage, Guitar Wolf play so hard that bolts of electricity shoot between the guitars, and the licks are so hot that their instruments behave like flame-throwers. Encased in leather, the trio have an implacable, almost mythic toughness. Good thing, too, because when they have a falling out with their sell-out manager (Mokoto Inamiya), it ends up in gunplay. But thanks to would-be rocker Ace (Endo Masashi), Guitar Wolf gets a chance to shoot two fingers off their boss and the head clear off his henchman. Guitar Wolf and Ace become blood brothers on the spot.

That's a really good thing. As it happens, an armada of flying saucers have begun to invade Earth's skies. In their wake, dead people are changing into flesh-eating zombies with blue faces and open sores (something like the front cover of the Dickies' *Dawn of the Dead*). Like most basic zombies, they have bad skin and wander around with their arms in front of them. When Ace falls for a cute gas station attendant named Tobio (Shitichai Kwanchau), their romance quickly turns into a horror film, and in more ways than one. First, those blue zombies start appearing everywhere; second, Tobio turns out to be trannie. Clearly, Ace needs help (and some relationship counseling), and that's where Guitar Wolf comes in, flames shooting from his motorcycle exhaust pipe. To everyone's relief, they soon come upon a warehouse of artillery, and that means we get bazookas and rocket launchers along with Guitar Wolf's double-handed gunplay.

Zombies attack, and more heads turn into stumps...but is there any time for music? Fear not. MTV director Tetsuo Takeuchi throws in some sensational live footage of Guitar Wolf, and packs the movie with so many snippets of classic Japanese punk trash that the soundtrack comes off like a greatest hits sampler CD. As to the film itself, **Wild Zero** rides that striped line between satire and derivativeness, and throws its junkiness right in your face. The comedy shtick with zombies has been done before and a lot better, but Guitar Wolf come off like invincible (albeit hard-drinking) punk gods.

In **Battle Royale**, the horror gets a bit more gruesome, but the satire quotient is still high. It's Japan, the turn of the millennium. With the bubble economy of the 1990s deflated, nearly a million students have taken to school boycotts. If there's one thing the powers that be fear more than a depression, it's hordes of pissed-off kids clogging the streets. So they enact the Millennium Educational Reform Act (or BR for Battle Royale).

Their final solution goes like this: Every semester (ideally at around the time of a field trip), a class of ninth-graders is gassed and shipped to a deserted island. In their orientation (hilariously MC'd by chirpy, upbeat anime star Yuko Miyamura, wearing skimpy battle gear), they learn that they've been fitted with a radio collar that charts their movements. If they try to remove the collar, or tarry in the rotating "danger zones," the collar blows their head off. Each has a survival pack and a weapon supplied at random (ranging from tommy-guns to a pot lid). If anybody tries to leave the island, the collar explodes.

There's another catch: only one student can leave the island alive. If there's no winner by the end of three days, all the collars explode.

Sound like some sinister reality show? Based on the 1999 horror novel by Takami Koshun, **Battle Royale** was conceived well before the likes of *Survivor* or *Moolah Beach*, but it's hard to imagine a more sinister satire of reality shows. The screen titles perversely mark off the students as they're offed, like a demented game show. Since there are forty-two potential victims, the bodies pile up fast.

Battle Royale aims to shock. Nearly the entire cast of fifteen year-old students is shot, pitchforked, electrocuted, machine-gunned, poisoned, bludgeoned, decapitated, and blown up. A few jump to their death on the rocks. (When the director supervised the special effects, he asked for more blood.) It's easy to dismiss this as an exploitation-fest, but there's more meat on the bones than you might think.

The movie is unlikely to be fully enjoyed by an audience that hasn't done some homework. In World War II, when Japanese youths were sacrificed by the tens of thousands, Japanese military strategy was informed by the "zero-sum" policy. Put simply—winning at the expense of your opponent. Toward the end of the war, Japan was preparing to pack Kyushu with one million defenders, from army troops with guns to villagers with farm tools. Humans were chattel.

For the past few years in Japan, there's been an unprecedented rise in violent youth crime, and their government is at odds with itself as to what to do. It's not too far a satiric leap to imagine a government so mortified that it would be willing to sacrifice its own youth yet again. For 70 year-old director Kinji Fukasaku (and also directed the Japanese half of *Tora! Tora! Tora!*), the ironies of sanctioned butchery aren't a game.

Not so with the demented crime drama **Dead or Alive** (Hanzaisha). The poster reads, "This movie contains explicit portrayals of violence; violent sex; sexual violence; clowns and violent scenes of violent excess which are definitely not suitable for all audiences."

A nude woman plummets thirty stories onto the roof of a car, a drug dealer has his jugular sliced as he's bung-holing a boy in the restaurant bathroom, another drug dealer snorts a line of coke ten feet long (then gets ripped apart in gunfire), an overfed Chinese drug kingpin is shot in the stomach so his noodles cover the camera lens—and it's all paced to a wailing cock-rock soundtrack. That's just the first five minutes.

Equal parts shocking and hilarious, this free-wheeling cops and yakuzas film calms down somewhat after that. Your nerves haven't. Ryuichi (Takeuchi Riki) is an small time crime boss with signature bouffant hair and black trenchcoat; he spends almost as much time trying to look tough as being tough. He and his unlikely gang of five pull off a hilarious bank heist, but soon become attracted to the fast cash of drug dealing. But Ryu is starting to get badgered by Jojima (Aikawa Sho), a gutsy middle-aged cop whose life is complicated by being too honest. The cop has a teenage daughter with a heart condition that will take twenty-million yen to cure. More cash than a junior police lieutenant can pull in.

Jojima networks with all sorts of peculiar folk. A deranged-looking cook will give you any information you want so long as you experience two-thousand years of (salty) Chinese cooking; another shoots bestiality films for video (his assistant has the scrungy job of puffer for doggie erections). Of course, there's the debauched junkie yakuza who injects one club girl with heroin, then drowns her in a tub of her own shit.

As for Ryu and his band....most are from China, the untouchables of the Japanese underworld. They have nothing invested in the system, so they're out to milk the it dry. Gunfight after bloody gunfight, they almost do, but when Jojima outsmarts the gangster and hijacks a banana boat full of drugs, Ryuichi realizes who his toughest enemy is.

The final showdown starts off as an automotive game of chicken, then changes gears to an incendiary thrill-ride—and one of the truly magnificent action-movie endings of all time. (It sparked a standing ovation at the Rotterdam Film Festival.)

And guess what? Director Miike Takashi just released *Dead or Alive 3*. Yikes.

Feedback? E-mail me at spinali@postmark.net, or visit http://home.earthlink.net/~sspinali/ for recent reviews and exclusive content.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

REHASHED REDUNDANCE

I hate this trend of remaking, remixing and "re-imagining" things. Especially things that are perfectly fine the way they are. A few years ago there was a trend in records where all of a sudden everyone had a version that was the way they wanted it the first time around, but the record company wouldn't let them. So now everyone who already has the Stooges *Raw Power* has to go out and buy the Iggy-approved version. Suddenly everyone has an opinion as to why the new version is better even though they had been listening to the original for the last 30 years and thinking it was the best record ever. I think these bands just needed or wanted some extra money. And they probably deserve it, but stop deluding us.

Hollywood does it all the time. I will never understand the remaking of a movie. These days everyone has a VCR. It's very easy to rent the original so there is no excuse make the same movie again? The more artsy way to go is the "director's cut." Sometimes the director's cut is better, but most of the time it is not.

Apocalypse Now Redux falls into this trap. What was the last good movie Francis Ford Coppola made? Face it, his kids aren't going to make a good movie just 'cos daddy produces it. So Coppola goes back to one of his classics to "re-edit." His reasoning being that the studio didn't allow him to make the film he wanted the first time around. His original edit of *Apocalypse Now* was six hours long. There's a lot of extra footage to play with. He claims he started over from scratch, but most things fall right into place so it's hard to tell. He does add a few scenes that could have been easily been forgotten. The sound is remixed and sounds pretty great, especially if you get to see it in an Imax theater, like I did.

I assume everyone has seen the original. If you haven't, rent it. It's the story of Army Captain Willard played by the very young and handsome Martin Sheen during the Vietnam War. He receives a special, classified assignment to track down and kill Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando), who has gone crazy.

The first scene that has been altered has the addition of some footage to the beach battle, surfing sequence. There is some more of Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore's (Robert Duvall) hilarious soliloquy. Then Captain Willard steals Kilgore's surfboard. The boat starts it way up the river, but has to hide under some trees while Kilgore's helicopters comb the river looking for the boat, demanding the surfboard be returned. I think the point is made that surfing is very important to Kilgore. The addition of this scene seems to give a different atmosphere on the boat—one where the Captain isn't just this trained killer with his attention focused on his mission, but he's just one of the guys. He likes to fool around too. It also links everyone on the ship as buddies. They have something to joke about now. Also, the surfboard never appears again. I looked for it on the boat later in the film, but it wasn't there. It seems that Coppola realized while shooting that this scene was unnecessary.

The other scenes are weird, making them fun to watch, but don't seem important. The boat comes on a badly wrecked camp to find the Playboy Bunnies trapped there. Captain Willard trades some fuel so his men can have some time with the bunnies. Again emphasizing this new buddy attitude. In this scene, there are two distorted conversations. Chef (Frederic Forrest) and one of the playmates are in a downed helicopter. The situation freaks her out and she talks desperately about what she does back in the US. Chef is convinced that the bunny is someone else and tries to dress her up the way he remembers her. There are dead bodies in the helicopter, but the two make no notice of them. The surfer Lance Johnson (Sam Bottoms) is with the other bunny. Lance is the innocent one and so is the bunny he is with. She talks hopefully about love and he tries on her make up. The scene is very strange.

Then there is the infamous French Plantation scene. I like this scene because you get to see another side of the war besides the us-versus-them attitude of the rest of the film. The French people try to continue with life as usual, refusing to give up their homes. Obviously, Coppola is making a statement about the war, but in this scene he allows the French living in Vietnam to explain for those who don't get it that it isn't just the Vietnamese that are being hurt by this war. The scene is ruined by the attempt to have a love interest for Captain Willard. I prefer Willard as a man with only one focus, to complete his mission. That makes him seem more ominous and makes his transformation when he meets Kurtz more powerful.

I watched the original version again immediately after seeing **Apocalypse Now Redux**. It is still the superior. There is a lot more tension. I wouldn't mind seeing all the deleted scenes. I don't need them added to the film.

My guilty pleasure movie for the month is **Josie and the Pussycats**. **Josie and the Pussycats** is a punk rock movie in the modern sense of what it means to be punk rock. That is, everyone looks good in a "weird kind of way," no one does drugs, and the biggest challenge they face is the repercussions of betraying their friends by "selling out." If I made **Josie and the Pussycats**, on a small budget, without countless product placements and famous Hollywood actors, this would have probably been a popular movie and more people would have seen it. Instead, **Josie and the Pussycats** tries to critique such well-established commercial organizations that the film is actually a part of that people end up missing the point.

Josie and the Pussycats is the story of an all-girl band picked to replace an evil label's boy band, Du Jour. Josie, Valerie, and Melody end up discovering a plot by the record label to add subliminal messages to their songs so kids will buy certain things and act certain ways. The thing I enjoy the most about the film is all the conspiracy theories. I love that stuff. The label has people whose purpose is creating trends. They work on developing slang, clothes, music, etc. There are advertisers who conduct focus groups to determine what is cool with kids and also figure out ways to get their products considered cool. So the film is not far off. It's pretty disturbing.

There are lots of other conspiracy theories that are probably far-fetched, but have a ring of truth in them. That's the fun. In one scene, Fiona (Parker Posey), the woman who runs the label, explains to a group of investors how her record label works. When questioned about what will happen if the bands find out, she counters with, "Did you ever wonder why so many people in bands die in planes crashes, motorcycle accidents, drug overdoses?" She goes on to explain how the label arranges these things and how they have an award-winning show, VH1's *Behind the Music*, to make the public understand why these events have happened. In another, the band's manager asks Josie to listen to a special remix of her song that has subliminal messages. She breaks up the band, claiming she is the star and that is why they are called Josie and the Pussycats, not Valerie and the Pussycats. She later discovers the messages in her song which say great things like, "You should record a solo album."

Josie and the Pussycats may not be a great movie, but it sure is fun. If you are skeptical about how the music industry is able to make a star out of Mariah Carey and her ilk, **Josie and the Pussycats** will fuel that fire a bit more. Since it's on video now, you can rent it for three dollars and invite over all your friends so you won't be giving the evil movie industry too much money either.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send me a copy c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.

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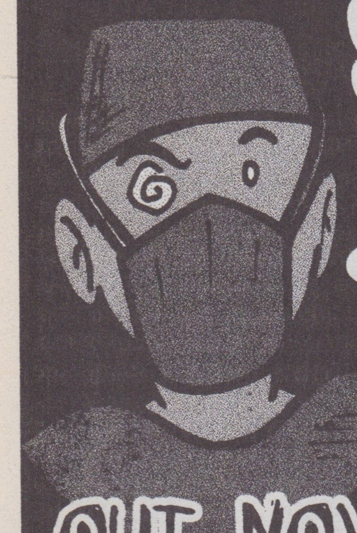

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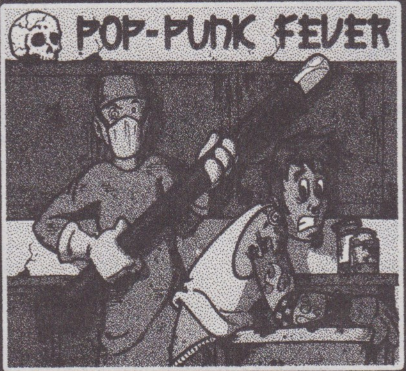
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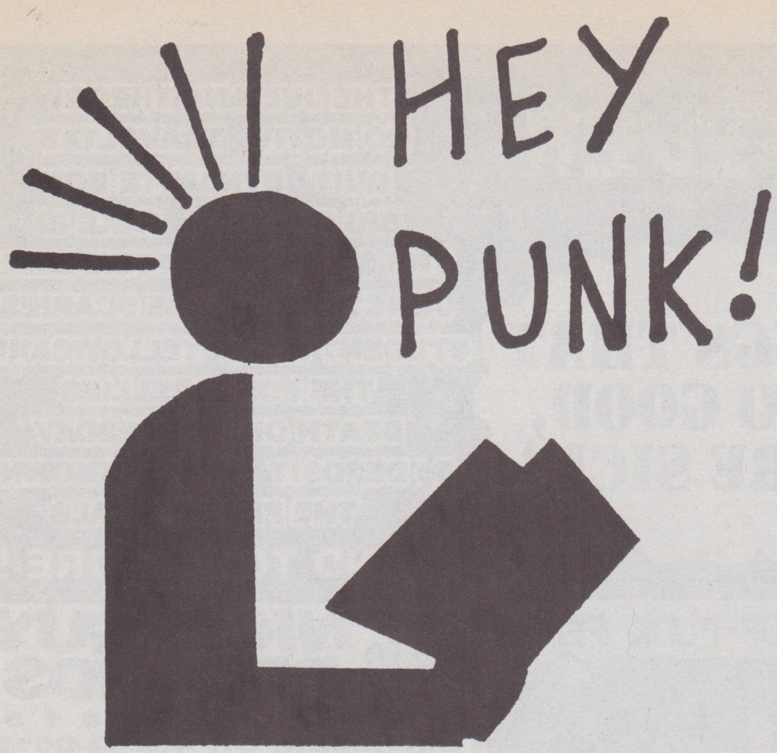

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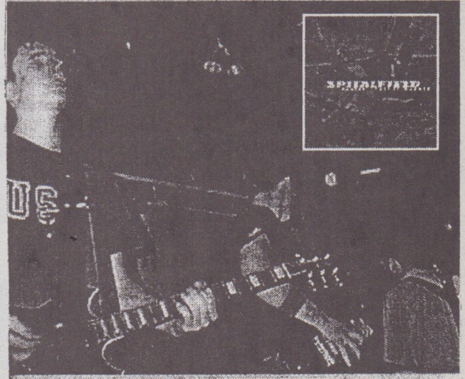

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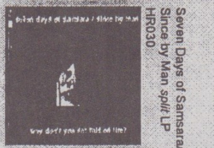
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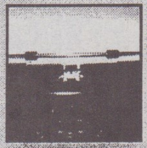
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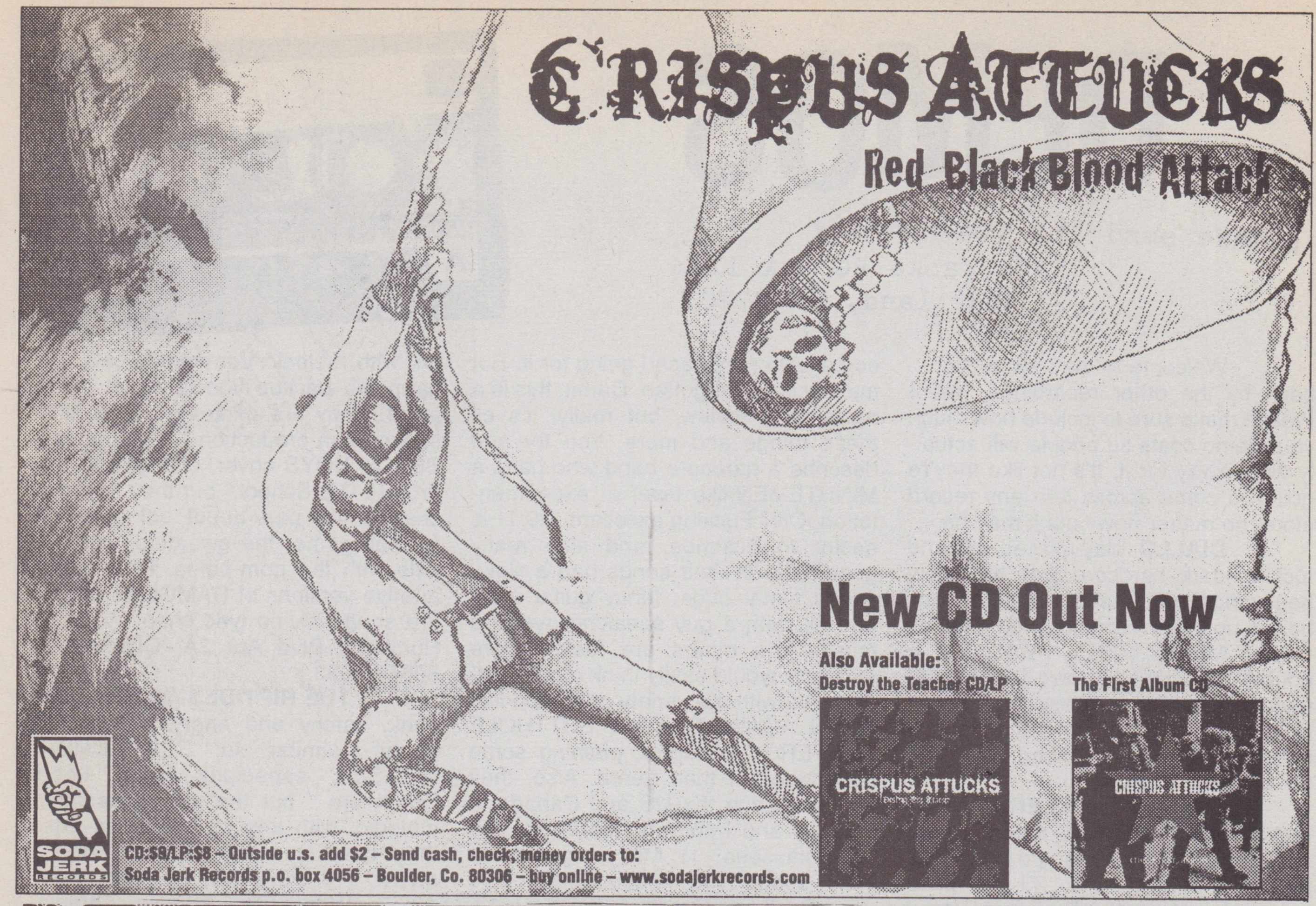

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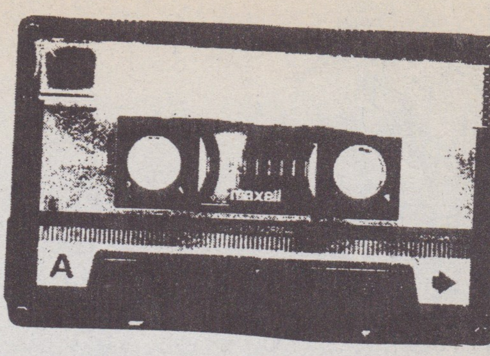

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Welcome to the new section... back by the other recordings. Yeah! Please make sure to include how much your demo costs so people will actually write away for it. It's not like they're going to come across it in any record store, no matter how cool it may be.

DIALLO play pissed off and fucking dark hardcore that has slow beginnings and builds up to a thick boiling up thrash. On the same team as FROM ASHES RISE... With, yes, a double bass drum thrown in for good measure, to kick your ass even more! ($3 ppd US, $4 ppd world. 9 song cassette. 24 Three Rod Road, Windsor, CT 06095.)

HATEMAIL KILLERZ, for the first half of their tape, sound like a midtempo hardcore record that was meant to be played on 33 1/3 rpms, being played at 45. That fast, yes, I swear. About halfway through they drop down to blazing, and her voice gets slightly lower, and you can hear a few pick slides and other things, sounding a lot like DETESTATION. ($2 ppd. 15 song cassette, lyric sheet. 6676 N. Bendel, Fresno, CA 93722.)

MAL GOBIERNO play fast, solid, early days of hardcore influenced punk. The kind of hardcore that's midtempo these days, where you can still dance along if you don't want to thrash, you know? (Someone somewhere is calling me a poser right now because I said "don't want to thrash.") There's some melodic guitar work and solos, and choruses that were made for jumping up and shouting along. So good! And the recording is great. (17 song cassette, lyric sheet in Spanish. c/o Joao Da Silva, Casilla 120-Correo 12, La Reina, Santiago, Chile.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP and **REDENCION 9.11** put out a split demo tape. MD are all over the place. Some of their songs are pretty damn fast, but they have slower parts, and some are catchy, like the one with the "TV Party"-ish feel. They have some melodic singing mixed in, but mostly the singing is shouts from the diaphragm. The pacing is also varied, with some songs having quick stops and starts, and some just crazy paced going for it. But melody is not forgotten. Damn, this is a mess of a review, but really, it's all these things and more. You try and describe a hardcore band who have a MINUTEMEN-like level of experimentation, OK? Fucking excellent. R9.11 is easier to describe, and also really good. One of their songs had a slow-paced metal edge, fancy guitar work and all, with a guy speaking over the music. The others are faster, more what you would easily think of as hardcore, but with the variety of a band like BORN AGAINST or the BUTTHOLE SURFERS, you know, pushing some boundaries in their genre. Also, they will be touring the US and Canada in January and February, 2002. Go! (15 song cassette, 11 MD songs and 4 R9.11 songs, lyric sheet in Spanish. c/o Joao Da Silva, Casilla 120-Correo 12, La Reina, Santiago, Chile.)

RIPPED TO SHREDS thrash it up, yup. Fast bursts of energy, spitting out rabid vocals, then a mosh part, and back to thrash, then it's over. Youth crew, ahoy! Great song about hanging out on Railroad Ave., but then I'm a sucker for mapping out our history in our songs. But, the one problem is their tape is recorded low, so even at a high volume you still can't get it quite loud enough. (10 song cassette, lyric sheet. 1616 Lincoln Street, Bellingham, WA 98226.)

JANE SPEED would have been the perfect band to put on the other side of the VOMIT LAUNCH tape I made last month. Perfect. Interesting and melodic, and the same sweet vocal style with the build up of anger coming in unexpected and wonderful ways. Great. (6 Song CD, no lyric sheet. 39 Chester St. Apt. 1, Allston, MA 02134.)

NO ONE plays melodic songs that are mostly on the faster side of midtempo— sometimes they break it down so you can sing along with their earnest off-key melodic singer. (9 song CD, lyric sheet. Via Pola, 19, 21010 San Macario, VA, Italy.)

THE POPPYCOCKS play the traditional three-minute pop song full-on, with melodic frontman vocals, the harmonic backup vocals, short guitar solos. They are midtempo, and have super clean production. One song is a BEACH BOYS cover, changed to "Be True to Old School," but they forgot to change the part about going to the football game, the sweaters, and the girls with the pom-poms. Four songs are live versions of RAMONES songs. (10 song CD, no lyric sheet. 1836 N. Humboldt Blvd Apt 2A, Chicago, IL 60647-5033.)

THE RIPTIDES good rockaroll punk, catchy and angry. Mostly fast songs, similar to SCREECHING WEASEL, especially Major Label Debut era... but the singing is more melodic, with lots of fuck yous. Also they have a super doo-wop duet... awww. (16 song CD, no lyric sheet. 1227 Woodside Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.)

ROBWEOZA have the pop punk down, but they keep some edges. The pace is on the fast side, and the singing is real singing, and good harmonies with the backup vocal guys. The vocals are the forefront in the recording, and it takes a punctuating guitar solo to be able to hear the music up front. ($6 ppd. 15 song CD, no lyric sheet. PO Box 1036, Staten Island, NY 10306.)

RUNNAMUCKS play songs that end up reminding me of everything that I love about MDC. They don't play anything melodic, or fancy, but solid like the straightforward days of hardcore, before the dark side was such a big influence. (12 song CD, lyric sheet. 810 S Winter Park Dr., Casselberry. FL 32707.)

X TORN ANUS X made me laugh out loud...good and funny super thrash with influences spelled out right there on the lyric sheet for lazy reviewers. They are a dead ringer BLAAARRRRGGGHHHH style band. It's like they are a tribute to all the good hardcore out there. (35 song CD—in 40 minutes!, although some songs are duplicated with live versions, partial lyric sheet. PO Box 1104, Boise, ID 83701.)

RECORDS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, emo, metal or MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include post-paid price and contact information when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). *We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases.* If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.* Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry, (AD) Andy Darling, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (BG) Brian Gathy, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (EM) Eric Mueller, (WN) Willie Nelson, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (SP) Spencer Rangitsch, (WR) Will Risk, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (AS) Andrew Scott, (SS) Steve Spinali, (MT) Mike Thorn, (JT) Jessie Trashed, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young, (HY) Henry Yu.

32forty
hearts and mirrors

2 CENTS WORTH - "Still Sick After All These Years" CD

This guy wins the "Punk Voice Most Like Weird Al Award." If you're a fan of THE DICKIES, NOFX, and/or the VANDALS and you haven't heard of these guys, do yourself a favor and go check 'em out. Some of the songs are pretty catchy, but in general this doesn't really do it for me. (EM)
(AVD, 8730 W. Cheyenne, Box 159-22, Las Vegas, NV 89129, avdrecords.com)

32 FORTY - "Hearts and Mirrors" CD

Please stop sending letters that tell me what the band sounds likes because this band sounds nothing like JAWBREAKER, SCREECHING WEASEL, WEEZER, and especially AVAIL. The songs are mid-empo emo pop in the vein of what major labels are looking for nowadays (I'm making no accusations though). Clean, well harmonized vocals over melodic guitar riffs give the songs a JIMMY EAT WORLD feel but they still have a bit of energy,just a bit though, that moves them slightly toward the HOT WATER MUSIC end of the popular emo (yes I know that none of these bands are really emo) spectrum. Nine songs that are well recorded and over produced. It seems hard to find an argument for why this should be reviewed in *MRR*. (PA)
(Lotus, 13414 SW 111th Terrace, Miami, FL 33186, lot-rec.com)

AMENDMENT EIGHTEEN
EVERY KNIFE HAS A HOME

69 A GO GO - "New Flava/Fag Hag"

According to their press kit, this DC group is following the bad-boy tradition of the STONES, DOLLS, PISTOLS, and G'N'R, but I sure don't hear it. Maybe a shred of post-"Undercover of the Night" Jagger, but that's about the extent of it. Sounds more like by-the-numbers '90s pop rock, except for the occasional synth noise and the truly absurd trumpet hook on the A-side. "Fag Hag" is slightly better but it doesn't really save this single from the major label demos bin. (JG)
(With an X, 66 Hope St, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

324 - LP

The vinyl version of the CD that has been out for a couple of months. 324 play great grind, and while their earlier releases had a strong TERRORIZER influence, their newer releases show 324's style to be more original, maybe even leaning towards the direction of a little death metal. No matter what style of grindcore Japan's 324 does, they execute it perfectly. If you can find this on vinyl (although it will surely be pricey), get it....while you can. (MW)
(HG Fact, 105 Nakanoshinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-cho, Nakano-ku, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

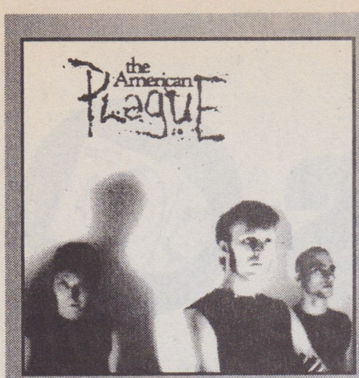
AMENDMENT EIGHTEEN - "Every Knife Has a Home" EP

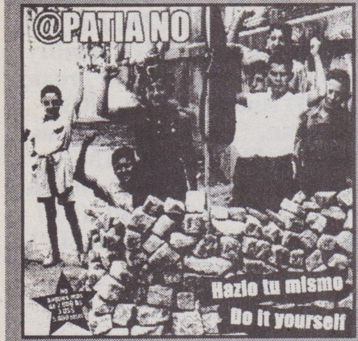
This album surprised me as coming from a California hardcore band. I certainly would have guessed somewhere on the East Coast, where there's a bigger draw for this stuff... Loud, fast, and angry. The way this guys screams, I'm thinking that this band (and his voice) will probably both be short lived. If you live in Boston or NY, or you're just into their music scenes, pick this up. You'll probably like it. (EM)
(Fixed Star, Robert-Koch-Str.3, 44135 Dortmund, GERMANY)

THE AMERICAN MONSTERS
BETTY GONE BAD

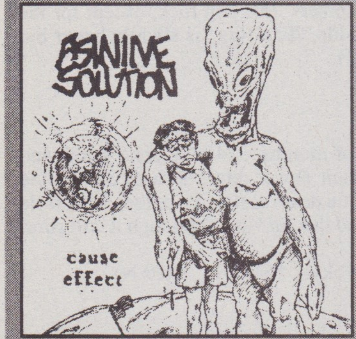
THE AMERICAN MONSTERS/BETTY GONE BAD – split EP

The AMERICAN MONSTERS apparently have some members of CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE though not the two members that warranted purchase of aforementioned band's material. They don't live up to any comparison either it has to be said. Fairly forgettable mid-tempo indie/DIY punk. On the flipside BETTY GONE BAD are better and even warrant a CIGARETTEMAN or DISARM comparison. Good mid-tempo poppy/DIY punk. (AD)
(529&Co, 6019 Foxtail Drive, St. Paul, MN 55110)





ARGIES
La frontera



THE AMERICAN PLAGUE - CD

This Tennessee power trio's 7-song debut mines similar late-'70s hard rock terrain to the HELLACOPTERS and GLUECIFER, with Marshall stacks on 11, snaky guitar solos, and anthemic choruses. The strongest cuts are the ones with more punk rock and less metal influence, like the short and catchy "Landmine." Recommended for punks who aren't ashamed of their closet rock Jersey collections. Note: singer/guitarist Jaw played drums with the UNDEAD for a while. (JG)
(Plague, PO Box 10911, Knoxville, TN 37939, plagueusa.com)

APATIA NO – "Creados para la paz..." EP

Fast angry political punk from Venezuela. The music is pretty basic but the sentiment is inspiring, songs against multinational corporations, United Nations, religion, and environmental exploitation with a huge accompanying information sheet and translation. Check out last month's issue for their interview, this stuff is refreshing just because it comes from somewhere where punk rock is so much more than cliches and lip-service. There's a bunch of this bands material recently released by a joint effort of labels from South America, Japan, and Germany. Check it out if you can. (AD)
(Noseke, c/o Johnny Castro, A.P.64670, Z.P.1064-A, Caracas, VENEZUELA: apatia_no@usa.net)

APATIA NO - "Fronteras" EP

Here you get 10 songs of raw distortion filled political punk rock from Venezuela. Most of these songs appear to be a few years old, so I am not sure of the current status of the band. Simple yet effective songs, showing that the South American punk scene is alive and well. (RC)
(Grupo/Distribution, c/o Johnny Castro, A.P. 64670, ZP 1064-A, Caracas, VENEZUELA)

APATIA NO - "Hazlo tu Mismo" EP

Political DIY recording of 4 fast and scratchy punk songs with female/male vocals. Ok but doesn't stand out. (SR)
(Noseke, c/o Johnny Castro, A.P. 64670, Z.P. 1064-A, Caracas, VENEZUELA, nseke@usa.net)

APATIA NO/SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS - split EP

Venezuela's APATIA NO starts off in a heart-rending lurch with "Gritos de Llantos," an anti-State Control number that engages your emotions while demanding your fist in the air. The lyrics to this song include a righteous scream, and the chorus of backing vocals speed up your pulse and drive the point home. Argentina's SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS has three muddier songs, with more changes, more samples, and more pleas for autonomy and mutual aid as an alternative to organized religion and government. (AC)
(Noseke c/o Johnny Castro, AP 64670, ZP 1064-A, Caracas, VENEZUELA / Schulin, CC #458, Mar del Plata, BA 7600, ARGENTINA, pichon666@hotmail.com)

ARGIES – "La Frontera" CD

Wow, I've totally wanted to hear this band ever since we ran that interview with them in issue #220, and they don't disappoint one bit. Rocking street punk from Argentina—taking major clues from THE CLASH and putting just the right modern influences into it. Tired of the same old crap? Put down that shitty American record that sounds like every other record you bought last week and write these folx ASAP for your very own copy of this now! Got it? Remember kids, as Floyd says, supporting international punk goes beyond just the thrash scene! (MT)
(Combative, Baradero 377, Florida CP 1602, Buenas Aires, ARGENTINA, combative@coopvgg.com.ar)

ASININE SOLUTION - "Cause Effect" EP

I've listened to side 1 twice now, and I officially fucking love this record. Hardcore that is just a hair too slow to be called "thrash," and is full of enough energy to pull California out of our supposed "crisis." A totally DIY release; from the rough recording and its buzzsaw guitars that cut wonderfully through the mix, to the itemized list detailing what they spent on every aspect of releasing this record, including contact information so you can do it YOUR self. They bag on their own lyrical content, although I don't know why, as the words are punk as fuck to go along with the music. Do yourself a favor if you are even remotely a fan of DIY hardcore/thrash/punk...get this. (WN)
($3 ppd: Asinine Records, 3095 N. 50th Ave., Chippewa Falls, WI 54729)

ASSAULT - CD

An amazing 7-song disc from this Japanese band! Swedish styled hardcore with the Japanese twist, but this record is also full of melodies and hooks that remind me of current Japanese bands like CRUDE or ACME. ASSAULT have grown tremendously from their first EP, both in terms of songwriting and pure intensity. The power never lets up, and the guitar gives the whole recording a dark, eerie feeling, while the bass flies all over the place like I haven't heard since the RESIST LP. Strained vocals and a bombastic drummer seal the deal, making this one of the best records I have heard in quite a while, but then with HG Fact, you can't really go wrong. (WN)
(HG Fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi, 2-7-15 Yayio-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164-0013 JAPAN)

ASSCHAPEL–"Rotting the Body" EP

Rough, harsh hardcore from Tennessee. There's a solid use of structure—they manage to layer the guitar sound independently of the other instruments, then bring it all back into fold immediately. The vocalist is hoarse without exception—it's gotta hurt. Several of the guitar breaks come at you with much ferociousness. Especially liked the title track—struck me as the most developed song, and also the one with the most memorability. Awesome stuff. (TM)
(Hungry Ghost, PO Box 620241, Middletown, WI 53562)

ATARI - "Skate Tuff" EP

Mediocre skate-hardcore with a few generic breakdowns thrown into most songs. The style is done well, but gets boring and a redundant quick (but then again, this really isn't my cup of tea). Fans of CHAIN

OF STRENGTH, TURNING POINT and the like should take note and add another name to a long list of copy-cats. (SP)
(Siton, Dr. Hyleboslaan 19, 9220 Hamme, BELGIUM, sitonrecords@usa.net)

A.V.O. - "Solutions" EP

Hell yes! Henk and his supreme hardcore vehicle, Kangaroo Records, has issued another fucking great A.V.O. disc! This fourteen song punk frenzy is a fantastic follow-up to the well-received *Fuck Positive Hardcore* EP. On this one, APPREHENDED VIOLENCE ORDER completely decimate all the punks! This shit is so fast, so brutal, and so damn good you won't believe your ears! Give "Solutions," "Certified Drunk," "Miserable," and "Self Worth," a spin—excellent! Turn the disc over and you'll hear: "Get Over It," "Blow up the Whitlams," and "Divorceable." First rate hardcore delivered right in your face! (BR)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, the Netherlands, herry.fee.uva.nl)

A.V.O. - "Solutions" EP

I do not know, nor have I ever met anyone in A.V.O., but we share several mutual friends, and by all accounts A.V.O. are swell guys, it's just the singer who writes all the dumbshit lyrics. Newsflash: if your singer writes moronic lyrics, it certainly makes the rest of you morons for being in a band with him. I understand that after the last EP came out, the band were even apologizing for their lyrical content in interviews, using the age old defense "it's just the singer, not the rest of us." Well the rest of you need to grow a fucking backbone and get a new singer, if not a new band. Granted, the fag-bashing theme is not present on the record as it was on the last, but with a liberal smattering of "bitch"s, a "stupid cunt" here and there, and lyrics that rarely stray from the horribly original topic of beating the shit out of anyone who crossed them, it doesn't exactly seem like A.V.O. have progressed much, if any. Yeah, the record rips, so fucking what? There are plenty of better bands not fronted by meatheads, whose members would have the fucking guts to stand up to a fucking asshole, especially one in their own band. (WN)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, the Netherlands, herry.fee.uva.nl

BAD ACID TRIP – "For The Weird By The Weird" CD

BAD ACID TRIP play bad grindy hardcore. BAD ACID TRIP are really fucking bad, but their CDs fly through the air really fucking good. Some times you like to break things, it makes you feel good. Sometimes listening to bad music just sucks. I will try to remember this CD by brief moment of pleasure it brought me. Of course knowing that I will never have to listen to it again magnifies that pleasure. (JF)
(R.S.R., Strasse Def, Friedetts 45, 7819 Mittelpollmitz, GERMANY)

THE BAD FORM - "No More Neo New Wave" EP

The BAD FORM rock. These guys do not fuck around. The song starts, the guy sings (and yells, and screams, and howls), the guitar plays guitar, the drummer drums, the bass player plays bass, they do what they have to do and the song is over. This is not to say that these are extremely short songs, but that they are not full of filler, which doesn't mean that they are bare. Got it? A short description might go something like this: catchy punk rock, with some surf and twang influences. This is rock 'n' roll. Oh, and it's on pink vinyl. (KK)
(Youth Attack!, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

ERNIE BARTON/HAYDEN THOMPSON - split EP

Actually it's more of an old-timey jukebox single (complete with oversized hole—don't forget your adapter), another entry in Norton's series of Sun Records singles. I'm utterly unfamiliar with both of these men and where they figure into the grand scheme of 1950s rock 'n' roll as it was played and made in the American Southeast, but it sounds pretty all right to these ears. Ernie Barton's "She's Gone Away" is a slow, brooding stomper that painfully etches a tale of lost love, while Hayden Thompson's "Fairlane Rock" is a real gone number. Pounding, catchy. Big thanks all 'round to Norton, once again. (JH)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

THE BATTLEDYKES - "Domina" EP

The BATTLEDYKES haven't quite evolved into a distinctive style yet (and despite their name, two of the members are guys)... but try to imagine a girl-vocal FRESHIES (with maybe a punkier edge) and you have a fair idea of what's going on here. Catchy, nice vocal harmonies backed with solid guitar, but it's about average. Nice milky colored vinyl. (SS)
(Thunderbaby, Hasselstr 120, 40599 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

THE BEATINGS - "Kiss on the Cheek" EP

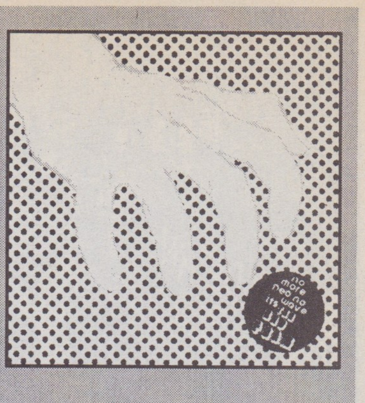
The guitar on this 7" is great; Back to basics streetpunk with catchy streamlined solos and hooks. Pick it up if you're into The STITCHES, the BODIES, U.S. BOMBS, etc. I almost sense some DEVIL DOGS influence too... Definately one to include in the 2001 Punk Rock time capsule. (EM)
(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C013, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

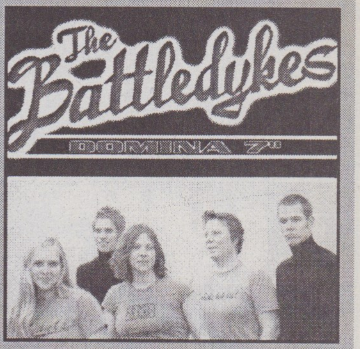
BITTER PILLS - "Nowhere Around" EP

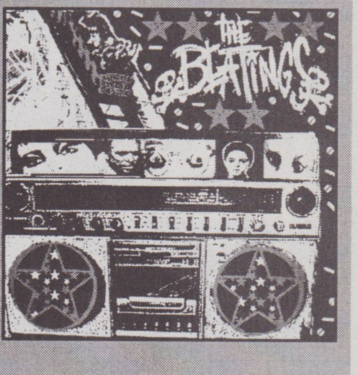
Brevity is the soul of wit this month, at least as far as my record reviews are concerned. BITTER PILLS: punchy, kicky. 1960s-inspired rock 'n' soul with a rough garage edge and plenty of unpolished charisma. Hearkens back to the less-complicated days of last week when rhythm & blues combos thrilled audiences at neighborhood sock-hops and everyone went home happy. "Nowhere Around", "Run, Run, Run", "She Don't Really Care" and "Circumvention" add up to a neat debut that bodes well for future efforts. Done, in record time! (JH)
($3: Domesticity, PO Box 763, Knoxville, TN 37901-0763, bitter_pills@hotmail.com)

BLAME GAME - "Chap" EP

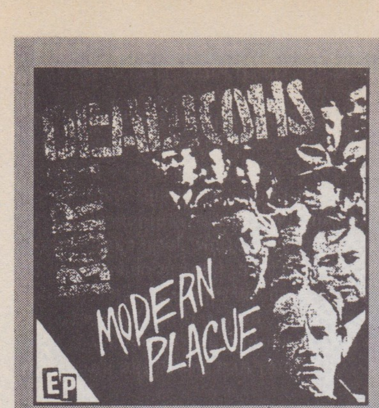
Well done screamo hardcore in the vein of MAKARA, NEIL PERRY and other bands that take the contemporary stance on what bands like MOHINDER helped pioneer in the early '90s. A lot of bands have this sound these days, but what makes BLAME GAME slightly different are their adherence to slightly

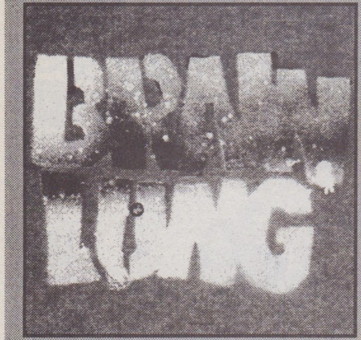

no more neo new wave





bitter pills EP





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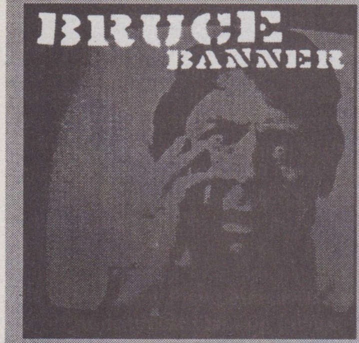


more catchy song structures while at the same time adding a bit of chaos. The recording could leave a bit to be desired, but hey... The thing that stands out most for me are the quiet parts which combine a jazzy drum style with a good deal of guitar melody, but most importantly aren't too long (making you want just a little more). A wholesomely decent record. (SP)
(Stickfigure, PO Box 55462, Atlanta, GA 30308, stickfiguredistro.com)

BLOODY SODS - "Get Outta My Head" CD
Fast, sweaty, loud, bald and in your face, the BLOODY SODS punk out hardcore with heavy guitar, gnarly vocals and brute force akin to aggro-bros LIMECELL. These are definite "get your ass kicked in the pit" tunes done well. (DL)
(Madskull, PO BOX 57159, 1040BB, Amsterdam, Holland)

BOREDOM - "Squat Thrust Captain" CD
Melodic punk rock that sounds similar to LAGWAGON or the ATARIS, with maybe a dash more of that bouncy hardcore style that a LIFETIME would play. I have a feeling the kids go nuts for them, the punks hate them, and they probably sell lots of girly tees. Look, BOREDOM is competent at what they do; it's just what they do remind me of their name. (JF)
(Grey Van, PO Box 860116, St. Augustine, FL 32086)

BORN DEAD ICONS –"Modern Plague" EP
Whoa. The BORN DEAD ICONS do a WIPERS cover! Crazy. Not many would probably guess, but I was (am?) a big WIPERS fan. Despite Martin Sprouse declaring any band fronted by someone wearing a headband couldn't be any good, I was enthralled by their trance guitar. Regardless, they do an accurate rendition of "Doomtown"... great song. The EP is strong overall—memorable hardcore, with character often missing. I think they gain a huge advantage by not trying to be anything in particular—the songs have hooks, the cover is artwork which is both tasteful and well executed. It's not wimpy or flaccid, but they don't seem to take great pains to fit in to any of the previously designated current hardcore trends. Excellent stuff—this is a record I'd be excited to listen to, which doesn't happen as often as I'd like. (TM)
(800 Place Victoria #451, Montreal, Quebec, CANADA)

BRAINOIL/IRON LUNG - split EP
BRAINOIL have been pulverizing the Bay Area for awhile, and it seems like they are starting to come into their own. They offer one song on this split, and it is slow and heavy, picking up only here and there to mix things up....reminds me of a dirgier SLEEP (*Volume One* era). Good stuff. IRON LUNG are fucking brilliant fastcore....two person style (guitar and drums only). Mix a little grind with the fast/slow style of CROSSED OUT and you got IRON LUNG. Great split. (MW)
(Boredom Noise, PO Box 11351, Oakland, CA 94611)

BROKEN - "Mad as Fuck" CD
Catchy, upbeat punk rock from these East Coast stalwarts. Catchy is probably the most important word to notice here, as there's plenty of hooks in with the guitars. The secret cover is especially appreciated, as Max and I were talking about how melody and chorus make things memorable. Good stuff. (TM)
($6.00 ppd: Magilla Guerrilla, PO Box 1271, New Haven, CT, 06505-1271, nancy.concelman@snet.net)

BRUCE BANNER/SAYYADINA - split EP
Two equally raging Swedish thrash/hardcore bands on seven short inches of vinyl...very nice indeed. SAYYADINA have a straight forward approach that is similar to someone like SEEIN RED but with a little bit of that Portland-esque flavor. Lots of treble on the guitars, high/low interchanged vocals, blasted drums, you get the picture. BRUCE BANNER are a little more balls out, with a more raw sounding recording and a certain air of sloppiness. The out of control vocals remind me a bit of the YOUTH ENRAGE LP, so naturally they rule. Supposedly members of PROTES BENGT are in this band and as an added bonus they do an ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT cover. Good stuff from both bands. (SP)
(Sounds of Betrayal, c/o R. Alfaro, Box 7902, 200 42 Malmo, SWEDEN, putridfilth@bigfoot.com)

BUDELLAM/THE LUCKY SEVEN - "Animals" split EP
BUDELLAM hails from Spain and delivers some political, rockin' punk tunes with a tinge of metal guitar. Their tunes were recorded in 1994 and are a step up from their 1991 EP. Sweden's LUCKY SEVEN also have a little of the metal thing going on more of a melodic, pop-ish punk. Both bands sing in English pretty well and include lyrics. Pretty cool. (HM)
(Wounded, Box 193, 612 24 Finspang SWEDEN, larocahc@yahoo.es)

SONNY BURGESS - "We Wanna Boogie" EP
I mean, this is really cool, like rockin' shuffle stuff from the '50s. Nice use of a saxophone and harmonica. It's rock and roll. You know what it sounds like. What I like about all these Norton Records reissues is that we can finally hear some different rock and roll stuff. Sure, you can turn on the radio anytime and hear BUDDY HOLLY, CHUCK BERRY, LOU CHRISTIE, or JERRY LEE LEWIS, but their songs get old and tired. Thanks to Norton Records, a whole generation of forgotten artists will now be remembered by those besides collectors of obscure records. I think that's really sweet. But, I don't get it. How is this punk rock? I don't see no goddamn tattoos on CARL PERKINS' face, do you? (WR)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

BUZZCOCKS - "Spiral Scratch" EP
Well, here's the classic EP rereleased, with, I believe different mixes. Strange hearing this stuff after so long. Not to mention after hearing the band on a car commercial and on movie soundtracks. But I'm just being crotchety. This deserves to be rereleased. Who can beat early BUZZCOCKS for manic love songs and songs that just won't leave your head for weeks at a time? You know 'em, you love 'em, and if you don't, trade in some shitty CDs at your local store and get their complete early works. (BG)
(Mute, no address)

THE CARNIVAL OF DARK-SPLIT - "Focus" CD

Sugoiii!! This is awesome!! On the musical end of things, CODS has a bit of a SHOTMAKER influence, but they also have this quirky aspect that I can't really put my finger on. I have heard a few bands try to imitate the SHOTMAKER style, but none have really been able to reproduce the urgency and still add their own twist and be original. None until CARNIVAL OF DARK-SPLIT, that is. God, this is good. The vocals intrigue me just as much, almost like a Sam McPheeters (BORN AGAINST)/Chris Thompson (in FURY)/Guy Picciotto (in FUGAZI) hybrid. This is definitely the best record this month. Find this. (SP)

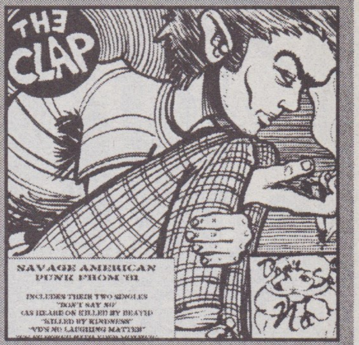
(HG Fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN, hgfact@japan.interq.or.jp)

THE CASUALTIES
die hards

THE CASUALTIES – "Die Hards" LP

This month's CASUALTIES record is called "Die Hards", the nineteenth (amazing isn't it!) album from these very productive New York band. Fresh from the '*VANS* ™ *Warped Tour*™ this new album on '*Side One Dummy* ™' is more speedy snotty (what-used-to-be-called-hardcore-before) hardcore punk with lots of chanted choruses from all their mates. More great photographs of their cool hair and clothes, I especially liked the camouflage bondage trousers (though I think he should bleach that denim jacket) and the liberty spikes in Reggae colors. One thing that bothers me, I counted 59 metal spikes on the cover –that's almost a 50% decrease since last month's album, which poses the question: Have the CASUALTIES sold out? (AD)

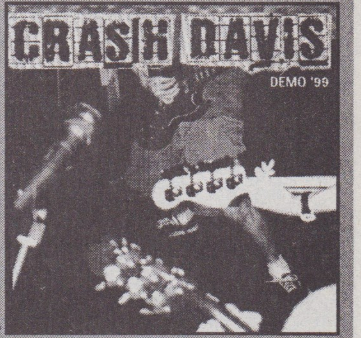
(Side One Dummy, 6201 Sunset Blvd, Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90210)


THE CLAP
SAVAGE AMERICAN PUNK FROM '81
INCLUDES THEIR TWO SINGLES
"DON'T SAY NO"
(AS HEARD ON KILLED BY DEATH)
"KILLED BY KINDNESS"
"YOU'RE NO LAUGHING MATTER"
Don't Say No

CLAP - "Don't Say No" EP

More archival junk from a band that's proclaimed "Savage American punk from 81'" which is somewhat of a exaggeration. Previously included in some now forgotten volume of *Killed By Death*. No information is included in this about where the band was from, whether they ended up as accountants or, more likely, is reforming due to renewed collector scum, post-*KBD* interest. Musically this is pretty good brit-derived late 70s punk rock which is more mid-tempo and new wavey than one would like, definitely not "savage". Sorta sounds like any number of the second generation UK bands like SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS or JOHNNY & THE SELF ABUSERS etc. The flip side has two badly-recorded live tunes which are more aggro-SEX PISTOLS sounding than the other studio recorded tunes and whose inclusion here is greatly appreciated. (JY)

(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)



CLEATUS – "Snatching Defeat from the Jaws of Victory" CD

The first song is called "Right Turn Clyde", remember those movies? Remember Betamax? Remember SNUFF and MEGA CITY FOUR? Syrupy sweet pop-punk from England. Good and catchy without being too wimpy (it *is* kinda wimpy...but it has a roughness too, like when you can tell from reading his lips that Michael Owen told the ref to fuck off) you could let these guys stay at your house and your Mum would think they were nice. In fact "nice" is the best word to describe this... if you like your pop-punk clean then this is for you. I like my pop-punk anyway I can get it - this is super. (AD)

(Firefly, PO Box 30179, London, E17 5FE, UK)

CONTRASTO - "Statico Senso" LP

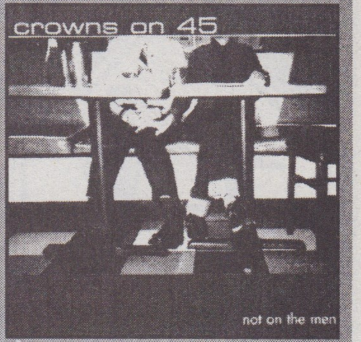
Strong and fast Italian punk with good poetic anti-authoritarian lyrics in Italian, pounding drums, and duo vocals. Not bad stuff. (SR)

(Agipunk, c/o Milani Giampiero, c.p. 63 27100, Pavia, ITALY, agipunk@libero.it)

COPS & ROBBERS - "Execution Style" EP

The vein of second wave English punk that bulges prominently on the thick neck of COPS & ROBBERS early Boston hardcore sets these guys apart from hills of wasted vinyl. The vocals and guitars follow each other around perfectly at the choruses and there's some good bass strut in some of the breakdowns. I'd *much* rather listen to this record than write about it. End of review. (TH)

(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052, bridge9.com)



CRASH DAVIS - "Demo '99" EP

Man, I tell ya, when this whole '88 revival thing first reared its head a few years ago, I'll admit it, I was kinda stoked—but enough is enough, kids. CRASH DAVIS does this just as well as any other well scrubbed bunch of boys would—fast, to the point, with lotsa mosh parts and posi sing-a-longs for you and your crew to memorize. That's *your* crew—my crew would much rather eat burritos. It's just not bad, just nothing inspiring either. (MT)

(Sike, PO Box 10504, Holyoke, MA 01040)

CROWNS ON 45 - "Not on the Menu" CD

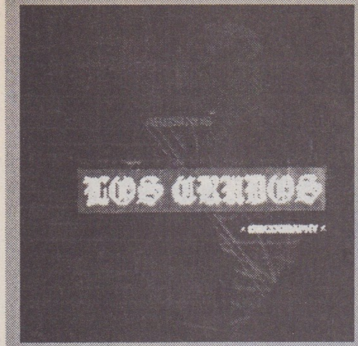
Layers of guitars and bass, the girl who's singing has a really cool voice. It sort of reminds me of the NEED. This doesn't really sound much like The Need, though, there's not as much of an edge. It get's pretty sappy in parts .It's sort of more emo/pop punk.. Introspective, desperate, trouble. (JT)

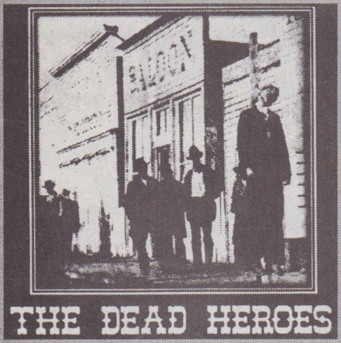
(Heartcore, heartcorerecords.net)

LOS CRUDOS - "Discography" CD

74 songs from the band that popularized 5 minute disjointed explanations of 45 second songs, encouraged punks of color to stop putting up with bullshit, and had legions of white punks screaming "spic" into the microphone with them. Across four EPs, a split LP, and their own full length I don't think the LOS CRUDOS chicken laid a single bad egg. Plus, they had great timing. When HOOVER, ICEBURN, and RAILHED were stinking up venues in the post ULYSSES/BORN AGAINST wasteland, CRUDOS dusted off early Italian hardcore and tore shit up. Between the explanations, of course. (TH)

(Lengua Armada, c/o Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116, ebullition.com)





DERIDE
ハイランク EP

DETENTION
EXPELLED

THE CRUSTIES - "The Only Band Worth Hating..." LP

Not to be confused with the CRUSTIES on Beer City Records, these CRUSTIES are a more garagey and sound a little like the STITCHES. Unlike the STITCHES, these CRUSTIES' songs seem to go on and on and on. I can barely listen all the way through this. (HM)

(Lance Rock, 1223 College Drive, Nanaimo, BC, CANADA V9R 5Z5, http://angelfire.com/band/crusties, lancerock.com)

D.R.I. - "Greatest Hits" CD

Here's an example of how to fuck up the "Greatest Hits" thing. All they would have to do is put the first EP (you know, the seven inch with 22 songs on it) and the *Violent Pacification* EP on here, and you would have been set. I mean, there's only 17 songs on here, for fuck's sake!! So here's the summary—when the CD hits the songs off those releases, it's worth it, but the metal crossover shit fucking sucked then and it sucks now. Their liner notes claim they've been at the forefront of the hardcore punk thrash scene for 19 years…sounds like another old band trying to rewrite history. I seem to recall some pretty bad and totally metal records (tracks from which are on here) coming out of this unit.They left punk behind and went metal and now they want back in. Boo-Hoo! Your time would be much better spent trying to track down the LP version of the *22 song EP* rather than trying to find this. (MT)

(Deadline, PMB 251, 13428 Maxella Ave, Marina Del Rey, CA, 90292)

DAYBREAK/GODSTOMPER - split LP

This has been in the works for days... DAYBREAK rips through 17 songs of some frantic, almost schizophrenic, fastcore songs...with an occasional hint of melody here and there. Damn good....DAYBREAK can write a damn good song, that's for sure. I believe they are gone, which is a shame since they were one of the better bands of this genre. The GODSTOMPER stuff is recorded on four track, and when done right, four track recordings are pretty awesome. But this one is a little in the background, and you can't really tell what's happening. But I think that's the desired effect... so who am I to say. (MW)

(At A Loss, PO Box 3597, Annapolis, MD 21403)

DEAD HEROES/THIRTEEN - split EP

Wow, this really sucks. Please kick me in the ear so my hearing will cease. This is really generic pretty boy "hard core" (I know I'm going to get some hate mail for saying that but I don't fucking care). The THIRTEENS have high nasally vocals, and the DEAD HEROES have the tuff growl both have really annoying drummers. I really don't know what else to say other than its a complete waste of my time as a reviewer. (BM)

(King Bee, PO Box 1164, Denver, CO 80201)

DECIBELS – "The Big Sounds of the Decibels" CD

More great power pop from this Sacramento band. In the same vein as the PLUS ONES or the YUM YUMS, this post E-TYPES combo keeps it pop in a good way. Well schooled, this band can hang with the power pop big boys. (RL)

(Stella's Dream, stellasdream.com)

DEFACTO OPPRESSION–"Oblivious to Concerns" CD

Wow. Certainly left a favorable first impression—the first song was a quick foray into spiteful hardcore and was immediately proceeded by another similar blast. I love it when bands don't bother with the pause between songs—why allow someone to catch their breath? This is some great stuff. Whoa! A curveball–song three has a slightly mellower feel, mostly due to the supercalm, almost acoustic breaks. Ahhh... a bit in and we're back to the frenzied, hoarse hardcore that I much preferred. Some solid stuff here—another label to check out—see ASSCHAPEL for more info. (TM)

(Hungry Ghosts, PO Box 620241, Middleton, WI 53562)

DEPRAVATI/RIFIUTO - split EP

DEPRAVATI deliver 3 songs of solid old school hardcore, bringing to mind the sound of Italian countrymen WRETCHED, but a little more polished (only a little). Ranging from ultra-fast to mid tempo, this band holds its own at all speeds, and I would love to hear more from them. Good fucking shit. Fellow Italians RIFIUTO offer up a similar brand of hardcore, but WAY more lo-fi, less original, and with cookie monster vocals that are...well, not exactly to my liking. The DEPRAVATI side shreds, and the record is worth it for those songs alone. (WN)

(Robiolio Martino, Via. A Cerruti 53, 13853 Lessona, (B1) ITALY)

DERIDE - "Limited Will" EP

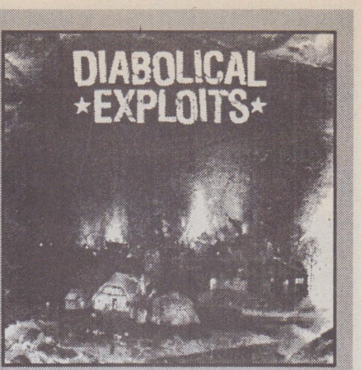
They don't make them much better than DERIDE; a fucking amazing live band who put out records that continue to amaze. These four songs flew by before I even knew what had hit me, and I had listened to this twice before I had written one word. This is the kind of hardcore that you listen to wondering when it is going to fall apart, but it never does. So fast and intense, and the breakdowns sound like thunder. ANY fan of classic Japanese hardcore needs to hear this band. (WN)

(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 aa, Amsterdam HOLLAND)

DETENTION - "Expelled" CD

A pretty damn comprehensive package of all things having to do with this band. Who, of course, became prominent due to their inclusion in an early *Killed by Death.* which made their "Dead Rock 'n' Rollers'" 7" yet another holy grail of record scumdom. This is goofball Jersey punk which isn't too dissimilar to stuff coming out from the Stism label from about the same time. Imagine a more thuggist punk band with DEAD KENNEDY's-like sarcasm but without all the weird musical stuff and you might arrive at DETENTION. The juxtaposition of very enunciated sing-song baritone vocals combined with not-exactly-tight playing makes for an interesting musical stew. Definitely not even really something that could be considered punk rock in the classic sense, but more "clunky" or "amteurish" or something. Yet most of the stuff

here is pretty funny, though not on the level of their signature tune. This CD includes the 7", their 12" and oodles of unreleased crap. Pretty worthwhile package and worth your indulgence. Another band from the mists of time that I don't mind hearing again. (JY)
(Grand Theft Audio, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd. PMB313, Glendale, CA 91202)



DIABOLICAL EXPLOITS - "Mediocrity" CD

This is Andy "Art of Ears" Ernst's band, and he really shows off some slick-ass production on this CD. Andy also displays his knack for writing decent melodic, mid-tempo rock/punk/ska tunes. "Half Way to Hell", the gem of the CD, has this kinda eerie 45 GRAVE-ish feeling. The weak point is their version of SCREECHING WEASEL's "The Science of Myth". Overall, this is pretty friggin' good. (HM)
(Substandard, PO Box 310, Berkeley, CA 94704, substandard.com)

DISASTERNAUTS - "Backbone" EP

I have to say that this is my dream record. It's sound is as close to ideal as I've ever heard. All instruments and vocals can be heard, the sounds being layered with nothing drowning out anything else, but it still sounds like it was recorded in a basement. Perfection. (DP)
(PO Box 25037, Portland, OR 97298-0037)

DON'T LOOK DOWN - "Caught off Guard" CDEP

I'm sorry, but as the boys from YOUTH BRIGADE said in their set at Holiday in the Sun USA last month, religion and punk rRock can't mix. These guys were obviously stuck in Indiana during that installment of Punk Rock U., thanking God repeatedly on the liner of this 6-track CD. When they walked into Sonic Iguana to record this I cant help but wonder which MILLENCOLIN and TEN FOOT POLE albums they brought with them as examples of what they wanted to sound like. It kinda sounds like PROPAGANDHI after a lobotomy. It is actualy very well played and sung, but in my opinion, it's been done. (EM)
(Tank, PO Box 40009 New Bedford, MA 02744 tankrecords.net)

ELECTRIC
FRANKENSTEIN
GAITHER
ALREADY DEAD

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN - "New York Nights/Already Dead"

Here we got the familiar overdriven sounds of EF, who are back in effect with another double a-side, which includes two songs previously recorded from their LPs. Sounding like a pumped up DERELICTS meets TURBONEGRO, EF do that loud monstrous thing they know and love so well. Think we can get a ballad next time? (DL)
(TKO)

EMERGENCY "The Less I Know" LP

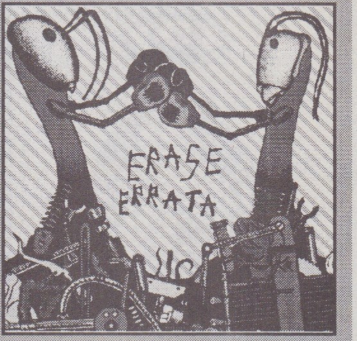
Fans of the early Rough Trade and Slampt Records sound will probably dig this co-ed Portland group. Imagine a less-syncopated DELTA 5 or a ramshackle LUNG LEG with a male singer. I give 'em kudos for the cool-looking super homemade silkscreen job on this vinyl edition of 500 copies, but the music meanders too much to really hook me. (JG)
($8 ppd: Archigramophone, PO Box 82785, Portland, OR 97214, archigramophone.com)

ENFOLD - "No Coming Home" CD

A few years ago, Per Koro seemed to be the world HQ for thundering European metalcore. Now that that genre has crossed the Atlantic and been absorbed by (read: ruined by) both the US hardcore and emo scenes, I was extremely curious to hear this new release from ENFOLD, one of the first bands I heard playing this style of hardcore. Powerful, emotional (without being emo), metallic (without being metal), and fucking intense you just sit back and marvel. 10 songs and 4 "interludes" make for a mindblowing disc. Lyrics in German and English, with several other translations available. There's a reason the Europeans are considered the kings of metallic hardcore...the Americans can politely bow the fuck out. (WN)
(Per Koro: c/o M. Haas, Im Fehrfeld 26, 28203, Bremen GERMANY; c/o Stickfigure, PO Box 55462, Atlanta, GA 30308)

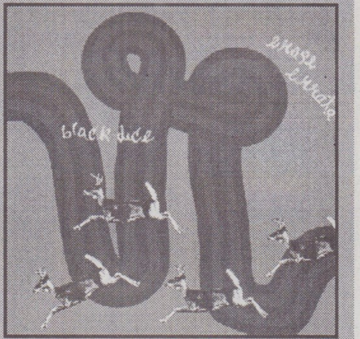
ENSTAND - "Fire Inside" 10"

Damn, I'm impressed. A band from Finland makes me care about hardcore again. Who knew? ENSTAND take the best elements of MINOR THREAT and NEGATIVE APPROACH and throw in some high wire, hard rocking early AVAIL influence to make something utterly new and vital music. This stuff just pummels right through you. It's tight, raw, pissed off, and creatively written. I am so there if they play stateside. This is an essential release, by the way! (BG)
(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND



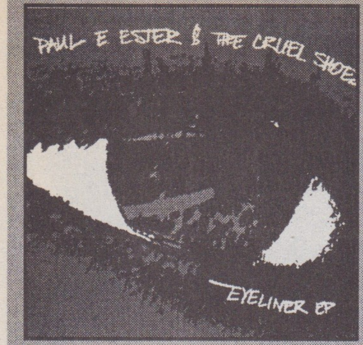
ERASE ERATA - "Other Animals" CD

"We are the streets. We are the concrete enemy. We are the reasons for the gated community." This junkyard is filled with parts disconnected and scattered. I hear her voices screeching through this wreckage in layers, some desperate, some sarcastic, sickly sweet and frightening. Motion. Quickness. Trumpets are sounding off. I cant place the voice, wanting to compare it to something familiar, something from the past but she is ahead of me racing into the future.. A warning.. There are traces of LILIPUT, the SLITS, GANG OF FOUR, WIRE, the No Wave New York scene, the SCISSOR GIRLS, ORNETTE COLLMAN. This is the first album from Oakland's ERASE ERATA. We are in this vehicle headed full force into a crash, dissonant, glorious, meticulously calculated. This album is amazing. (JT)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St., Bayonne, NJ. 07002, troublemanunlimited.com)



ERASE ERRATA/BLACK DICE - split EP

Very funny, guys, tossing me some art school wank and wonk. Wonk side is BLACK DICE performing "Untitled #5.5"—is that a JOHN CAGE piece or something—which has some interesting moments (because I'm concentrating really hard and don't want to sound like an uncultured slob). Wank side is ERASE ERRATA performing dissonant art school songs a la numerous forgotten Deaf Club/Club Foot bands. I have no idea why this is being reviewed, nor why I'm putting so much effort into reviewing it. (DD)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St., Bayonne NJ 07002)


PAUL E ESTER & THE CRUEL SHOES
EYELINER EP

PAUL E. ESTER & THE CRUEL SHOES - "Eyeliner" EP

Apparently a super-group of sorts from the rapidly developing Detroit rawk scene. The sound is right in line with the hundreds of anonymous garage-NEW YORK DOLLSesque 45s that came out on obscure American labels in the late '70s/early '80s. A good vocalist, strong straight-forward rock 'n' rollers onna-one-way-road-ta-heeee-aaaall! The guitars are piercing and fuzzy and the whole thing hangs together like a really cool suit from the thrift shop: cheap and thrilling! (RW)

(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT, 06460-1475; undergroundmedicine.com)

ESTUDANTES/EVIL IDOLS - split CD

Awesome punk rock from crazy Brazilians! ESTUDANTES' tunes in Portuguese have a real dirty '80s melodic punk sound complete with raspy back up vocals. Their own version of "Beverly Hills" by CIRCLE JERKS rocks. These guys are fuckin' wild live–I saw two of them in CLARO QUE NAO. EVIL IDOLS deliver drunken rock n roll influenced punk rock songs in English about women, bars in Curritiba, and skipping town. They even throw an oi influenced tune in the mix. Excellent split– all these guys kick ass! (SR)

(Laja, Caixa Postal 25519, Vila Velha-ES, CEP:29102-973, BRASIL, laja@altavista.net)

ESTUDANTES
EVIL IDOLS

JEFFREY EVANS/DON HOWLAND - split EP

Some records are better served with brief, to-the-point capsule descriptions, which is, as I've mentioned, the theme of this months' reviews (since I'm running strictly on caffeine and good intentions). One-off tour single, blue vinyl. Jeffrey Evans is former (?) front-man of blues/chug outfit '68 COMEBACK and sticks true to past efforts with his take on "Sweatshop Blues"...he doesn't disappoint, but doesn't surprise with this forlorn number. Don Howland is a former BASSHOLE and offers a spooky reading of "Cowgirl Blues" that cloys the ear and makes the flesh on the back of my arms crawl. Worth it if you're a fan of these gentlemen's past efforts. If you aren't, it ain't. End. (JH)

(dBs, PO Box 2550, 3500 GN Utrecht, NETHERLANDS, dbsrecords@dbstudio.nl)

EXCLAIM - "Keep Things Evolving Positively" EP

Holy fuckin' kamikaze hardcore chaos here. Yep, we gotta a bunch of Japanese dudes assaulting their instruments at mega speeds with completely indistinguishable screechy vocals. EXCLAIM do manage to break it down to some humanely recognizable speeds here and there too, but for the most part this is migraine in the making. (DL)

(Deranged, PO BOX 543 Stn. P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S- 2T1 CANADA)

STRIVE AGAINST FATE
EXHALE

EXHALE - "Strive Against Fate" EP

This style of music is definitely not my area of expertise, so I can't name bands with a similar sound. I can say, however, that this is an awesome record. Solid hardcore that incorporates trademark qualities of other styles of music, such as distorted guitars, the occasional solo, and double kick drums, along with the standard hardcore fare of back and forth vocals and chunky breakdowns. (DP)

(Throw Up, Green Heights #101, 1315-17 Zaiketsuka Shirane-cho, Nakatoma-gun Yamanashi-ken, 400-0221 JAPAN)

EYES SHUT - "What It's All About" EP

By the book, old school straight edge. Overly sincere lyrics blasted out in a very familiar way. They might want to put those MINOR THREAT records away for a while and work on their own sound. (CK)

(Dead Serious, Helenananlange 3, 66299 Friedrichsthal Germany, info@deadserious.de)

FEDERATION X "American Folk Horror" LP

These guys sure seem like they mean it, posing with rifles in front of an American flag and singing about "The Hatchetman," "Moose Blood" and "Charlie Jackie Freedom Pride." Even though they're a trio, FEDERATION X sounds like another one of those guitar/drums duos, albeit with some '70s hard rock influences. Echoes of the MELVINS and DRUNK HORSE pop up here and there, but for the most part FED X seems to be content just bashing the same old chords for minutes on end. (JG)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM
WELCOME TO THE OCTAGON

FINAL BLAST/RAPT - split EP

OK, this bootleg shit has gotten way out of hand. Every Johnny come lately has now gotten it in their head that they can be "part of history" by bootlegging the record they just bought on eBay. Its fucking sad. Is this split EP record good...fuck yeah, it's great. RAPT are awesome, and FINAL BLAST are often overlooked. But it's the original that is awesome, not somebody's attempt to finance their struggling record label. You can seriously find this record for like $4 if you look hard enough. All the boots coming out of upstate New York, Amsterdam, etc have to fucking stop. Its fucking pathetic. I should call Bill Smith (since it's obvious this was where it is pressed) to find out who the profiteer is. (MW)

(no address)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM - "Welcome to the Octagon" CD

Loud, feedback-ridden, messy rock and roll. There's no real rhythm, the vocals are sputtered then spit out and a guitar solo will be randomly thrown in, but it all seems to come together. (CK)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham. WA 98227)

FIVE FOOT NOTHING - "Pretty Nuclear" CD

Kinda PARASITES-ish pop punk. Lots of songs about girls, decent but not exactly the kinda of band that gets you going. Maybe its a little too mid tempo. Not bad but not great. (BM)

(Boss Tunage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, ENGLAND, fivefootnothing.com)

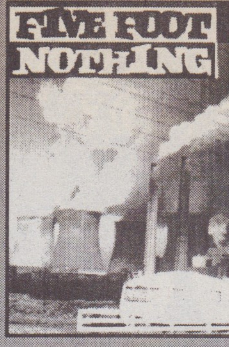
THE FLAMING SIDEBURNS - "It's Time to Testify...Brothers and Sisters" LP

An Australian collection of previously released stuff and an unreleased cover of "Lucille" from this

Swedish rock band. They take their cues from MC5, but sometimes come across sounding like a cheesy '60s movie soundtrack. (CK)
(Humber, 38 Advantage Rd., Highett 3190 Australia, humber@corduroy.com.au)

FLASH EXPRESS - "Who Stole the Soul?" EP

This two song debut from these Hollywood rockers is of the variety that seems to be making Detroit a musical mecca these days. The sound has a mild soul influence and that type of, I'm not sure who coined the term, but I'm gonna call it "Dirty Moustache" rock feel to it. Hopefully that name will stick and a new sub-genre of punk rock will emerge (this is my goal). Anyway, nothing too original here, but what the fuck is these days? Think MOONEY SUZUKI, the BELLRAYS, or even the MC5. I imagine this band would be fun to see live, thumbs up. (AS)
(Revenge, 5835 Harold Way., Hollywood, CA 90028)



FLESHIES - "Kill the Dreamer's Dream" LP

The punk things about the FLESHIES are the shortness of the songs and their lyrical content. All the rest is pure rock and roll, sometimes chunky sometimes noodly, sometimes TED NUGENT sometimes TURBONEGRO.(DP)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092,
alternativetentacles.com)

FOR THE LIVING – "Broken from the Start" EP

Positive hardcore that possibly suggests refraining from consuming alcohol and illegal substances. Sounds (to me) like YOUTH OF TODAY etc. or (for those under twenty) REDEMPTION 87 etc. They sound very athletic. Six songs. Clear vinyl. Next! (AD)
(Punk Uprisings, PO Box 6771, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

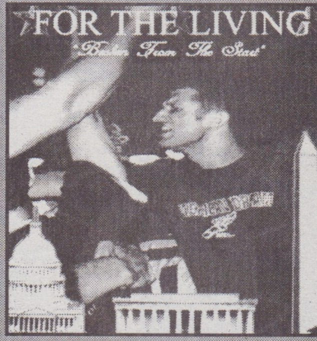
WHO STOLE THE SOUL?

FORWARD - "Just Go Forward to Death" LP

This is pretty generic Japanese hardcore, with Ishiya, the lead singer from the classic Japanese Hardcore band DEATH SIDE at the helm. If you collect Japanese Hardcore or were a big fan of DEATH SIDE this is probably going to end up in your collection, otherwise there's not much about it that stands out. It's a solid record, just not my style. (EM)
(H.G.fact 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013 JAPAN interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

FRACAS - "A New Host of Torment" CD

Each time I hear them, FRACAS gets better. They play old school punk rock, with an emphasis on rock, in the vein of DEAD KENNEDYS. But as soon as you hit play, you know Joe Franke (the singer and sweetheart who not so long ago shot himself in the side with a shotgun, and then extracted the bullet himself), has been raised on MISFITS and ELVIS records. Definitely helping their sound is the addition of a drummer Lonnie, previously of SUBINCISION. They keep getting tighter, and I look forward to hearing what comes next. (WR)
(Calendar of Death, 1431 A Park St., Alameda, CA 94501)

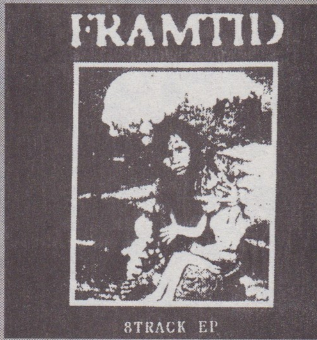


LA FRACTION - "Guerre d'esperance" EP

They may be talking about serious issues but they have a rockin' upbeat sound with beautiful female vocals. Its all in French and only one song is translated: "Guerre d'esperance" is about the revolutionaries in Guatemala. This one is truly excellent. (SR)
(no address)

LA FRACTION - LP

Driving, clean, melodic, mid-tempo French rock-punk that approaches, but veers away from, a number of prefab comparisons. Crystal clear high femme vocals provide the punctuation for thick, warm guitars that rock and roll in an endless forward-moving direction. The constancy, texture, and warmth of these guitars are the stuff that many-albumed "careers" are made of. Especially when you throw in the powerful and clean rock vocals (these closer to SIOUXSIE SIOUX than to any idiosyncratic punk female vocalists I can think of) into the picture, you get something resembling algebra, but without any variables. I'm not sure how long this quartet has been together, but they have already found their sound. It's a good one—similar in tempo, tone, energy, to LEATHERFACE, perhaps MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, with a little RONDELLES' catch, perhaps, (but different, too)—with good, political lyrics, and they're French, bien sûr. I predict this will not be the last you hear of LA FRACTION. (AC)
(Fraction, 65 boulevard Voltaire, 75011 Paris, FRANCE, fraction@altern.org)



FRAMTID - "Eight Track" EP

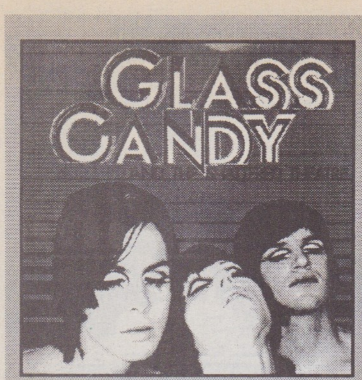
Raw distorted D-beat attck from Japan—in the same school as DISCLOSE, ATROCIOUS MADNESS, or for you old timers, ANTI-CIMEX. I fucking piss myself over most bands that pull this off well and these folx are no exception. Totally killer. (MT)
(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AD Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

FRATELLANZA - "In God We Trust" EP

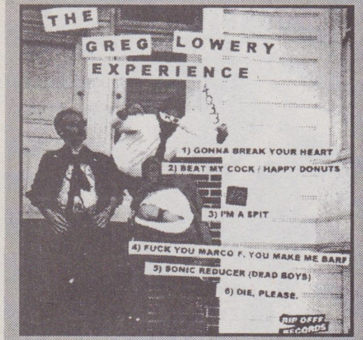
Fast Italian hardcore that says to be influenced by youth crew, but sounds like it's influenced more by the fast punk bands of the mid-'80s. The untraditional vocal style is a breath of fresh air, and the original approach to HC is refreshing as well....Fast, political and punk, just the way I like my youth crew. Unfortunately, I heard they just broke up after their tour. (MW)
(Cane, xcanerecordsx.com)

FURY 66 - "Red Giant Evolution" CD

You know, I really tried to like this. I gave it a handful of listens, but it just got less likable with each play. FURY 66 do HC old style, but it's not old enough for my taste. This music sounds like that fuzzy couple years when straight edge, metal and thrash all stated blurring. Dollar signs alighted the quest and bland-



GOVERNMONT SATIRE
DEFIANT TRESPASS


THE GREG LOWERY EXPERIENCE
1) GONNA BREAK YOUR HEART
2) BEAT MY COCK / HAPPY DONUTS
3) I'M A SPIT
4) FUCK YOU MARCO F. YOU MAKE ME BARF
5) SONIC REDUCER (DEAD BOYS)
6) DIE, PLEASE.
RIP OFF RECORDS

THE HERBERTS
1990/1995 BOOT BOYS EN THEMES

ness was the ultimate result. The production here has that washed and sanitized big rock sound that's always a tip-off that something is amiss. The vocals almost save this, the guy's got a distinctive delivery, but his hyper yowl gets a bit macho after a while. In the end, they're just one more band on the CD pile. (BG)
(Sessions, no address)

GAINER - "Exit Level" CD

This is not the same GAINER that was part of the mid '90s Chicago emo scene. This GAINER plays melodic pop punk that leans slightly toward the heavier end of the spectrum, similar to very early JIMMY EAT WORLD or AT THE DRIVE-IN right before they became really popular. The songs are mid tempo, the guitars are heavy on the octaves and the vocals are sung in a light nasal way. The four songs are hardly original but catchy all the same. (PA)
(Fleshban, P.O. Box 36624, Birmingham, AL 35236, fleshban@fleshban.com)

GLASS CANDY & THE SHATTERED THEATRE - "Metal Gods" EP

She leads us into the tunnel, synth sounding bass we are dancing dark disco desire, GRACE JONES, DAVID BOWIE. "Oh No! There's no going back! Assist a freak so I took control of a plastic candy mask. With super strength and super resistance sugar flesh is a riddled and twisted I joined the race of modern man metal god from a future land!" Side B is an excellent cover of "I Want to Hurt" by the SCREAMERS. This is the second 7" from this Portland two to three piece that has been out for awhile now. It is awesome. (JT)
(PMB 267, 3719 SE Hawthorne, Portland, OR. 97214)

GODSTOMPER/HE WHO CORRUPTS - split CD

GODSTOMPER starts it off with their four-track recorded, two man grindcore style. If you dig GODSTOMPER you will dig this stuff. HE WHO CORRUPTS just flat out rule. They are a side project (now full project) of KUNG-FU RICK...insane grindcore that is heavy and kinda tech, but not in a wussy way. 6 songs of pure brutality....you gotta check this shit out. (MW)
(Get the Axe, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126)

GOVERNMENT SATIRE/DEFIANT TRESPASS - split CD

GOVERNMENT SATIRE bring to mind early '90s bands like MANKIND?, both the style and the male/female vocal tradeoffs. Great political lyrics and catchy punk fucking rock songs. Apparently they have called it quits, which is a shame, as I would love to hear this band grow up into a powerhouse. DEFIANT TRESPASS are much more basic, kinda like the CASUALTIES only a bit slower. There is a more street punk feel that I didn't get with GOVERNMENT SATIRE, but lyrically they are both in the "rights for all/government serves business" boat. Good stuff from both bands. (WN)
($6 ppd from: Square of Oppression, 2935 Fairview St., Bethlehem, PA 18020)

THE GREG LOWERY EXPERIENCE - "Gonna Break Your Heart" EP

Was somebody complaining about the dearth of novelty records coming through here lately? At any rate, Jeff H was spinning the Anarchy 6 earlier this evening. With an item bound to be as CONTROVERSIAL (as in, "Is it is or is it ain't humorous?") as this one, I'll resort to a professional, Cashbox style review: "Packaging will likely be big selling point on this collectible novelty (from the makers of Greg Lowery Beanie Babies) tribute to the man behind the Rip Off Sound, as the songs are calculatedly annoying. Tons of murky distorted direct line guitar, screaming nasal vocals, and a sense of humor not unsimilar to S.O.D. (e.g., cf. the version of "Sonic Reducer" here with S.O.D.'s "Diamonds and Rust (Extended Version)," etc.)."(DD)
(Rip Off, no address)

RAY HARRIS/JIMMY PRITCHETT - split 7"

This is one of those Sun/Norton re-issues from the 50's or something. RAY HARRIS plays "Lonely Wolf" a rockabilly gem. JIMMY PRITCHETT does "That's The Way I Feel" and has a Jerry Lee Lewis piano-dominated rock. These are awesome oldies that those lame-o oldies radio stations should be playing. (HM)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

THE HERBERTS - "1990/1995 Boot Boys En Themes" CD

I haven't seen so much bleach splattered jeans in ages! Here's a compilation of this Parisian bands' songs since 1990. Straight forward oi tunes (complete with a French accent) with short guitar licks to mix it up a bit. Includes a booklet of pictures of all their friends dressed to kill. Excellent album to check out if oi is your thing. (SR)
(Angels Sing, 5 rue Chateaubriand -F-78390, Bois-D'Arcy, FRANCE)

HIGH STRUNG - "See You at the Bottom" EP

This record is a bit confusing. They start out with rather basic but good fast, screaming hardcore and then it goes into this melodic punk crap and the vocalist tries to sing and all of a sudden it just doesn't work. The hardcore parts do dominate the record but once they are tainted with cheesy lead guitar parts and attempts at harmonies it becomes hard to listen to, mostly because the band is almost really good. As a side note, there are also problems in the mastering so that the base drum drowns out the rest of the music. (PA)
(Denied A Custom, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadai, Narita-SHI, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN)

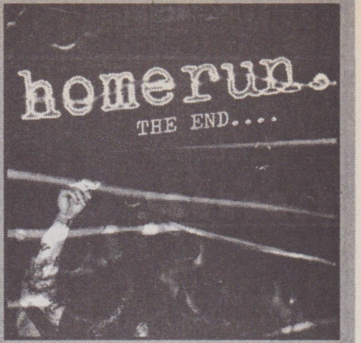
HOLDING ON - CD

Fuck, this band is so good, taking the straight edge youth crew formula and interjecting a hunk of themselves into it (that's the secret, kids). This CD compiles their first three EPs into one nice little handy dandy package. This is what the sXe scene needs more of, I mean I just don't get why this band isn't huge. This totally blows away any of those Boston bands (AMERICAN NIGHTMARE, RIGHT BRIGADE, etc. that get all the fame and the glory. (MT)
(One Percent, PO Box 141048, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

HOMERUN - "The End" EP

Fast XXXedge hardcore from GERMANY. The music is somewhat generic, but it was nice to see some lyrics confronting conservative attitudes towards same-sex relationships. Six songs total including one titled "Intro". Now we all have seen bands do 'Intro" tracks, but HOMERUN stuck it on side two of the EP. Shouldn't the "Intro" track be at the beginning of side one? Hmm... (RC)

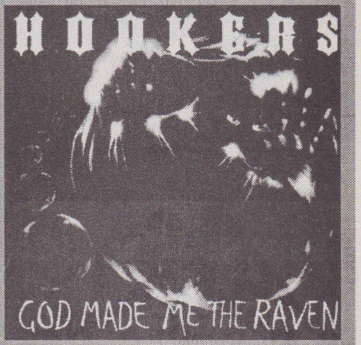
(Fixed Star, c/o Bastian Brune, Robert-Koch-Str.3, 44135 Dortmund, GERMANY; fixedstar@t-online.de)



HOOKERS - "God Made Me The Raven/Rock Bottom"

The HOOKERS still do it for me. This is a quick taste to hold us over till the next album. With the UFO cover, and E.A. Poe-inspired tune that could almost be a B.O.C. cover, fans of the real fast and furious HOOKERS may find this less headbangable. But the wanking ain't too tiresome, and you can't beat the HOOKERS for driving music. (RY)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Cannonsburg, PA 15317)


HOOKERS
GOD MADE ME THE RAVEN

HUMAN WASTE - "Slit Dej Fri" EP

It's from Sweden, it has the obligatory DISCHARGE influence. I guess that is better than having the HELLACOPTERS or MILLENCOLLIN influence. I used to get excited about seeing SWEDEN on the back of a record, now I am not so sure. HUMAN WASTE isn't as good as TOTALITAR, neither are most bands. (JF)

(No Future, c/o Anders Johansson, Sodra Strandv. 26, 832 44 Froson, SWEDEN)

GLENN HONEYCUTT/JIMMY WAGES - "Rock All Night/Miss Pearl" 45

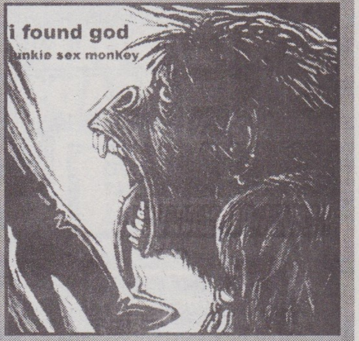
.......now this is more like it.....hillbilly stuff....GLENN HONEY wants to taste your honey girls.....so give it up!!!!!!...Norton....ohhhh yeahhh....side two is cowboy greaser kid stuff....real sexy and homo....I'm into it.... (SW)

(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

HYDROPHOBIA/DISTURBO A LA CORRUPCIÓN - split EP

Ripping anarcho-grindcore from Mexico's HYDROPHOBIA starts this record off.....awesome. Totally primitive and raw....but fucking awesome. The guitar tone and recording style is just brutal. Lyrics dealing with the ills of society. DISTURBIO play pretty much the same style, fast, brutal, and the vocals sound just like ANARCHUS. All I have to say is this is fucking brutal. Not for wimps....and the DIY/anarcho info/lyrics are a plus.(MW)

(Anarcho Punk Estajanovismo c/o Alejandro Arias, Isla Baru #2953, Col. Jardines de la Cruz, CP 44950, Guadalajara, Jal., MEXICO)



HYPNOTICS – "Everyone Gets Their Nanosecond of Fame" CD

Finally a re-issue of this great early '80s SoCal band. Sloppy punk that fits right in with the ANGRY SAMOANS and the CIRCLE JERKS. Punk before it got slick and sensible. This includes the Enigma LP *Indoor Fiends* and the follow up that never really came out outside of copies thru the band. The follow up does feature organ and some less manic stuff but what the hell. As far as re-issues go all killer no filler! (RL)

(Grand Theft Audio, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd., PMB 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

ICKY AND THE YUKS - "Eureka Pigness" CD

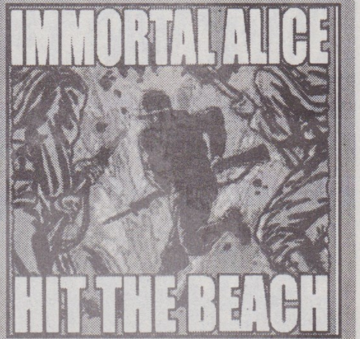
This is a ten song, high energy, live recording where the YUKS whip up some pretty jammin' punk and rock music, but there's no getting around these YUKS' machismo. If you don't think calling gals "cunts", or macho "fuckaholic" songs are funny, I'd stay away from these freaks. (HM)

Jay Collins, 505 Amherst SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106, ickyandtheyuks@hotmail.com)

I EXCUSE/MANIFESTO JUKEBOX - split EP

I EXCUSE pumps out two fast, smooth, toe tappin' hardcore ditties. The second of their tunes has HÜSKER DÜ qualities. MANIFESTO JUKEBOX plays a bit slower, but also has a HÜSKER DÜ/SAMIAM sound. Both bands do pretty well singing in English. Well worth sniffing this out for I EXCUSE. (HM)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-00333 JAPAN, Manifestojukebox@hotmail.com, gon@guitar.interq.or.jp)



I FOUND GOD - "Junkie Sex Monkey" EP

Boring slow stoner rock with deep-nasal female singer. Very '80s sounding. They could have opened for Y&T at the Stone. BLACK SABBATH cover of "Symptom of the Universe," unrecognizable song (to me, okay?). I think there's a reason. Lastly, and most importantly—not the *least* bit punk rock! Should not have passed reviewability screening. (RY)

(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510)

IMMORTAL ALICE- "Hit the Beach" CD

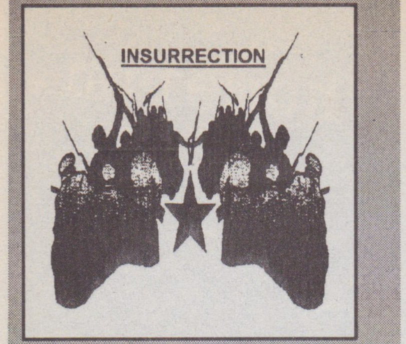
Consistency is not this band's strong suit. Every song is so different it's almost weird. There's some straight-up punk, some horribly cheesy 3rd wave ska, some surf rock, power pop, and a hell of a lot of NOFX influences. The guitar intro on the fourth song is astraight NOFX rip-off too... postmodern, eh... Survey says: try again. (EM)

(immortalalice.com)

THE INSANIACS - CD

BLACK FLAG, BLACK FLAG, and more BLACK FLAG. Yeah man, no joke this is really close especially the vocals. Very '80s, Southern Californian hardcore sounding from fuckin' Canada? Yeah, and it's fuckin' rad, you'll fuckin' love it. Keep it up boys. (DL)

(The Insaniacs, 1025 Grant Ave, Suite 503, R3m 2A2, Winnipeg, Manitoba, CANADA)



INSURRECTION – "Must Not Exist" EP

Not the band from the Channel Islands, this INSURRECTION came from Louisiana and broke up in '99. They played trashy (or thrashy, whatever) anarcho-punk with pretty cool lyrics. Two demo tracks on one side, three live tracks on the flip, I wouldn't exactly rush out and buy it unless you come from Baton Rouge or saw these guys back in the day and want a document or something. (AD)
(Fast For Life, c/o Mike Myers, 3918 24th South, Seattle, WA 98108)

THE JACK SAINTS - "Rock and Roll Holocaust" LP

A novel idea, putting the entire new album on one side of the LP, and throwing 20 minutes of live material on the other. Twice the fun. The fourteen new ones are hit or miss, and the Live tracks are pretty well recorded; Good enough to warrant collecting by JACK SAINTS fans, just not me. If the MISFITS and the GROOVIE GHOULIES got into a horrible car wreck and only about half of the parts were reusable, this might be what the new creation would sound like. (EM)
(Scooch Pooch)

MINORITY BLUES BAN
J CHURCH

J CHURCH - "Meaty, Beaty, Shitty Sounding" CD

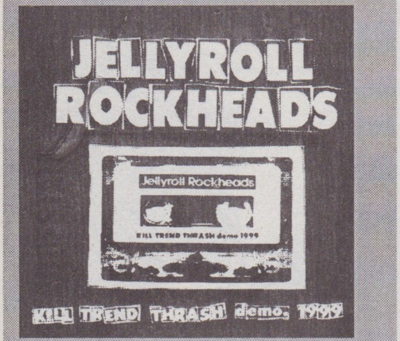
The latest installment in the world of J CHURCH singles collections. Starting with the charming ELO covers and so forth, this is more quality emo pop punk from the no longer local Lance and Co. If you were like me and missed a release along the way, here's your chance to catch up. (RL)
(Honey Bear, honeybearrecords@hotmail.com)

J CHURCH/MINORITY BLUES BAND - "split" EP

J CHURCH does two cover songs, recorded live at WFMU. One is a cover of "People Are Scared" by the SUBHUMANS the other is "Petrograd" by CRINGER. Until now I was completely unaware of the fact that you could cover your own song but it seems that Lance has done it (not to imply that Lance is the only person in the band). These two songs sound more like the older J CHURCH records (the SUBHUMANS song actually sounds like it could have been a CRINGER song). The sound quality isn't great but isn't bad either. On the other side, the first song by MINORITY BLUES BAND is that sort of emotional pop punk that was made rather popular by DISCOUNT. The second song is faster and partially screamy but not quite as catchy and has similarities to SNUFF. (PA)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, setagaya-ku, Tokyo, 155-0033, JAPAN)

JEDI FIVE - "Relentless" CD

With titles like "Emo Makes Me Cry" and "Denver Mullets", I thought this was gonna be a hoot. Unfortunately, those songs like most of Relentless' songs are hurt feelings type misunderstood youngster rants. Musically, I hear SAMIAM and FIFTEEN. JEDI FIVE have their shit together, but I'm not into their style that much. (HM)
(Hell Bent, PO Box 1529, Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742 USA, hell666bent@aol.com, hellbentrecords.com)



JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - "Kill Trend Thrash" EP

This is the en-vinyled demo of this great Japanese band with the EP out on 625 this year. If you liked that you will really dig this. Bland enough for ya? Sorry, this is an example of some of the 'modern' hardcore that a garage 'Republican' like myself can really get behind. *No prog tendencies!!!!! This is garage too baby!!! Hardcore lives!!!* (RW)
(Youth Attack, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA, 92112)

KILL-A-WATTS - "Dig These Kids/Snotty Bastards"

Here we got a treble-high punky garage two-girl, two-boy outfit outta Wisconsin who trade off female and male lead vocals. The KILL-A-WATTS blast with mega energy and shamble along in the same way the NO-TALENTS did. Fun, Rip Off Records sounding shit. (DL)
(Yakisakana, 51 Rue Pierre Renaudel 76 100 Rouen, FRANCE)

KILL-A-WATTS

KITTY LITTLE - "Running" EP

I don't know about these guys. I can't tell if they want to be MUDHONEY, a power pop band, or rock-n-roll. What ever it is it isn't very good. Maybe they should have went with second take vocals too. Oh well. (RL)
(Peterwalkee, PO Box 14794, Albany, NY 12212)

KONTRA ORDEN/ANTI-TODO - "Anti-Orden" EP

Two bands from COLUMBIA on this split, so my interest is piqued already. KONTRA ORDEN sound like they are from the past...they have succeeded in making a record that sounds like it came out 15 years ago, both the style and the recording itself. Before there were 46 different subgenres , there was hardcore punk rock, and this is a hardcore punk rock band. ANTI-TODO are more 1-2-1-2 punk, more mid tempo and a little sloppier, but still with a sound that is timeless. Both these bands, while their sound is quite different, leave me with the same impression: It's not fast. It doesn't sound like thunder. It certainly isn't polished. It's just punk. (WN)
(Baio Perfil c/o F. Rodriguez, A.A. 772 Medellin COLUMBIA)

LASH OUT – "Breaking Hearts… & Some Rules" CD

When I first saw that LASH OUT was assigned to me for review, I immediately prepared myself for some band German metallic hardcore. Well this LASH OUT isn't that one, but the LASH OUT from Argentina instead. Not only are the two bands from different hemispheres geographically, but musically as well. Argentina's LASH OUT play a saccharine loaded punk sound that sounds like the BOUNCING SOULS at their more melodic moments. Oh yeah, the lyrics are super sweet, sort of like the opposite of a good SCREECHING WEASEL song. (JF)
(Ugly, CC 2975 (1000), Bs As, ARGENTINA)

LAST IN LINE - "Crosswalk" EP

A repress of their 1999 record on Use Your Head. Fast, thrashy hardcore with plenty of room crowd participation (chanting vocals and mosh parts). The songs are pretty basic with screaming vocals over straightforward drums and power chords. (PA)

(Deranged, P.O. Box 543, Station.P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S-2T1, CANADA, derangedyouth@hotmail.com)

LAST IN LINE
CROSSWALK EP
CROSSWALK EP
CROSSWALK EP
CROSSWALK EP
CROSSWALK EP
CROSSWALK EP
CROSSWALK EP

MACK SELF/MACY SKIPPER - "I Vibrate/Bop Pills"

Part of the Sun Records Juke Box series of '50s rock and roll. MACK SELF's "I Vibrate" is a fabulous song. Fast and fun. MACY SKIPPER's "Bop Pills" is slower, but still rocks. This is why parents were afraid of rock and roll. (CK)

(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

MAD FOR THE RACKET - CD

Shit, it looks silly on paper and possibly worse when you hear it. Who was the genius who thought of getting together Brian James (of the DAMNED), Wayne Kramer (of the MC5) and then toss in Duff McKagan (GUNS AND ROSES??) and Clem Burke (BLONDIE) to actually make it in the studio and release said bizarre slab. Mr. James sings like he's seem better days and is doing his best to do a bad LOU REED. Music is somewhat of a mess: warmed-over Detroit/boogie rock, bad punk rock drug cliches, etc. etc. As much as I wanted to say: "there's finally a good song", it wasn't going to happen. A project obviously doomed from the start. (JY)

(MuscleTone, 8949 Sunset Blvd. Suite #203, Los Angeles, CA 90069)

Maité les Moules
...SUR LA BOUCHE?

MAITÉ LES MOULES - "Sur La Bouche?" EP

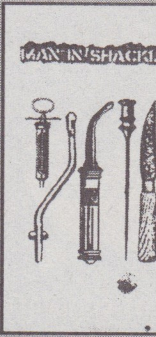
Like I stated earlier, all my reviews are going to fall under the 100-word mark this month. In-depth analysis be damned! MAITÉ LES MOULES are a degenerate French sextet with a penchant for leopard print and novelty sunglasses—musically they're barking up a couple trees at once, sort of like a drunk REZILLOS, or a lumpy TOY DOLLS, or a frat-punk take on Frog-punk icons STARSHOOTER. For ages three and up. (JH)

(La Binouzec/o Bernard Clouteau, 2 rue Tourniquet, 86000 Poitiers, FRANCE, lunatik.net/maite)

MAJOR ACCIDENT/FOREIGN LEGION – split CD

Great new stuff from MAJOR ACCIDENT including the great "Step By Step/Representation Not Reality" single. If fact those still great songs power this release. If you like the early UK punk sound a la CHELSEA, you'll love the new MA stuff. The reformed FOREIGN LEGION stuff is similar but not quite as strong. (RL)

(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA, dss@telecom.at)



MAN IN SHACKLES/SEWN SHUT - split EP

SEWN SHUT totally makes me think of EXTREME NOISE TERROR so much. Grinding blast beats mixed up with that lovely mid-tempo stomp that the punx do so well, not to mention total cookie monster vocals. MAN IN SHACKLES goes for more of d-beat style attack with blasts kept to more of minimum and gargle with glass style vocals. Throw in a ripping cover of INFEST's "Sick of Talk" and I think you know where they are coming from. Brutal as fuck and a total keeper. (MT)

(Sounds of Betrayal, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Box 7092, 20042 Malmö, SWEDEN)

MÄSKSYSTEM - "Criminals Are Made, Not Born" EP

Fight Records always delivers the goods and this is no exception. Raw punk attack that follows quite well in the tradition of their Finnish hardcore forefathers (TERVEET KADET, RATTUS, MELLAKA, KAAOS etc), figures since this is members of RAJOITUS and SELFISH, those folx *should* know what they are doing. Two thumbs up!! Hunt it down or fucking pose! (MT)

(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

MENACE - "Crisis" CD

Punk rock tunes ready for you to shout along with from these old timers. I wasn't even born yet when these guys were punks in '77. "Society still insane" is my favorite on this one. "One-Way Street" is great too: "Voices that were once so loud, now lost in the lonely crowd." They still have it, so check this out. (SR)

(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, ENGLAND)

MENSEN
STAND UP FOR YOURSELF

MENSEN - "Stand Up for Yourself" EP

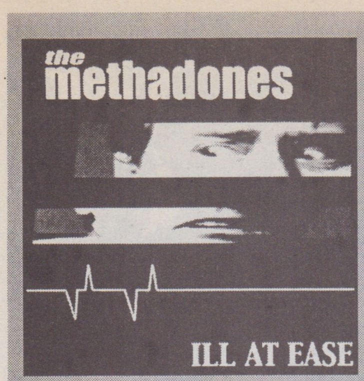
The latest from Oslo's MENSEN recalls the AVENGERS with their thick powerchord guitars and plaintive female vocals, and the title track is the clear winner here; but the band makes a nice stretch with "Hand in Mike," with its '60s punkish edge. The songs may not be quite as anthemic as their forebears, but it's a strong outing nonetheless. Recommended. (SS)

(Wrench, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3XX, UK)

THE METHADONES – "Ill At Ease" CD

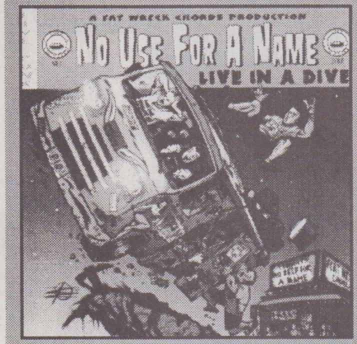
Have Dan Schafer and Dan Lumey ever been in the same band at the same time before? I'll have to go home and check my SCREECHING WEASEL family tree. Oh yeah, the MOPES! This is the good solid melodic punk that we've come to expect from Mr. Vapid-sorry-Schafer. Not quite as well written as SCREECHING WEASEL or as cutesy as the MOPES, this is a more subdued almost dead-pan outing for these guys, that's not to say that it's good, it's just ...less flashy. I must be one of the few people over twenty-five (fuck it, make that thirty) who continued to buy SCREECHING WEASEL records after "How to Make Enemies..." and actually liked the MOPES, so you could say I'm a sucker for this stuff. Dan Schafer has a great voice (and not just for backing vocals) and knows how to write a cool tune so you're pretty much guaranteed a solid release. I just found the reviewer info thingy and apparently B-Face is is here too, so everything I said is more or less redundant—his *is* THE MOPES. So, to sum up: if I didn't receive a free copy of this I would still go out a buy one. (AD)

(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)



MUGWART
BEFORE YOU FALLEN

Nakatomi Plaza
PRIVATE PROPERTY


A FAT WRECK CHORDS PRODUCTION
No Use For A Name
LIVE IN A DIVE

MOTöRPUSSY - "The Melody of Sex" EP

These dudes deliver four solid tracks that take me right back to the NEW YORK DOLLS, the STOOGES and the DEAD BOYS. I don't mean to imply t hat these guys are at that level, but it's definitely good stuff. I'm having a hard time figuring out where these cats are from. It's put out on a German label and the singer sounds as if he could be German, but it was recorded in "Motorcity", which could mean they are from Dee-troit. In any case, it delivers. I'm not generally a big fan of the lead guitar, but Tex Torpedo pulls it off. And if you're a fan of snotty vocals, you should dig this. (KK)

(Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37a, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

MUGWART - "Before You" EP

Dark and dirty grind that takes a nod from bands like CAVITY. (They even toss in those squealing feedback parts that CAVITY loves to do) This Virginia band cranks out some slow bass heavy rage that definitely caught my attention. Limited to 500 copies! Quality before quantity I suppose. (RC)

(Acrude, BP 53, 75721, Paris Cedex 15, FRANCE)

NAKATOMI PLAZA - "Private Property" CD

I'm not sure how to review this one. It veers wildly all over. Reference points seem to be bands like JAWBREAKER, CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE, and perhaps even CLAIMEL. There are some cool breakdowns and creative guitar melodies. The vocals are a little more problematic. They usually work alright, but seem a little tentative and rarely move the music ahead like they should. The lyrics, on the other hand, are uncommonly good. The drums are solid, and have a cool fall apart drum roll style. This is a mixed bag, but still an interesting one. (BG)

(BD, PO Box 860, New York, NY 10268)

NINJA DEATH SQUAD - "Appreciate Our Art" CD

I got a good CD!!!!! NINJA DEATH SQUAD play punk rock that remind me a lot of HICKEY at their best. Basic rudimentary punk rock played by this duo that cracks me up and brings a smile to my face. Fun, sarcastic, and just the right dose of snottiness and snide remarks makes this NINJA DEATH SQUAD a winner. (JF)

(Heartcore, heartcorerecords.com)

NO USE FOR A NAME – "Live in a Dive" CD

Didn't D.I. already have a record called *Live in a Dive*? A live NUFAN album, dude, cool... I pretty much lost interest in this band after the first album (and I think I just liked that because of the POLICE cover.) I always thought of them as a poor man's NOFX. This is twenty songs recorded in front of a thousand pierced cheerleaders and drunk skateboarders and includes a MISFITS cover. The whole thing culminates in a (bafflingly bad and somewhat inappropriate) cover of BOB MARLEY's "Redemption Song". I don't know, punk rock for guys who watch *Jackass*. (AD)

(Fat)

NO WARNING – "Back from the Dead" CD

Whoa! I put this on without reading anything about the band and thought to myself, "I can't believe how much this band sounds like a speed/thrash metal band from the late 1980's." About two songs into the CD I cracked open the CD cover and read about how NO WARNING started in 1986 here in the Bay Area and played shows over the next four years with everyone from SADUS to OPERATION IVY. Apparently, they recorded a full-length album back in the day and it is just now being released. In all honesty this isn't anything mind-blowing, but it definitely captures a small part of the Bay Area punk/metal history books. Nostalgia you want nostalgia you get. Crossover is the word of the day. (RC)

(Malt Soda, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246; maltsoda.com)

THE NOW - CD

So supposedly, NEIL PERRY were on tour for a while, came out to the West coast, one member flew back home, and for the rest of the tour they were the NOW. On top of that, the whole thing was planned? So anyway, the NOW sounds very different from the MOHINDER-esque chaos that I was oh-so fond of in NEIL PERRY. Apparently now, these dudes have decided to go for a more mid-tempo approach putting them in a similar category with PG 99, CITY OF CATERPILLAR, and the like. Don't get me wrong, the NOW do set themselves apart with a considerable amount more guitar-driven straight ahead mosh-core anthems than the aforementioned, but I really did like NEIL PERRY better. In all honesty, though, this is very good...I'm just a little bitter, that's all. (SP)

(Robodog, 12001 Aintree Lane, Reston, VA 20191)

PAGE 99/PROCESS IS DEAD - split EP

The problem with splits is that you can't help but compare the two bands, and when you do it on this release PROCESS IS DEAD it just sounds like another HIS HERO IS GONE ripoff band. Of course that could be because PG.99 go off with a sound that would fit right at home on the Skin Graft label a few years back, or maybe along the lines of the more hardcore GSL releases. This release also pulls out the old police document packaging angle, complete with color slide of some poor bloody individual. A good release even if you will only end up playing one side of it. (JF)

(Witching Hour)

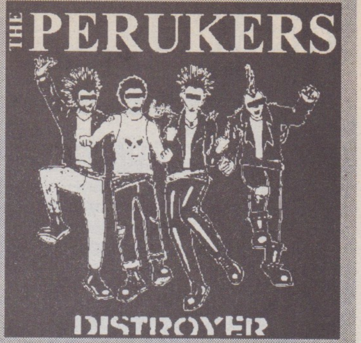
PENETRATION – "Coming Up for Air" CD

I always liked this UK band even though it seemed like I was the only one. Even saw them with the AVENGERS back in the day. Not the most punk or angry band circa 1978 but still quality in the way MAGAZINE or SIOUXSIE were. Their second LP on CD for the first time with the great *Danger Signs* 12" tacked on, this band was also the starting point for UK scenester PAULINE MURRAY. I really dig this bit of nostalgia! (RL)

(Captain Oi, captainoi.com)

CARL PERKINS/WARREN SMITH - split EP

As far as I'm concerned, there can't be enough reissues of vintage Sun material: A side by CARL PERKINS, flip (but not flop) by WARREN SMITH. This is another in the recent series of Norton resissues of rockabilly sides: all I can say is there's a reason that Sun is regarded the preeminent RAB label. Incidentally, no one asked me, but my personal faves in this series (by a narrow margin-it's ALL good) are JIMMY WAGES' "Take Me From This Garden of Evil" and JACK EARL' "Take Me to That Place." (DD)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, NY NY 10276)



THE PERUKERS - "Distroyer" EP

3 covers and 2 originals on this release. If I tell you that the covers are by GBH, DOOM and EXPLOITED, then do you get the idea? Classic Swedish D-Beat thrash, with a more polished sound than their last EP. The PERUKERS original songs fucking rip, they will raise the studs on yer jacket, while the covers simply leave me wishing they had not bothered, as they are nowhere near as good. I mean, fuck, I can listen to "Police Bastard" anytime, and any self respecting punk has heard "Race Against Time" enough to tide 'em over for a while. (WN)
(Distortion, Box 6294, SE-40060, Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

PHANTOM LIMBS - "Applied Ignorance" LP

Is this influenced by BAUHAUS, DEVO or maybe even prog crap. Arty post punk stuff driven by distorted keyboards. Hey I like variety as much as the next guy but this sounds like a target video comp or something with style and hard to grasp substance. (RL)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

PHANTOM LIMBS - "Applied Ignorance" LP

Totally fucked up and creepy as hell. Second coming of CHRISTIAN DEATH, perhaps? I love this record and it doesn't make any sense to me 'cause it sounds nothing like DISCHARGE. Distorted, twisted and the perfect soundtrack to my nightmares. (MT)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

PINHEAD CIRCUS - "Old Yeah, Jaded Maybe, Bitter bBy Choice" CD

The first thing that is cool about this band is, they want to play the style of melodic punk rock which is usually accompanied by a full color, pixilated cover, but they are also down to make fun of it. The first song makes fun of "boy loves, girl leaves" lyrics which is nice. I just wish they would step out a little and be less...listener friendly. You know, like this band could easily open for BLINK 182, and I wish there was something abrasive or angry, or edgy, or intelligent, or clever, or funny about them (no, a PRINCE cover does not count as "funny"). I guess that's how I feel when I listen to this. (WR)
(Not Bad, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001)

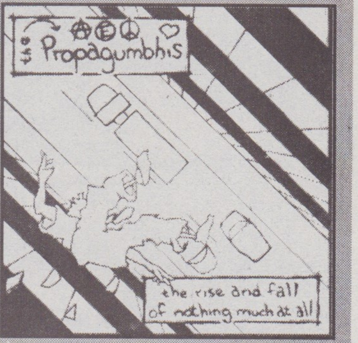
THE PLUS ONES
TRAVOLTAS
going dutch

PLUGZ - "Move" EP

You know, I almost just shelled out a huge wad of cash for this puppy—luckily someone decided to boot it so I can have my own PLUGZ dance party in my bedroom. Fuck, shit like this should be required listening to folx getting into punk—totally classic late '70s LA punk. This is their first and I think best recording, snotty and sassy in a way all those hipsters who I spit on wish they could be. Raw, catchy, and totally pogo-rific. Oh the hooks! Rack this up as another one of those records that if you don't like you should probably turn in your punk ID card. (MT)
(Slash And Burn, no address)

PLUS ONES/TRAVOLTAS - split CD EP

The PLUS ONES are a East Bay power pop combo consisting of Joel Reader (former MTX, SCAVENGERS, BOMB BASSETS) and Scotty Hayes (former RECEIVERS and STRUGGLE BUGGIES) and some drummer named Dan (who was in quite a few bands before this). They are going to give you a cavity and you'll be humming their tunes all day. Stay away from this band they are catchy and contagious. Three tunes, two originals (one from their previous release) and a cover. Good stuff but the mix or something just bugs me. The TRAVOLTAS are Scandinavian power pop punk and harmony drenched. Brian Wilson would say "hot damn" if he heard this guys. I think after this release I need to take a trip to the dentist. Listening to this is like eating an entire economy sized bag of Skittles then washing it down with Hawaiian Punch. (BM)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585 Monte Sereno, CA 95030, asianmanrecords.com, brucelee@pacbell.net)


the Propagumbhis
the rise and fall of nothing much at all

POSITIVELY NEGATIVE - "Killing Spree" EP

Here's a blood soaked picture disc that's all blood n' guts and no brains. Complete with bomb alarms, and machine gunfire sound bytes, the thick necked tough guys POSITIVELY NEGATIVE go into musical overdrive with macho bone head energy that totally lacks appeal. They sound a bit like TESCO VEE, but with the crucial sense of humor and charisma. (DL)
(Madskull, PO BOX 57159, 1040BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

PROJECT 208–"Love Songs for the Dying Machine" CD

Rough and quick hardcore from this five piece. They work a lot of variation into the songwriting which is normally something I'm all in favor of. I'm not sure what it is, but here it seems to create something which struck me as somewhat piecemeal. Might have something to do with the vocaks, and their more 'singing' approach at times, I'm not sure. Just nothing that I'd pull out and listen to repeatedly. Seems solid when I look at the pieces, but just didn't gel in a way I could appreciate. (TM)
(Confined, 807 North Maple Street, Eaton, OH 45320)

THE PROPAGUMBHIS - "The Rise and Fall of Nothing Much at All" CD

Edgy punk ska roots sometimes reminding me of OPIV or CITIZEN FISH without sounding contrived. The horn section can rip it up, but I don't think all their tunes need to incorporate the horn section (like in their version of the DESCENDENTS' "Bikeage"). Five of the fifteen tracks were previously unre-

RESINEATORS
DON'T ___ WITH THE FANTASY
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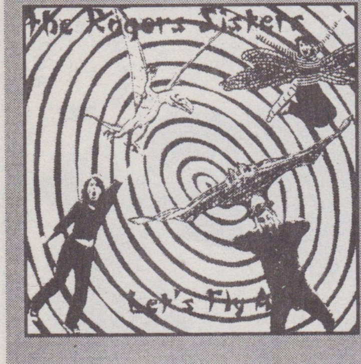
ROACH MOTEL
WORSTEST HITS...



SCREWBALLS
What People Do To Others

leased. The other ten have been on splits and comps. Decent high energy shit! (HM)
(Hermit, PO Box 309, Leeds LS2 7AH UK, mail@hermitrecords.idps.co.uk)

PROTEST - "The Connection" EP

This is a repressing from 1993. Angry cookie monster vocals surrounded by brutal and dirgy sounds of noise. Again, the same topics that are always on crust albums: animals, the environment, and war. (SR)
(Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 BIEL, SWITZERLAND)

RAMONES - "Eaten Alive", Vol. 1" LP

........a RAMONES bootleg.....live in '77...fair sound quality, pink...same old set...(SW)
(no address)

REGURGITATE - "Boredom and Frustration" EP

This is REGURGITATE's 94 Demo on vinyl. 19 songs of guttural, CARCASS worshiping grindcore....its pretty raw, and the vocals are really up front, but if you're a fan of grind, you'll dig. (MW)
(Blood Harvest, Fridhemsgatan 4 D, 244 31 KAVLINGE, SWEDEN)

RESINEATORS - "Don't __ With the Fantasy" CD

The return of Bay Area eh... legends, David Nudelman (late of hip record reviewer guilty pleasures the 3 STONED MEN) and Anthony from the ICKY BOYFRIENDS. Not as minimal or as THC-influenced as 3SM, this ups the "rock" ante from any of Mr. N's previous projects. More resolutely clumso (as in clumsy) punk rock sludge proclaiming all the angst that Mr. N and B has encountered in their worldly experiences. Yet still pretty slick at the same time. At times, they reach a nadir of post-psych drone which makes my nosehairs stand up. Truly indescribable, and yet describable, needs to be experienced by, namely, you! Okay? (JY)
(Siltbreeze, 727 S. 7th. St. Philadelphia, PA 19147)

REVILLOS – "Rev Up" CD

A re-issue of the debut LP from this band with singles tracks tacked on. I may finally be forgiving this band for no longer being the REZILLOS. A cheesier and more primal sounding band from FAY FIFE and EUGENE REYNOLDS aka the REZILLOS singers. Definitely had a '60s feel, which fits in better now than in 1980 actually. Fans of that whole '60s garage pop thing should check this out as this album's time may have finally come! (RL)
(Captain Oi, captainoi.com)

BILLY LEE RILEY/GENE SIMMONS - split EP

#850 in the Norton Records Jukebox Series. Side A is BILLY LEE RILEY's "She's My Baby" and B is GENE SIMMONS' "Peroxide Blonde and a Hopped Up Model Ford". Rockabilly at its best. (DP)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

ROACH MOTEL - "Worstest Hits" CD

A discography compilation for Florida's best early punk-mutating-into-hardcore dopus band. I remember a certain FL-born Epicenter worker wetting 'erself when the *Roach 'n' Roll* EP came through one fall day. These tracks have the heavy biting sarcasm and furious but catchy energy that makes early hardcore as cool today as it was then, 'cause those kids *were* cool. Then the "thrash-uber-alles" rules set in... (RW)
(Destroy c/o Sound Idea, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL, 33509, soundideadistribution.com)

THE ROGERS SISTERS - "Let's Fly Away"

Side A is slow and sultry garagey '60s laid back, surf, sexy, spaced out. I picture movies from the '50s and '60s about beach parties. Side B is way more rockin', perhaps the classic scene of teenage rebellion. He's fuckin' up the house, going out drinking. breaking shit, stealing his parents car..(JT)
(Motor Sister, 277 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211 therogerssisters@hotmail.com)

ROUNDABOUT - "Hindsight is 20/20" CD

Sometimes there are bands that sound so much like so many other bands that you just can't describe them. If there really is such a thing as generic pop punk I think that I have just found it. Fuzzy four chord guitar parts with bad SCREECHING WEASEL-style solos and the playing of octaves by the lead guitar, mid to up tempo drumming and nasal vocals. Well, there are only five songs. (PA)
(AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne, Box 109-22, Las Vegas, NV 89129, avdrecords.com)

NICK ROYALE - "Burt Ward Law/Never Right"

Nick Royale (from the HELLACOPTERS) decided he needed to put out a solo release. That's not very punk rock. I've never been into punk rock acts that are named after a single member of the band. WAYNE COUNTY, RICHARD HELL, none of those deals ever did it for me. Punk rock is about being part of a band. Anyway, Nick laid down all the instruments and the vocals for both cuts here. So what's it sound like? Kinda wimpy, if you ask me. I get the impression that he's trying to be "deep" and "heavy". Too much singing and soul-less guitar leads. The photo of him on the cover shows him jamming on his guitar. Very appropriate. (KK)
(Nomad, PO Box 34829, West Bethesda, MD 20817-4829)

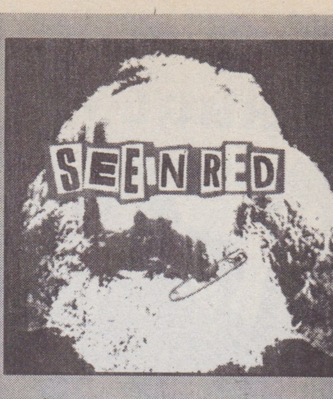
SCAB PICKER - "Vaginal Abduction" LP

Super lo-fi grind noise that mixes drum machines, reverse vinyl grooves, gurgling, samples, weird tuning, etc into 25 songs. This sounds like the first EXIT 13 tape being eating by your car stereo. Is it for me? No. Is it for someone? Sure......I would be pretty stoked to hear this on the radio though....(MW)
(Nuclear Ass, 2132 Passeo Ponderosa, Santa Fe, NM 87501-6319)

SCREWBALLS - "What People Do to Others" EP

Holy Shit, the Dutch have cloned LESS THAN JAKE! If it wasn't for the slight accent and the addi-

tion of some pretty weak female vocals I would swear this was a LTJ release. Since LESS THAN JAKE doesn't necessarily turn me off, unlike most reviewers at this magazine, I have to admit this is still a horrible release. It just has no originality, no personality, and suffers from some shitty sound quality. Save your cash kids. (JF)
(Screwballs, Schoolstraat 3, 8561 BM Balk, Netherlands)

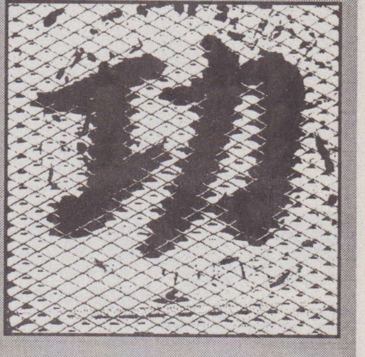


SEEIN RED/HUMAN ALERT - split EP

SEEIN RED starts off with some really funny samples which might be even funnier if I could understand the language they are in. And they are still SEEIN RED. They play really fucking tight, fucking fast, straightforward hardcore. It is intense. I love it. I figured on HUMAN ALERT sounding similar, but they are actually more straightforward punk rock, but with a definite pop influence which is demonstrated through use of a keyboard. Both bands have a lot to say, and I enjoy them both in different ways. (WR)
(MadSkull, PO Box 57159, 1040 BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA - "We Are All Already Dead" EP

Punishing mid-paced hardcore with choppy rhythms and growling vocals. The thick pounding rhythms occasional give way to some brief mellow moments. But make no mistake this is dark angry music for dark angry people. The lyrics all center around the daily grind and pain of working just to get by in life. As they say, it is not worth bowing to the "man" if you are unhappy with your work life. (RC)
(Four Tee Gee, 36764 Harper, Apt. 203, Clinton Twp., MI 48035)



SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - "Invitation To A Beheading" CD

Fuck, this is the shit. Totally brutal and crushing hardcore punk that explodes in your skull like a fucking hydrogen bomb. This CD compiles all of their releases to date, the one sided twelve inch, the three seven inches and the comp trax. Totally essential for you kids who missed the boat on the vinyl or for you poseurs who wait for the CD version. Only one complaint though—what the fuck is up with the total "look at us we're so god-damn cute" photo which takes up the gatefold portion of this CD? At least you could have put a skull over one of your faces, that's what GISM would have done. (MT)
(Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - "Failure Fucker" EP

OK, this one required a little bit of research. Two of the songs on this EP are also on the *Black Blood World* EP that was reviewed last month, but the overall recordings here are *extremely* better with the vocals also being rearranged a little (or maybe its just me?). This is by far the best production these guys have had yet. Oh, and if you don't know already, SEVERED HEAD OF STATE is comprised of members of TRAGEDY, HIS HERO IS GONE, RESIST, DETESTATION, and numerous other Portland bands. Get this and thank me later. (SP)
(Communichaos Media, Box 825, 101 36 Stockholm, Sweden, communichaos.com)

SIDE WALK SLAM! - "Twos Steps Forward, Five Steps Back" CD

This band really likes GREEN DAY. It's very obvious, and there isn't anything wrong with that, I like GREEN DAY too, but there is also something very Warped Tour about this. Not my cup of tea. This is too slick and cute. It's too pin point and plotted, everything is where it's supposed to be and it never grabs me. As predictable as a wrestling match. (BM)
(Boot To Head, PO Box, 9005, Portland, OR, 97207, boottohead.com, xbxt@aol.com)

THE SIGN OFFS

THE SIGN OFFS - "Heard it All Before/Dog in a Cage"

Decent, actually well above average, melodic, catchy punk rock. Musically, it's catchy, and pretty straight-forward, with driving guitars (perhaps just a little too much lead guitar) and a steady bass drum—not unlike the LIME SPIDERS. The vocals are somewhat defiant and the dude can roll his "r"s like Johnny Rotten can. They're not going to break down any musical barriers with this one, but still a solid release overall. (KK)
(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C013, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

SIREN - "The Struggle Goes On" EP

First off, this is not the SIREN from California (thank god). Good fast youth crew that has the modern DC sound stamp on it (eg. guitar tone, song style). What separates SIREN from the rest is that it is 3/4 women and is lacking the mindless testosterone fueled idiocy that this genre normally sees. While there are certain attributes to the release that made it fall short from perfect, its pretty awesome. Let's hope they, nor the labels they work with, turn it into a "schtick" band. (MW)
(Reflections, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, THE NETHERLANDS)

SIXHUNDREDANDSIXTYSIXDEAD - "Index of Shame" EP

This came with a note extolling the fact that it contains ex-members of HERESY and HARD TO SWALLOW. I'm not saying I would have guessed that from listening to it, but it is tinged with the feeling that these people know what they're fucking doing. If you want to hear thick, powerful hardcore that is firmly rooted in the music of the late eighties yet sounds completely original and fresh, get this record. I don't know when I last heard a record this loud. Too bad it's their last—hey've broken up already. (AM)
(Violent Change, PO Box 309, Leeds LS2 7AH, UK, dagnasteve@hotmail.com)

THE SLASH CITY DAGGERS - "Back Stabber Blues" CD

NEW YORK DOLLS all glammed up style punk n roll. This album actually sounds a lot cleaner and better than their last—lots of guitar, big hair, make-up, and snotty "oh ohhhh's." Cheesy but really catchy in a very disturbing way. (SR)
(Unity Squad, PO Box 1235, Huntington Beach, CA 92647,slashcitydaggers.com)

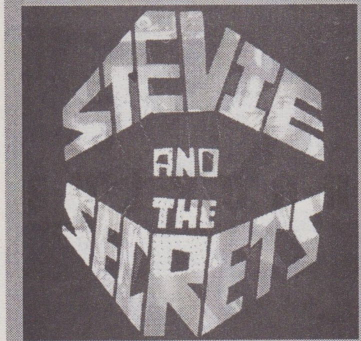
SOUND LIKE SHIT/SHOT GUN - split EP

Two good, but relatively average, Japanese thrash bands. The SOUND LIKE SHIT side is a *really*

SLASH CITY
DAGGERS
BACKSTABBER BLUE$

southport
longball to no-one

SPLITTING TEETH
LEGACY OF CRUCIALITY e.p.



raw recording. It almost sounds like the music was recorded on a boom box and the vocals were dubbed over later. The music is what you would expect: very crazy. But the recording quality, as "raw" as it sounds, makes their side suffer a bit. SHOTGUN was a little more interesting. Their recording and overall sound are a little more polished than SOUND LIKE SHIT, plus, I'm always a sucker for good female vocals in fast music like this. Good, but not spectacular. (SP)

(Throw Up, c/o Yosuke Mochizuki, Green Heights #101 1315-17 Zaiketsuka, Shirane-cho,Nakakoma-gun,Yamanashi-ken,400-0221,JAPAN, throwup@carrot.ocn.ne.jp)

SOUTHPORT/LONGBALL TO NO ONE - split EP

Hey, here's a split worth checking out. It's one Japanese and one English band that play aggro rock without sacrificing the meoldy or groove. Both play mid tempo, and have an original take on this style of punk. Nice voices, too. SOUTHPORT's second song really makes me want to go grab a guitar. Not too many bands do it with this much sweat and catchiness. Check both bands out. (BG)

(Snuffy Smile, 4 1 16 201 Daita, Setagaya Ku, Tokyo 155 0033 JAPAN)

SMACKIN' ISAIAH - "Benefits of Thinking Out Loud" CD

Well, I wasn't expecting too much from this album, which is packaged in a DVD case. But it's not too bad. Well, it's got the trademark Fat Wreck Drumbeat, but the drummer also mixes it up and keeps the beats interesting. And the back up vocals are too whiny, but the lead parts are nice, sounding like Blake from JAWBREAKER or Brendan from the BROADWAYS. And the lyrics are not all "I loved you, you left me" like I expected. This is a step above all the melodic hat punk stuff I usually get to review. I'm not sure if that's an accident. In conclusion, if you were going to buy the new GET UP KIDS album, buy this instead. If you weren't, move along. (WR)

(Tank, PO Box 40009, New Bedford, MA 02744)

SPEEDFREAKS - "Speedfreaks/Sick! Sick! Sick!"

Tough hearty rock shit from _______? Just chose any North European country and you'll be close I'd assume. Heavy with rock-god riffing and serious speed-metal bass action. I'm more impressed by the second side, less metal-mania, more of a sing along DICTATORS style. This ain't too bad. (RY)

(Boogiebastard, no address, boogiebasterd.com)

SPITTING TEETH - "Legacy of Cruciality" EP

All the ingredients: a song about skate boarding, an '80s cover (PROJECT X), a mosh anthem, homage graphic bites in the logo (the VOID crosses) and totally fun hardcore punk. In addition to to being fiercely pro-mosh and unity, SPITTING TEETH is committed to the emo apocalypse. But come on, the lead singer wears glasses. How fuckin' tough can they be? (TH)

($4ppd: 1-2-3-4 Go!!!, 716b 47th Ave NE, Seattle, WA 98105)

STAY GOLD - "Once I..." EP

Four songs of "modern" hardcore without a lot of the cliches that bring the genre down: excessive reliance on boring breakdowns, stupid crew lyrics, painfully unoriginal songs, etc. Solid songs with lots of melodies, and a little bit of that posi stuff thrown in. Nothing new, but quite good nonetheless. (WN)

(Anchor, PO Box 154, 3495 Cambie St., Vancouver, BC V52-4R3 CANADA, anchorXrecords@hotmail.com)

STEVIE & THE SECRETS - "Gimmie a Call/American Way" EP

I will always sit up when an ex-DEVIL DOG has anything to do with recorded music: production, playing, buying beer for the band...*anything*. Here is the second STEVIE & THE SECRETS 45 (there was one on Sympathy that sold out rapido and is excellent) and it's more mid tempo than the debut, and has a strange muted energy level overall. I'll tell you now, I have at most a day or two to react to the records I review here so I tend to react to the *explosions* more than the burners, so I know this will grow on me the more I listen. So this review won't be finished 'til next month when the jukebox jury comes back...it's average for now. (RW)

(Telegraph Company, 66 Hope St., Brooklyn, NY, 11211)

STOOL SAMPLE - "Punk Rock Mercy Killing" EP

Looking at the artwork and photos, I'm all clenched and poised to hate this...will I be surprised? Not really. Redneck metal-hardcore from Georgia. What did I expect—"what you call punk, we call shit"—they tell me, right on the cover, must be true. Or perhaps what I call shit...never mind. (RY)

(Defecation Nation, 4290 Bells Ferry Rd. #106-82, Kennesaw, GA 30144)

STOOL SAMPLE - "Masterpiece Of Shit"

What is it national bone head week? Sounding like the bastard sons of El Duce, STOOL SAMPLE blast with sicko disgusto lyrics filled with tales of dick gobblin' and shit play just for the shitty brown fun of it. Includes heartfelt covers of NEGATIVE YOUTH, NIG HEIST, the OPPRESSED, SOFT CELL, BATTALION OF SAINTS. Let me leave you with their motto, "If it ain't STOOL SAMPLE, it ain't shit!" (DL)

(Madskull, PO BOX 57159, 1040BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

STERBEHILFE – "47 Menschen, ein Wunsch" CD

Here are 21 songs of fast and noisy grindcore, with the majority of songs clocking in under a minute. The songs are pretty straightforward and basic, plus the recording is sort of raw and makes everything sound hollow. This was alright, but nothing outstanding.(RC)

(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY; sis-records.de/sterbehilfe)

STILETTO BOYS - "A Company of Wolves" CD

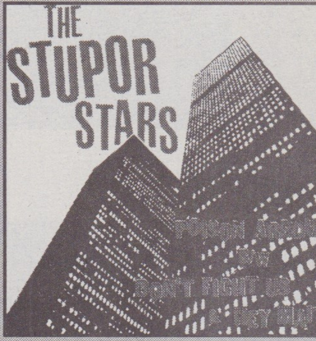
I was so wrong about this album. I took one look and assumed total butt rock bar band. Y'know what

they say when you assume. Really good pop punk with additude, hooks, harmonies and style. I am really f-n digging this. A little DICKIES, a little BUZZCOCKS, a little CLASH. This my pick of the month, maybe even the last few months. Get this and thank me later. (BM)
(Pelado, 521 West Wilson, C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627, peladorecords.com, zipgun77@juno.com)

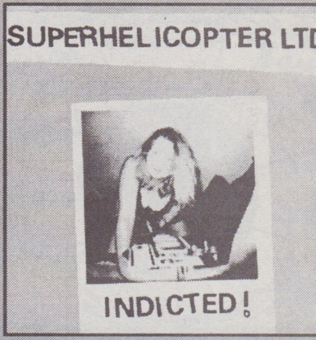
STRUGGLE.
ONE SETTLER ONEBULLET ANTHOLOGY

STRUGGLE - "One Settler, One Bullet: An Anthology" CD
Man, this is sort of a blast from the past. Everything from this hyperpolitical (note: that's a good thing, kids) mid-tempo hardcore with more mosh parts per minute than anything that has spun on my record player since about 1995. So, does it sound dated? Well kinda—I mean bands don't exist like this anymore, lyrically (hold on I'm getting to that part), or musically. But there is something very endearing about this record—I mean, how can you not like a band that has lyrics like "…welcome to America, you have the right to be beaten…" How weird it is to me that one member went on to be in THE LOCUST? Essential? Well, there was a time when this band, along with BORN AGAINST, RORSCHACH, CHOKEHOLD, and DOWNCAST occupied a very special place in my heart—so for me it's kinda nice, but for you kids weaned on everything that's come out since 1994, I'm going to say probably not. (MT)
(Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

THE STUCK-UPS - "Baby's Got a Hard-on" LP
This all girl trio have that garagey, unpolished, youthful energy that's remenicent of a lot of those old K records bands. These STUCK-UPS flaunt their bad girl ways, and they get an additional edge with BILLY CHILDISH co-writing and helping in the studio. I like it more and more with every listen. Check it out! (HM)
(Sympathy)



THE STUPOR STARS - "Poison Arrows" EP
Here's a great fookin' rock and roll band with great songs, what more do you need to know? Twin guitar attack with the singer from the STALLIONS who's as good a shouter as ever. And they're compadres of the PINKZ in that largely desolate L.A. "rock scene." If that doesn't sell you on the STUPOR STARS, then just never mind. (DD)
(Pelado, 521 West Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627, peladorecords.com)



SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. - "Indicted" EP
Okay, this is getting ridiculous. Another fantastic slab from the Mysterious Amazing German Garage Punks Who Broke Up. Men, you have to stand up and be counted...you are too *good* to give up just when Squaresville USA starts to catch up with you. Shit, leave the kids with a sitter for the weekend and tour where we can see you. I'm not being realistic. Records are it. Four songs that will make grown-up fans of the OBLIVIANS and LIGHTNING BEAT-MEN weep like weeping crying people. (RW)
(Wrench, BCM Box, 4049, London, WC1N 3XX, UK, wrench.org)

SYSTEMIC INFECTION - "Declaration" EP
Gotta mention the artwork, as the cover is hand screened, and looks ace. The screening is nice, and the inside cover also benefits from cool band image artwork. The music holds up pretty well, but the combined effect of these six songs was to make the sample stand out the most. There's a certain similarity between the songs, despite the use of dual male/female harsh vocals which renders them almost monotonous. Hints of (perhaps) future brilliance shown through in songs like "My Addiction", where the pace varied enough to get some hooks. Decent, but not everything it seems it could be. (TM)
(Killing Room Floor, 914 N. Richmond St, Chicago, IL 60622)

TEDDY DUCHAMP'S ARMY - CDEP
This is a little too poppy for me. At their better moments they sound like old YOUTH BRIGADE, at their worst like BLINK 182. This one's for "the kids", or should I say it's over on "the kids". I'm sure they'll do ok without my praise. Ok, so I like the intro to track three. (BG)
(Hope, PO Box 71154, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

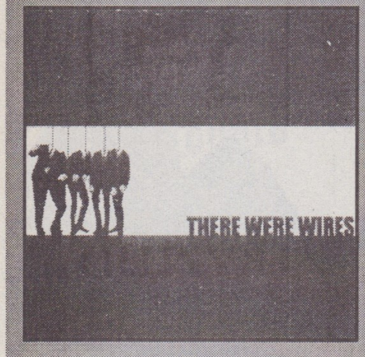
TEENAGE REJECTS
DONT CARE ABOUT ANYTHING!
LOSIN MY MIND
RAZORBLADE

TEENAGE REJECTS - "Don't Care About Anything" EP
Has Rip Off really put out 50 records? Where does the time go? This single is Rip Off #50 and everyone's favorite three-chord punk rock label is still going strong. This Wisconsin trio displays excellent taste in striped t-shirts and the short'n'sweet punk blasts we've come to expect from Greg Lowery's hit factory. "Don't Care About Anything" is definitely the anthem for our nation's disaffected youth, but "Razorblade" gets the nod here as the more rockin' number. And in typical Rip Off style, there's a third song listed that ain't on the record. (JG)
(Rip Off, ripoffrecords.org)

TEMPERS RISE - "My Bout With Depression Lasted 5 Chambers" EP
Shotgun marriage of HEROIN's crumble and the deliberate atmosphere of DRIFT. The dissatisfied squall of hardcore from this Dutch group would have fit in well on the recent *Destroy New Granada* comp LP, if the Sound Virus folks had been interested in a non-US band. Personal political messages are torn from the singer's throat while the rest of the band pays just enough attention for hooks to be laid. (TH)
($5 ppd: Smaragd 11, 1703 GA Heerhugowaard, HOLLAND poweremo666@hotamail.com)

THEE HEADCOATS - "Headcoats Down!" LP
This is an exact reissue of an LP that originally appeared on Billy Childish's own Hangman label back in 1989. Since that label is no more and the Hangman stuff is starting to go for silly money, this be a righteous reappearance. To the quick: there are a million HEADCOATS LP's (leave seven inches out of it for now) and if you only want to grab two or three to get the picture, you'll need this one in the short stack you hand to the bored clerk at the shoppe (along with any Crypt release and the *Messerschmidt* LP on Birdman). The tracks on this one were still in his live set on his last tour, so they were sort of the backbone of his whole operandus. "Smile Now", "Wily Coyote", "You're Lookin' Fine" etc. This is still the manual

MY BOOT WITH DEPRESSION LASTED 5 CHAMBERS.



this bike is a pipe bomb

on how to inject contemporary energy into an established...uh...idiom. Garage. (RW)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, UK, E17 9GH, damagedgoods.co.uk)

THEE ULTRA BIMBOS - "Four Fans Can't Be Wrong" LP

Significantly more polished (and produced) than the garage-ish sound of their EPs, this LP alternates between overdriven rockers and delicate fitties, with lots of female harmonies throughout. "Love Story From Outer Space" is kind of like...I dunno, a heavier BLONDIE? A really good platter for what it is, but I'll take their "Who Stole My Underwear?" over it myself. (DD)
(Thunderwoman, Hasselsstr. 120, 40599 Dusseldorf GERMANY, thunderbaby_TheQueen@bigfoot.com)

THERE WERE WIRES - CD

Technical post hardcore metal-core that is done good....but just isn't my style. They execute the style well: heavy, then quiet, technical math parts, obscure lyrics touching on personal issues. Good if you dig the style.....fans of Escape Artist or Trustkill styles will dig. (MW)
(Modern Day Detachment, 329 Cabot St, Beverly, MA 01915)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB - "Black Panther Party" EP

I appreciate this band's influences and how they are moved by them. As a Bay Area kid in the '70s, I was weaned on stuff like NEIL YOUNG and LEONARD COHEN, not to mention the folkies *they* were influenced by, like WOODY GUTHRIE and LEADBELLY—not to mention, as a kid of dubious family income and respectability, heady doses of off-the-hip American survivalism. I sincerely like all of the above-mentioned musicians, in ways which exceed their (substantial) sentimental value. I've read—and enjoyed!—their novels, as I suspect the members of THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB have. In spite of, or maybe because of this sordid history, the railriding, acoustic idyll of this EP feels exhausted. The title track, a plea for solidarity to "Mr. Black Panther" (first of all, what about Angela Davis, et al?) which contains the lines, "we'll go marching arm in arm/we don't mean no harm," strikes me as very naive, painfully anachronistic, and somewhat belittling. At least MC5 manager John Sinclair, when he had similar impulses in the late '60s, believed in loud guitars, started the White Panther Party, and did jail time. I did enjoy and relate to the lyrics to "Hot Diggety," which chronicles the aches and pains of getting and feeling old when you're young. (AC)
($3 ppd: Arkam, 3000 County Rd. #10, Florence, AL 35633)

THIS MACHINE KILLS - "Death In the Audobon Ballroom" CD

Last month I wrote a long screed in one of my reviews about politics and music, and if they are strange bedfellows or a revolutionary mix. This band seems to fall into the category of a less than successful co-mingling of the two. There are plenty of bands that don't sacrifice one for the other. Unfortunately, THIS MACHINE KILLS do. They lean hard on the well thought out and heartfelt political side, while spending much less time on cultivating an original musical identity (or songs that stick with you after you turn off the CD, for that matter). I'm sure this weak tuned, righteous and explosively angry hopeful stuff works great in a live context. Live catharasis and communion with the audience are more important than tunes or technique, but recordings are a whole 'nother kettle of fish. I like the main vocalist' s voice when he hits these Springa (from SSD) style wails. Otherwise, this could be any number of interchangeable Ebullition releases. Having said all that, I want to check out future releases, to see how they evolve. The booklet and graphics are informative and well done. (BG)
(Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

THREE MINUTE MOVIE - "Another Night, Exchanged Letters" CD

I generally dig these Japanese melodic, balls to the walls bands. For some reason though, these guys just don't do it for me. Their lyrics are cool and have a low cheese factor. The hooks are decent, too. Still, it lacks a certain je n'sais qua. There's a certain ineffable quality missing, one that'll grab your collar or coat sleeve and not let go. Not bad, not riveting either. (BG)
(Snuffy Smile, 4 1 16 201 Daita, Setagaya Ku, Tokyo 155 0033, JAPAN)

THREE SUMMERS GONE - "Time Well Spent" CD

I first heard these guys a couple years ago, when they were still trying to develop a style. As evidenced by this CD, they've evolved by leaps and bounds. Moving well beyond their Fat inspired beginnings, they've developed into a powerful melodic emo band. They rock especially well when employing their soulful, angry harmonies and creating tension with their two guitars winding snake-like around each other. They generally avoid the meandering, melancholy pitfalls of fellow emo bands by keeping their velocity and impact high. The only drawback occurs on the few songs where they try to cram too many parts into a single track, weather they are necessary or not. Luckily though, this happens little. The quality of playing and heartfelt intensity makes this one of my favorites of the month. (BG)
(Substandard, PO Box 310, Berkeley, CA 94704)

TOSHIRO MIFUNE - "I Was Delighted to See Them Leave" EP

From the first song (a diatribe against 'art kids') to the last, TOSHIRO MIFUNE are a blur of spastic drums, untethered bass, and guitar noise that is all over the place yet targeted with precision. You could say they have an almost arty approach to hardcore... Power violence/screamo kids will love this. (AM)
(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510-6911, deepsixrecords.com)

TOKYO KNIVES - "I Keep Thinkin"Bout You" EP

This one grabbed me from the first guitar chord. High-energy Swedish supergroup features members of the much-loved HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE, the BLACKS and TURPENTINE, plus Tomoko, who I don't think is the same person from SUPERSNAZZ. They play hard '77 styled trash punk, the kind that wears its classic rock'n'roll influences on its frayed jacket sleeve. All four songs rock, with lotsa sick guitar solos (some by Nicke of the HELLACOPTERS) and even a slow burner in "I'm a Rocket." Highly recommended. (JG)
(Wrench, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3XX, UK)

TOTAL FURY - "13 Songs" 12"

At first look, the cover looks like it might be a vintage Dischord release, and even the vocals have a lot of Ian McKaye in them. Of course, TOTAL FURY hails from Japan; their stop-on-a-dime HC doesn't have an ounce of fat on it, and their similarities to MINOR THREAT's debut EP is actually a compliment. Maybe not as many standout tunes as you'd hope, but there's quality playing and typically great, stripped-down Japanese production, start to finish. Recommended. (SS)
(Kenji Hokeri, 25 Mori, Nagai, Yamagata, JAPAN)

TRAVIS CUT – "Shambles" CD

Hey UK pop punk fans! Don't forget this band because they are one of the best at it. Outside of SNUFF, I never understood why this UK scene never took off here. Granted only SNUFF toured here and hooked up with a successful US label. TRAVIS CUT, SKIMMER, CHOPPER c'mon! Just when I forget about them, this trio seems to put out another great release. Totally cool! (RL)
(Firefly, PO Box 30179, London, E17 5FE, UK, fireflyrecordings.com)

TUMULT–"Dat is Punk" LP

Rob picked this up as he passed by where I was sitting, and we briefly discussed our mutual admiration for TUMULT. They've done no wrong by me—everything I've heard has been ferocious, unrelenting hardcore, delivered at a thousand miles an hour, in thirty second bursts, and with the genuine aggression and antagonism of someone who really, really means it. This doesn't disappoint either—it's more of that same approach–to the tune of about 22 songs worth. Insanity. Nice letterpress cover, goth black and white artwork, songs and liner notes in German. No complaints from here. (TM)
(Per Koro, c/o Stickfigure, PO Box 55462, Atlanta GA 30308)

TWIGGY KILLERS - "Customize" EP

This band is like the child of the BOBBYTEENS and BIKINI KILL, halfway between the tough "going out to party and getting laid" image of the garage girl group, and the tough "I wont take your shit anymore" riot girl. And they dress like nurses. (JT)
(Thunderbaby, Hasselstr. 120, 40599 Dusseldorf, Germany; thunderbaby_records@yahoo.com)

TYRADES - "Detonation" EP

Some of the best female vocals I have heard in a long time. They are so loud, screeching, piercing and very extreme, they completely drown out the music. I think that's fantastic. The music is pretty cool too. Garagey punk with some nice distortion on the guitar, but who the hell can pay attention to that with these vocals? (CK)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, tyrades99@hotmail.com)

UNIVERSAL - "AKA Mental Toilet" EP

This is pretty damn heavy German metal crust mixed with some BORN AGAINST style hardcore influences, as well. For once, I can actually deal with the vocals on a crust record. The singer is powerful and raw throated, but not cartoonish. They are also not afraid to lock into a slow groove. I really like this, but the lyrics do scare me a little. (BG)
(Ass Man, Siefertsweg 7, 64743 Beeffelden, GERMANY)

VALSE TRISTE - "Humen Giljotiini" EP

Let me guess - another great band from Finland. On the surface, VALSE TRISTE play pretty straightforward hardcore, albeit with some extra punch and power. After a more careful listen, you realize that their sound is driven by some seriously sludgy bass and hyperactive drumming. Kind of like NOMEANSNO doing DISCHARGE covers. I like this. (AM)
(Autotehtaat-Levyt, Erottajakatu 29, 13130- Hämeenlinna, FINLAND autotehtaat@iobox.fi)

VEHICLE DEREK - "Sometimes She Will" CD

This CD falls under the basic heading of pop punk but the band tends to mix up their style a bit. Most of the songs sound much like early SCREECHING WEASEL with nasal vocals, three guitar chords and fast drumming. They do tend to change it up at times though and play mid tempo, HÜSKER DÜ influenced songs, even changing the vocal style to fit the part. Fourteen songs in all that aren't ground breaking but aren't terrible either. (PA)
(Boss Tuneage, P.O. Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

VITAMIN X - "We Came Here for Fun" EP

This is the nine song, limited to 500, U.S. tour EP which they claim will later be released on CD. Thrashy, political hardcore that really sounds nothing like their earlier youth core records. Most of the songs are driving with ultra fast drumming, somewhat basic yet chaotic guitars and the vocalist yelling over all of it. It's a shame that this will only find itself on 500 slabs of vinyl. (PA)
(Underestimated, P.O. Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613)

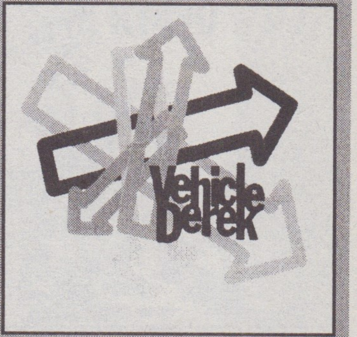
THE VON BONDIES - "It Came From Japan/Red Head Devil"

Hailing from Detroit comes the fuzz-soaked dirty sounds of THE VON BONDIES with a rockin' two-songer that rips with '60s psych-out style and now time appeal. Buy it. (DL)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

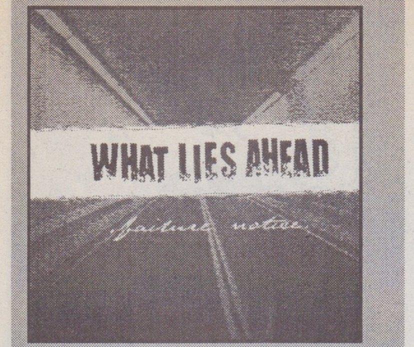
WASTED/THE STAKEOUT - split EP

If you own anything by OXYMORON, you owe it to yourself to pick up something by WASTED. Their first LP, *Suppress and Restrain* shows that same raucous crowd-surfing-in-steel-toes aggression only unlike the German connection, only I bet these Finnish punkers did better in their English and Poli-Sci classes. The only thing I dont like about the three new tracks are that there aren't more on the other side. The STAKEOUT follow it up with four straight-foreward hardcore ditties. Nothing that's going to get stuck in my head quite like the WASTED songs. (EM)
(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND combatrockindustry.com)

Customise
Twiggy Killers

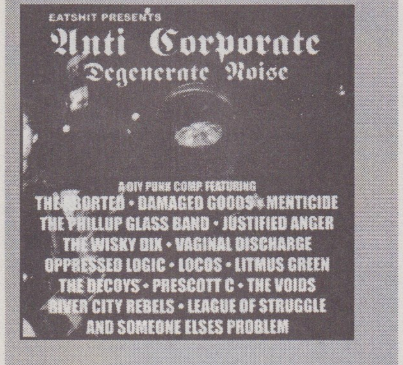


VITA MIN X
WE CAME HERE FOR FUN EP



AND FURS
WHIPS

ZEKE DEATH ALLEY


EATSHIT PRESENTS
Anti Corporate
Degenerate Noise
A DIY PUNK COMP FEATURING
THE ABORTED • DAMAGED GOODS • MENTICIDE
THE PHILLUP GLASS BAND • JUSTIFIED ANGER
THE WISKY DIX • VAGINAL DISCHARGE
OPPRESSED LOGIC • LOCOS • LITMUS GREEN
THE DECOYS • PRESCOTT C • THE VOIDS
RIVER CITY REBELS • LEAGUE OF STRUGGLE
AND SOMEONE ELSES PROBLEM

WHENWEDIE – "Shitsville" CD

WHENWEDIE spits out four songs of chunky hardcore. It is sort of a mix of a few slow dark parts and straight up hardcore. This seems to want to go the direction of more technical hardcore, but the time changes are just not there. Decent. (RC)
(www13@prodigy.net)

THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM - "The Revolution..." CD

A very odd combination here. The WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM are a pretty average emo-hardcore band, nothing too special, until the keyboards kick in. Sometimes the fusion works well, but other times its a little too much and I feel like I'm riding a carousel. I do think its pretty cool how they have integrated keyboards behind straight ahead, fast punk beats, though, not too many people do that. (SP)
(Boot to Head, PO Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207, boottohead.com)

WHAT LIES AHEAD - "Failure Notice" EP

WHAT LIES AHEAD plays melodic punk rock that is so similar to GORILLA BISCUITS, with maybe a few other influences. Although there are no lyrics included (a definite minus), what I can hear of them reminds me of EMBRACE. A few of the songs remind me of D.B.S. without any of the superior guitar parts or DE LA HOYA without the kickass singer. I'm not too interested. (WR)
(Urgency, PO Box 8664, Greenville, NC 27835)

WHIPS AND FURS - "So Push the Buttons" EP

Decent enough punk rock that sounds like a more amateurish THUMBS. You know bouncy punk rock with good melody lines and shouted vocals that yell out some not so dumb lyrics. Still something is holding me back from really getting into this record. Maybe it is because if you are going to call your band WHIPS AND FURS, I wanna hear more of the VIBRATORS in the final product. Whoa, I'm getting jaded! (JF)
(Whips and Furs, PO Box 1893, Denton, TX 76202, pricklyboy@yahoo.com)

YAH MOS - "Undefeated" LP

The YAH MOS were one of the best bands ever to come out of Sacramento. The kids and aging punks alike flocked to their shows in basements, parking lots, wherever. Sadly, they have long since broken up. My meager collection doesn't include any of the material on this record, so I'm not sure if it's a reissue or if someone recently scraped together enough money to finally put out an old tape or what. I don't really care; I've got my copy in my hot little hands and if you hate your parents, so should you.(DP)
(Gern Blandsten, PO Box 356 River Edge, NJ 07661, gernblandstenrecords.com)

ZEKE - "Death Alley" CD

New ZEKE CD! What can I say? You know what you're gonna get and you'd better be ready. They're *animals* They'll be the first to tell you. The best thing to be said about ZEKE is how consistently and well they do what they do. They still study at the MOTORHEAD school of rock and roll, and I'm still taking a couple units there myself. (RY)
(Aces & Eights, no address)

V/A - "Anti Corporate Degenerate Noise" CD

Here is a pretty average compilation of all punk rock bands. We're talking straight-up punk rock. No extremes of hardcore or pop punk or emo. Many of the bands place an emphasis on rioting and oppression by police. I can dig it. The low points on this comp would have to be RIVER CITY REBELS, who hold their place as Victory Records' worst ska band (Victory Records=Anti Corporate? I think not!) and OPPRESSED LOGIC, whose attitude I'm still not too cool with. High points include SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM, who rocked my friend's garage not too long ago, and LOCOS. And that's the end of that chapter. (WR)
($5 ppd: Eatshit, Box 4766, South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157)

V/A - "At War Now" EP

This anti-war compilation packs in eight bands, which include BUOYANCY, PACKRATTEN, BLINDSPOT A.D., CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, AGATHOCLES, UNHOLY GRAVE, BIZARRE X and YACOPSAE. As you can imagine it is all metal, grind and thrash except for the light-hearted emo style of BUOYANCY. (They are WAY out of place on this compilation) The best track on here is the YACOPSAE song. It fucking rages! Total wall of noise thrash, HELLNATION style! (RC)
(Vulgar, Sille Priebs, Postfach 15 35, 02605 Bautzen, GERMANY)

V/A - "Be Quick Or Be Dead: An Italian/Swedish Fast Compilation" EP

From his headquarters in Venice (one of the slowest cities in Western Europe, by the way) Marco has compiled this "fast" split, with tracks from some of the best newer bands in both of those areas. He succeeds mightily in speeding shit up, not to mention coordinating the efforts of ten bands in two distant countries. Of the five bands on side Sweden, LAST SECURITY and LEFT IN RUINS both play standout tracks, following ASSEL and SEWN SHUT, and followed by heavy (plus fast, certo) mayhem from ACURSED. On side Italy, Torino's TORQUEMADA, new to my ears, play fastcore with a rolling, catchy licks. ENTROPIA, who has been around for a good while now, if I'm not mistaken, play one of the blurrier and faster tracks on this side. D.I.A.'s track, with dual vocals, brings down the tempo with stops and starts, while OHUZARU, with screamy vox, play the tightest, hence my favorite, track on this side. A great collaboration—I hope to see more like it. (AC)
(Sly Actions, Via Tommaseo 41, 30030 Scaltenigo, (VE) ITALY, slyactions@hotmail.com)

V/A - "A Breed Apart: On The Outside Looking In" CD

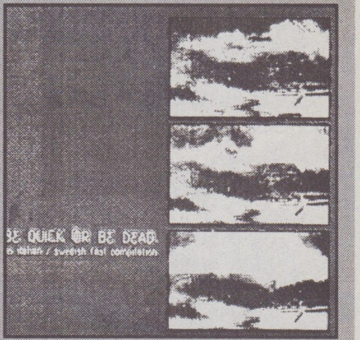
Christ on a fucking crutch! Why me?! Here's another example of why CDs suck—you just don't get turds like this on vinyl these days. Macho as fuck, chock full of thick-necked garbage and just straight up

boring to listen to. Dear kids, a few things to keep in mind: 1) Hardcore exists outside of the stupid ass New York model, 2) WARZONE always sucked, 3) Metal is different than hardcore—most of you haven't figured that out yet. With names like EVERYBODY GETS HURT, HATED AND PROUD, and CLENCHED FIST, I think you know what this sounds like. Hey there's a song by COMBAT 84 on here called "Politically Incorrect" about how hard it is to be an idiot these days. I could almost deal with it if they didn't suck so bad—maybe you need to listen to your COCKSPARRER, ANGELIC UPSTARTS, or even HARDSKIN records some more. (MT)
(Hatecore, PMB 287, 1075 Broad Ripple Ave, Indianapolis, IN 46220)

At War Now
AN ANTI-WAR COMPILATION

V/A - "Destroy New Granada" 12"EP

This one-sided album/zine/booklet project contains songs from nine of the best of today's crop of hardcore bands, as well as a page each from several zines and labels, all talking about what DIY means to them. The package is nice and all, and the booklet is worth skimming, but it's the music that makes this worth having. Solid contributions from DEAD AND GONE, TALK IS POISON, HAIL MARY, the BLOOD BROTHERS, RED SCARE, PALATKA, HARUM SCARUM, THIS MACHINE KILLS, and the DIMITRI GUREVITCH QUINTETTE, the only band on here I hadn't heard before. Go for it. (AM)
(Sound Virus, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)

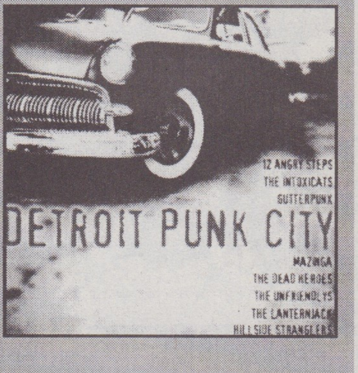


V/A - "Detroit Punk City" CD

I'm into this if only to hear more from MAZINGA, who impressed me a while back right here in this very chair (or maybe it was that broken one over there). Anyhow, this gives you three songs each by eight different bands like: 12 ANGRY STEPS, the INTOXICANTS, GUTTERPUNX, the UNFRIENDLYS, HILLSIDE STRANGLERS. Good stuff. (RY)
(Detroit Diesel Dame, 23533 Majestic Oak Park, MI 48237)

V/A - "For Those Who Stand" CD

This is a surprising release. I hate to say it, but I would have doubted that some of these bands would be on a comp that says boldly on the cover, "A Gay Rights Benefit Compilation." Lately I've been getting into a few of the "preaching to the converted" debates with my friends. One conclusion I came to was that—while it may seem that way for small "underground" shows here in San Francisco—the audiences bands like these (oh, I didn't mention that yet... REFUSED, AFI, SNAPCASE, SHAI HALUD, INDECISION, GOOD RIDDANCE, BOY SETS FIRE, (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY, etc.) play to are *far* from universally "converted". No one can deny that this issue is one that is still met with a considerable amount of ignorance within the hardcore/punk community (even at the small show in San Francisco), so I do think that a comp like this has the potential to make a bit of a difference, and I applaud the bands here for using their podium to educate their audience a tad. However, I would have liked to see more of the bands contributing a song that more directly address the issue at hand instead of putting some "song-from-the-(blank)-album" which has nothing to do with gay/lesbian rights. Its one thing to add your name to some list and another thing for the band to actually *discuss* the issue. Well, I guess its a start. (SP)
(Tear It Down, PO Box 230722, Encinitas, CA 92023-0722, tearitdownrecords.com)



V/A - "Hardcore Unlawful Assembly" LP

Boot of this classic Japanese comp from the early '80s. With greats like OUTO, GISM, LAUGHIN' NOSE, LIP CREAM and more, you're sure to pick this up as soon as you see it, right? There's been a whole mess of old Japanese boots of varying quality that have come out in the past few months, and this is one of the more essential, although they certainly left a lot to be desired on the packaging. None of the band graphics are included, all we get is the front and back cover and a track list. You know, if you don't have to pay recording costs, or give anything to the band(s), us listeners would like it if you bootleggers would at least included all the art/info from the original. See the recent GAUZE "Equalize Distort" boot if you need any further guidance. (WN)
(no address)

V/A - "High Road to Obscurity" CD

A very bizarre selection of bands on this comp from the now 'venerable' reissue label GTA. The slight majority are from late 70's/early 80's California and this CD ends up functioning as a who's who comp tape of non-thrash hardcore, punk and power-pop. It's all over the map but it's not an odds-n-sods so there's no ripoff here. Partial band listing: LOST CAUSE, SAUCERS, ICONOCLAST, BRAT, NEON CHRIST, ROMANS, ILL WILL, STINGERS, OFFBEATS, FUCK UPS, BPEOPLE, STATE, RED ASPHALT, ZERO DEFEX.. see what I mean, quality stuff from all over the stylistic map. Oh, I remember now, there used to be a time when people had the independence of mind to listen to anything that was weird and that wasn't mainstream. That division used to be *stark*, motherfucker. Sigh. Kids, you have permission to be genre specific these days..there's too much stuff to keep up with! This is an amazing snapshot of a compilation and is totally recommended to anyone who likes DEVO or MINOR THREAT. *Weird*. (RW)
(Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glendale Blvd., PMB 313, Glendale, CA,91202)

HUMAN DUST
VOL.2

V/A - "Human Dust Vol. 2" EP

"Noise, Noise, Noise, it was always around, until I gave up and turned your stereo down." - The Diaries. And then I sit back and put on a RADON record for a few minutes and then I can continue listening to this kind of stuff. This is a compilation of ten grindcore and metal and good old fastcore bands from around Germany and other parts of Europe. A few caught my interest, and most just sucked ass in creative/not so creative ways. Of the better ones were SICK TERROR and TOLSHOCK. But overall, I would just stick with the quote that kept running through my head while I was listening to this one. (WR)
(Naund, F. Surmann Scheffelstr, 27 d-44147, Dortmund, GERMANY)

V/A – "How Many Bands Does It Take to Screw Up a Blondie Tribute" 2xLP

Another huge girlie compilation on Sympathy... I never heard the other one and I wouldn't have heard this one either had not Tom Hopkins in all his wisdom thought that I would like to spend over an hour on a Saturday afternoon listening to a double album of kitschy (as in crappy) bands mutilate BLONDIE

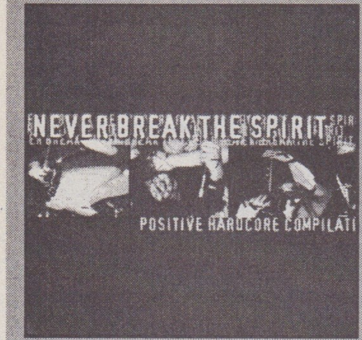
songs. About eight years ago there was a dance music tribute to BLONDIE featuring some serious pumpin' gay house and cheesy Euro-techno (don't ask how I know this okay) , *that* ...was better than this. Bands include SQUATWEILER, KIRBY GRIPS, HISSYFITS, and the CHUBBIES. Of possible interest solely to bi-curious teenagers in the Pacific Northwest. (AD)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

V/A - "In Defense of our Future–A Tribute to DISCHARGE" LP

Joked with Robert that I could review this from the other room—I wasn't serious, but it's unfortunate how much truth was in it. When you take a band like DISCHARGE, who've had countless tribute records, and release (yet) another tribute, and then play all of the songs authentic to the originals, I'm left wondering "Why bother?". I'm as staunch a DISCHARGE fan as anyone, but this doesn't add anything, it's merely imitation. I'm not sure I'd equate imitation and tribute, but whatever. Bands include UNCURBED, DISKONTO, GENOCIDE SS, SNIFTER, DRILLER KILLER, AVSKUM and others. (TM)
(Your Own Jailer, Marmorv. 14B, 752 44 U-A, SWEDEN, musikrum-1@uppsala.mail.telia.com)

V/A - "Kangaroo Records" EP

No apparent title on this one, so we were left guessing. Knowing what I do about Henk's tastes, I was certainly enthusiastic about reviewing this one. Check that lineup–TEAR IT UP, REAL SHIT, A.V.O., OUT COLD, YAWP, SEEIN' RED, MILKMAN, NEIGHBORS, RAWHIDE, CREEPING JESUS and DEADSTARE. Standouts for me were OUT COLD, REAL SHIT and damn, actually, there's more good than bad here. Everything is quick, there's almost no break between songs (thanks! Made it critical to pay attention!), and you get a foldout poster with artwork on one side and lyrics on the other. C'mon–12 song EP–you know it's good. (TM)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)



V/A - "Never Break the Spirit" EP

This is Face Reality Record's first release as a label and it is a pretty solid. The bands all seem to have a positive/straightedge vibe going and span from here in the USA all the way over to Norway. There are a total of seven bands including SUPERSLEUTH, STRENGTH APPROACH, CROSS ME, FULL OF LIFE, EMBRACE TODAY, HIGH HOPES and STRIKEPOINT. Almost all the bands follow the tried and true fast-core youth crew style, except for a more melodic track by HIGH HOPES. CROSS ME from France was definitely the standout for me. (RC)
(Face Reality, c/o Alessandro Ferri, via G Verdi 52, 41053 Maranello (Modena), ITALY; stillbelieve.de/fxr)

PARTNERSHIP SURVIVAL
ENVIRONMENTAL BENEFIT COMPILATI

V/A - "Partnership for Survival" EP

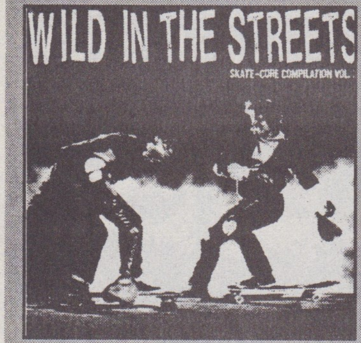
This comp of Oklahoma and Arkansas bands is subtitled, "Environmental Benefit Compilation," but aside from some muddy xeroxed liner photos, no further information is given as to the political/financial direction of this project. With all the fancy hardcore packaging these days, the whole look and production of this is on the janky side—reminding me (fondly, I should add) of various South Bay/SF Peninsula projects over the last decade. Musically, this is solid. Good bands with bad names write good songs with worse names. Most notable on this front is the SNOTROKITS, with "Buddhajuanicus." Fuck. Suddenly, the San Jo/Peninsula connection deepens... ST. PETER GHIDORA's tracks are penned with a touch more sophistication, if you will—I thought "like a grown up child actor who doesn't know how to deal with real life," was a nice turn of phrase. More tracks contributed by SEPTIC TUMOR, LAST CHANCE, and SKULLWIND. The second side shines, with the two ASSEMBLY OF GOD tracks especially luminous. Despite their dubious nature of their concern for the earth, the folks who put this together deserve a raise. (AC)
(Don't Waste It!, PO BOx 190, Edmond, OK 73083-0190)

V/A - "Powerpearls Vol. 8" LP

The latest pop comp from these KBD-esque bootlegging shysters. I know it's for the love of the music. That's not to say I don't like this. Bands include JOLT, FINGERPRINTZ, FORGOTTEN REBELS, SHOES as well as the usual one hit wonders. For pop fans. (RL)
(no address)

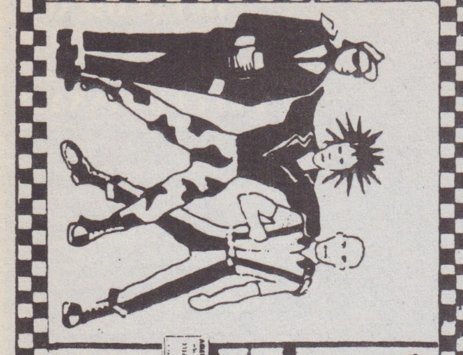
V/A - "Power Pearls Vol. 9" LP

.......this could be a great set of power pop comps....but you gotta turn your volume knob up to nine to get the full throttle power house approach....good acts on these too....collector nerdo stuff, 'fer sure.....but these dudes need to spread out those grooves.....fewer songs, more volume......c'mon, get my dick hard...(SW)
(no address)



V/A - "Wild In The Streets: Skate-Core Compilation Vol. 2" EP

Musically, this record rocks. Six bands all throw down tracks related in some way to skateboarding, from CRISPUS ATTUCKS' paean to the movie *Thrashin'* to KILLED IN ACTION's vitriolic attack on ESPN's skateboard commentators. The other bands are TEAR IT UP, THE THIRD DEGREE (who rock by the way), FURY FOR ANOTHER, and HOLIER THAN THOU. I have one complaint though - while I love hardcore and I love skateboarding, hardcore lyrics about skateboarding almost always suck. Why is that? (AM)
(Element, 23144 Cleveland, Dearborn, MI 48124)



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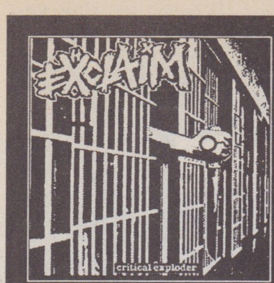

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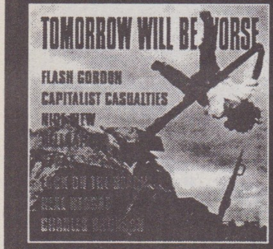

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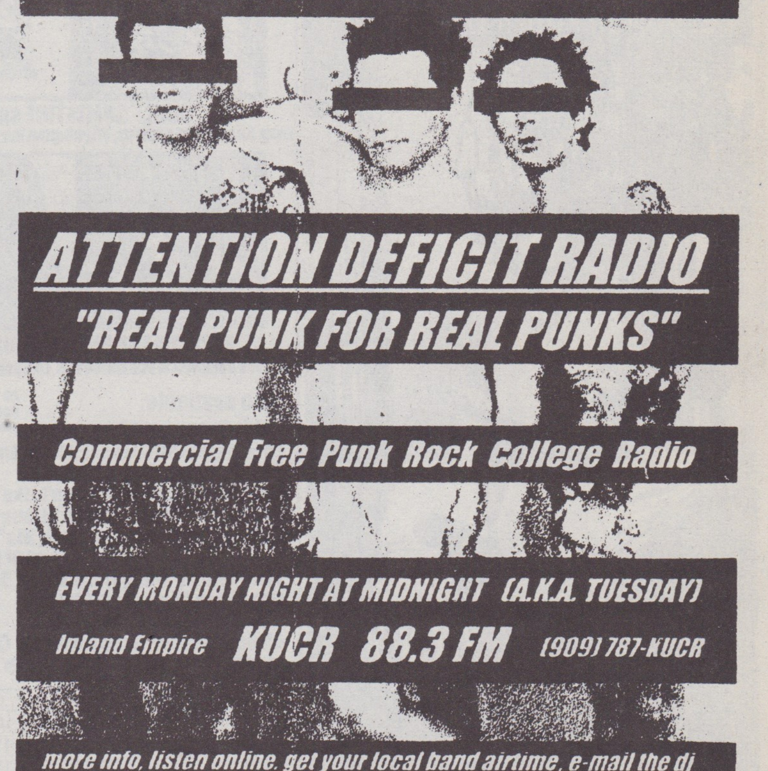

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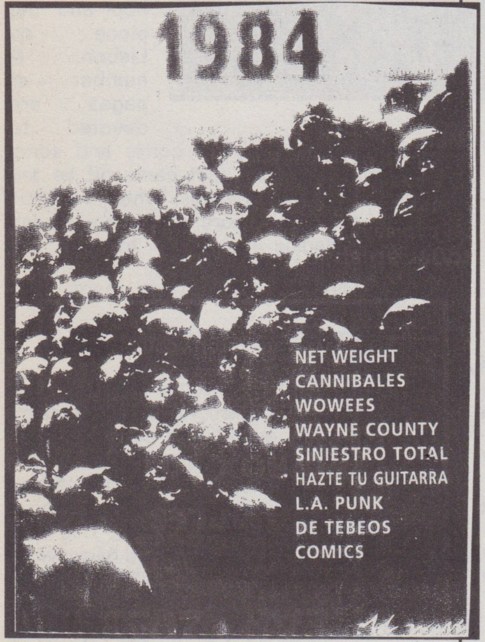
Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (MT) Mike Thorn, (AW) Amy Watson, (GZ) Gordon Zola.
Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

1984 #0 / $1
8 1/2 X 11 - copied - 40 pgs - Spanish
Fuck, this zine teaches you how to build your own guitar. I haven't tried this yet, but the instructions look clear and have really detailed sketches. Although most other content would pale in comparison, the interviews (Net Weight, Cannibales, Wowees, Siniestro Total) fare just fine. Also retrospectives of the band Wayne County, and of old L.A. punk; reviews, comics, and a photo collage of a punk festival that printed remarkably well. (NN)
PO Box 105 / C P 07080 / Ciutat de Mallorca / Spain
olin1984@yahoo.com



ACHE #3 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 10 - offset - 52 pgs
This is very slick looking with its offset printing and full-color cover, empty space on the pages of the interviews for design's sake, and I like it nevertheless. The magazine opens up to a wonderful comic by Penny Van Horn called, "Four Kinds of Funny," defining and exemplifying the differences between humor, wit, irony, and satire, and it's all done in her unique and interesting wood-cut style. Ok, so I'm already hooked. Then there's an interview with Beautiful Skin which didn't excite me personally as much as the next interview, one with Thomas Frank, one of the founding editors of *The Baffler*, or the interview which comes next with Eric *Rumpshaker* in which he discusses his battle with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. Overall, this magazine is different than most. By that I mean, it's interesting on the whole, rather than having one interview or article that stands out. And the one page comics that come in between the articles and interviews are good. Hell, there's even an article about Chick Publications- you know, the fundamentalist and creepy yet hilarious Christian mini-comics. Really, this is worth reading. (AW)
167 Cortleigh Blvd / Toronto, Ontario / M5N1P6 / Canada

ADMISSIBLE DECAY #12 / 1 IRC
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
AD is an interview with Paradox, lots of reviews of European bands, and a page of classifieds. What really shines is the autobiographical rant-as-introduction. While covering some basic ground (materialism, grass is greener), the piece is culturally educational. (AR)
J-P Muikku / Csongrad / Fo u. 20-24, 1/1 H-6640 / Hungary

ALL THAT CREEPETH #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I liked the writing (personal journal style), but the sloppy layout left me pretty cold. I am a huge fan of cut and paste, but this definitely needs some fine tuning. Stories mainly center on the joys (and sorrows) of owning your first RV. Also touches on losing a friend to religion, getting motivated to give up apartment life and get out on the highway, going to a show and drowning in cargo pants (not literally), a visit with mom, and a few other tidbits (in the work related vein). Short and fairly interesting (aside from the aforementioned complaint)... I'd be interested to see future efforts. Trades and stamps also accepted. (KC)
310 E Lambrisht #3 / Tampa, FL 33604

ALTERNATIVE PRESS REVIEW #2 / $4.95 US / $6.95 Canada
8 1/2 x 11 offset - 76 pgs
As the title suggests, this is a magazine devoted to "alternative media." There's a news and commentary section and articles reprinted and excerpted from other publications including: Jeff Luers and the "clampdown" sentences he and other activists have been receiving, Hollywood censorship, "Human Rights vs. Oil," the many arguments against government schools, "To the Mad House with Them...How 'liberals' denounce modern dissidents," and "Masturbation Memoirs." Also, reviews of other magazines, zines, and books. (AW)
PO Box 4710 / Arlington, VA 22204-4710

THE AMERICAN GIRL #3 / $1 + 2 stamps
5 x 4 - copied - 108 pgs
Let me preface my review of this zine by saying that I have fundamental, ideological problems with "travel zines"—as I know them—that taint my reading of all "travel zines." I have issues with those who write them, what motivates people to "travel" and write about it, the modes of description that people opt for to evaluate the people that they meet and their experiences in "foreign" places, and the lack of context that usually accompanies "travel zines" in terms of representing culture and one's impacts on the places that one "travels" to. This, all being very basic and obvious to me, does not seem to phase most people, because "travel" zines seem to be one of the most prolific and celebrated genres. Having said that, I thought that the approach and style of this zine was very cool and impressive. It is laid out as a "choose your own adventure" story, with nice drawings and a multiplicity of ways that the author experienced traveling in Hong Kong, Thailand, and Vietnam. From the tone of a lot of the writing and the commentary, I see that the author probably has a lot of the same problems as I do with the ways that white Americans behave and relate to people both inside and outside of America. The illustrations are drawn in a style to look quaint and cute and this was kind of irritating and dicey. Still, I imagine that this may be the typical drawing style of the person who illustrated the zine, not just her approach to drawing Asia. I can't say that this zine changed my biased ideas of "travel zines," but it is one of the most creative, thoughtful, and readable zines that I have found. (JL)
PO Box 190054 / San Francisco, CA 94119

AN OPEN LETTER #1 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 –copied –28 pgs
On style points, this things rates about a ten.

It's got that DIY hardcore aesthetic that, though a bit overdone, is still pretty cool. For lack of a better term I'll refer to it as the Portland aesthetic. Xerox art, sticker letters, white print on black pages, and a general handmade, typewritten, x-acto knife and glue stick assembled look. The contents are also of the Portland aesthetic, stories that begin with conjunctions, end in ellipses, and contain tales of drinking, traveling, touring, relationships run afoul, and abandoned buildings. Despite my hatred for Portland, I did get a pretty good kick out of this zine. (CR)
1109 Deer Run Pl / Valrico, FL 33594-3359

ARISE May 2001 / $1 or stamps (free in the Twin Cities)
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Is it possible to be an activist and a good writer? Let's just say it's uncommon. This zine is a mixed bag, politically and quality-wise, from the Arise Bookstore folks. On the positive side, articles about Julia Butterfly, where the money banks loan really comes from, and local Community Supported Agriculture programs are well-written and interesting. On the negative side are the type of poorly done and credibility-lacking articles of the type that make me question whether there really is a left in this country. An article about Deskooling that was so overwritten that it made me want to send the writer to English class and two articles by a Marxist-Leninist which may as well be parodies of sectarianist Leninoids since they are so unintentionally funny. Also includes pieces on why TV is bad, Mumia, the Drug War, street theater and an interview with Fred Ho. (GZ)
2441 Lyndale Ave / S Minneapolis, MN 55405
arisenewspaper@hotmail.com / arisebookstore.org

ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER #11 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
Intention. It's everything and nothing. Here is a motivated person who would like to give the whole "independent publishing" thing a try. Good enough. The problem, he doesn't really have much to say, so he invites his friends. Trouble begins. The result: lots of columns about mullets, beer, urine, pot smoking (and shopping for pot), and toys. Interviews with The Fairlanes, Propagandhi, Strung Out, Vandals, Radon, Youth Brigade, J Church, etc, etc. Finish it off with some reviews and you have mediocrity. What brings this effort to the next level is that it includes a CD with some pretty decent tracks. Highlights of the CD: Leatherface, Pinhead Circus, Samiam, Big in Japan… (AR)
PO Box 8240 / Tampa, FL 33603

The American Girl No. 3
Vacation in Asia

BRAINSCAN #15 / $1 or 2 stamps or trade
2 1/2 x 3 1/4 - copied - 68 pgs
Wow! This is incredible! Two teeny tiny little zines (front pocket sized goodness) with beautiful transparency covers and heartfelt writing laid out on the perfect (kinda corresponding) semi-grainy photos. If you like heartache, revenge, self empowerment, stars, uncertainty, angels, duct tape, love, tears, and booze (not necessarily in that order)...you will love this. Perfect. (KC)
PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293
brainscanzine@ureach.com

CHEWBACCALYPSE #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Youth make good zine. Starry-eyed interview with Atom, Awkward Mormon Fantasy, long interview with Joe of Plan 9, and scribble. I approve. (AR)
3370 Washington Ct / Alameda, CA 94501

CHUMPIRE #142 / two stamps
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs
Have always heard good things about this and was delighted to have it end up in my bin. This episode of *Chumpfire* contains notes and observations of the zinester as he travels to Argentina. Definitely done in a really cool style and avoids all the usual lame trappings of most of travel zine–bonus points for the photos of bands I've heard of but will never see. Highly recomended, so what are you waiting on? (MT)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680 / chumpire@hotmail.com

CITY TRASH #10 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 48 pgs - Dutch
This is a pretty cool zine devoted to the garage scene. Bands interviewed are the The Kill-A-Watts, Green Hornet and Trash. There are lots of interesting record reviews and some of the columns are written in English. Overall this is a fun punk rock read! (HH)
Biezenveld 48 / 7943 MC Meppel / Netherlands

CONSTELLATIONS #10 / $2 or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
A sweet and often moving personal zine about all the everyday things—death, early mornings, friendships, punk rock, crushes, sickness, the cities we live in. Sierra writes with both skill and sincerity about a friend's suicide and another friend's diagnosis of cancer in such a way that the other pieces, dealing with seemingly trivial moments—sitting on a hill above the city, drinking cheap champagne on the beach—also become profound in relation. (MN)
4620 Elm Ave / Las Vegas, NV 89110

CRUCIAL #1 / $1, 3 stamps, trade, or $2 overseas
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
Lots of interviews in this zine: Max Ward (Spazz); Godstomper; and a really old one with Ian McKaye. There's reviews, a guide to hanging in San Francisco, some Emma Goldman excerpts, and a guide to scams (which left me more confused than ready to scam). (MD)
48 Camino Alto / Millbrae, CA 94030

THE CRYPTOGRAPHER #1 / $1, "stamps would be nice too"
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
Lit-zine alert... Enclosed is the kind of earnest writing a small circle of like minds will appreciate. I was stoked on the queer advice column (trashy tips on glory holes and hors d'oeuvres), and interested in US-based Bosnian hip hop and the piece on Lisbon. A number of pages are devoted to book reviews; there's a comic and some semi-fictional stories that came off as too crafted to grab me. No ads. When I was 20 I would have been more supportive—these days I'm finding the fiction tortured and torturous. (JM)
4841 N 16th St / Arlington, VA 22205

DEFIANT POSE #1 / $3 world
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
This is a project with depth. Not only is it large (with pages often running eight point type), but most every page can be viewed from multiple valid perspectives. Kosovo, Siouxsie, The Slits, reprints of intense quotes and news articles with no focus (albeit plenty of piss and vinegar). This is all the aesthetic from which a grand narrative of punk rock over the past 30 years is interspersed. This tale is told through "old timers" reviewing records, interviews with cultural critics, and show reviews from 25 years ago. On second thought, this is an intense exercise in a slightly imbalanced neurosis. And a pleasure to behold. (AR)
PO Box 2544 / London, NW6 3DF / UK

DOUBLE EARS #1-4 / free
11 x 14 - copied - 2 pgs
Double Ears is a one-sheet by Sarah, designed, I assume, for ease in printing and distributing while living a mobile, travel-oriented life. These four have come out in the past year, so hopefully this will keep coming out often. Issue #1 has to be my favorite

visually, because the front features a picture of Sara's cute hair "ears." Each mostly hand-penned issue ostensibly has a theme, like "airplanes" (#2), "neighbors" (#3), and Sara wants contributions for future issues. Consider #1 an introduction. #4 is also a deviation from the theme, and seems to be fictional, at least in part—I like this because it allows for more of Sara's writing, but I miss the little bits. It was a pleasant surprise to see *Double Ears* around when I was up in Portland last month—there's something nice about knowing Sara's out there away from home, writing down her thoughts and sending them to the winds. (AC)
PO Box 190054 / San Francisco, CA 94119

EAST VILLAGE INKY #12 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 40 pgs
The *Inky* is one of those small cute zines that revolves around the author's life with her two kids. Personally, I could be scared of a zine like this, but luckily the writing is good and I've always enjoyed it. They move to Brooklyn and discover new places plus the usual kid stuff. (GF)
122 Dean St / Brooklyn, NY 11201
inky@erols.com

EARQUAKE #76 / $1 or stamps
5 3/4 x 8 1/4 - copied - 28 pgs - French
This long running French zine covers hardcore to ska, with definite nods of preference to the better known oi and street stuff. Despite this slant, this issue features a nice, long interview with Chad of Brother Inferior/Assembly Of God as well as Italy's Banda Bassotti, Guttermouth, book, record and lengthy zine reviews, minimally entertaining punk jokes, and a stupid cartoon. Question: why do so many one-off cartoons in zines and comics contain images of brutal anal/doggy style sex? Pay attention: you'll see what I mean. (AC)
Frédéric Leca / Le Ménil / 88160 Le Thillot / France
Xearquake@aol.com

Jaded In Chicago
Issue #12 · FREE
Late Spring, Early Summer '01
www.jadedinchicago.com
Interviews With:
Propagandhi
Hot Water Music
Midtown
The Stereo
Plus: Blue Meanies tour diary, Double Zero Records, Matt Allison and more!

FAR FRUM PERFEKT #10 - $1 + stamps
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs
James produces a friendly, likable personal zine that dishes up the usual contents with a reasonable amount of personality. Short, superficial interviews with Atom and his Package and Mykel Board alongside a weird "three times is a charm" mini-saga of celebrity spotting, though I don't think asking for Bruce Campbell's home address (the celebrity in question) is so smart. One, I think that's stalking, and two, Bruce Campbell has already defeated several Armies of Darkness, so he could probably kick all our asses as well. (MN)
720 Columbia Ave / Lansdale, PA 19446

FORME LETALE #3 / free (stamps overseas)
6 x 8 1/4 - copied - 22 pgs - French
The editors of *Forme Letale* appear to be of the anarchist bent, though that's just my impression, of course. An interview with Paris HC band Kochise starts this off; it also includes some recipes, short columns, and news about the Basque indépendantistes, tons of of contacts, and more. (AC)
12 Allée des Saules / 59890 / Quesnoy sur Deûle
formeletale@chez.com

GIBBERING MADNESS #8 / $2
5 3/4 x 8 1/4 - copied - 40 pgs
Good quality music/personal zine with that anarcho-crusty edge. There are interviews with R'lyeh Rising and Tim Drage, and lots of music reviews. I also liked the amount of personal writing, lots of columns and stories, both fiction and non. Send a few extra bucks for postage, since it's overseas. (MD)
Evan / PO Box 298 / Sheffield / S10 5XT / UK

HAFFENREFFER #1 / postage or trade
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
Does this zine suck, as the editor claims? You might think so—it is a fast read, sloppy and copied, dominated by some pretty typical record reviews. But the writing is fun—the editor is clearly a juvenile delinquent and he presents poop pranks, tales of substance abuse and punks battling the Man by smearing His shit with applesauce... Even the name exudes that trashy Mass. style I'm enamored of. Think a shorter, simpler OJ Killed Elvis; I'd be stoked to get this for a stamp. I wanna party with this guy next time I'm in Holbrook. (JM)
260 Evans St / N Weymouth, MA 02191

HIGH FI LOW FI #1 / free or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 14 pages
This is fourteen pages of mostly record reviews in a large font and cut-and-paste layout style, which makes for three record reviews per page of mostly uninteresting "Oh, I loved it" or "It's not bad" commentary. Show reviews for Coldplay and Brian Wilson typically read like, "Brian is really funny. Everyone had a great time." There are some huge full-page ads and um, that's it. Seriously. (MN)
19 Pine St / Montvale, NJ 07645
sxypunkgrlll@yahoo.com

HOOLIGAN HOUSE #3 / $3 US, $5 World
5 1/2 X 8 1/2 - copied - 88 pgs
Coming from a skinhead/oi stance, there was some decent reading in this zine. Interview with Pure Spun Evil, and various editorial pieces. The guy who does the zine has a piece explaining how he won't "censor" the interviews he does with bands and then goes on to ask what's wrong with being pro-American. To me, it's not "censorship" to not want to keep having the same bullshit arguments over and over. I'm not sure what being "pro-American" means, if it's not The Government, then what is it? This zine has some very upfront anti-racist, anti-sexist attitudes but also can't firmly put itself in the camp, and I need a bit more conviction. (GF)
PO Box 180983 / Utica, MI 48318-0983

IDEAS IS MATCHES #3 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Supposedly it's been two years since the last issue of *Ideas is Matches* came out, but I can't believe it's been that long since I last reviewed it. Nevertheless, this issue is every bit as good as I remember the last one being. A mostly personal zine, but infused with politics throughout, *Ideas is Matches* contains travel stories and tips, including where not to camp in the Czech Republic, interviews with fellow punks, recipes, zine reviews, personal reflections, and analysis of anti–globalization protests in Prague. A really kick–ass zine that is well worth your time, money, and admiration. (CR)
57 Woodview / Lucan / Co Dublin / Ireland

IMPACT PRESS #34 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
Letters, columns, articles, comics, and music reviews. Featured topics this issue are: "Education on the Auction Block: Teaching Kids to Consume," "Gestation Crates: No Way to Treat a Pig," "Across the Great Divide: America's Wealth Gap," and "Bullet or Noose? Illusion of Democracy." (AW)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817
www.impactpress.com

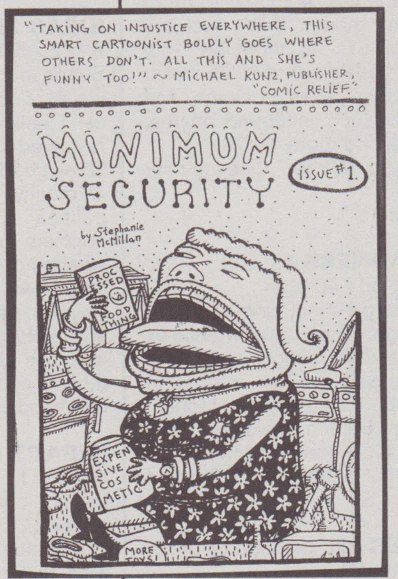
JADED IN CHICAGO #12 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs
One part ultra crisp music magazine, one part upper division composition class; Jaded in Chicago is a complete unit of cultural output. The layout is clean and the interviews are far above average. Included are Midtown, Hot Water Music, Propagandhi, and The Stereo. There is a nice tour diary with the Blue Meanies. Essays about white privilege, routine, stories of being quirky and privileged, and acceptance wrap up Jaded in Chicago. (AR)
4031 Forest Ave / Western Springs, IL 60558

JETPLANE #2 / $1 ppd or trade / free to prisoners
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs
A cute, little zine with a skull on the front cover (its first positive sign.) The lack of reviews and table of contents is something I view with positivity, as well, since I like the personal, emo. stuff best. I like this even

though the personal, short anecdotes made me feel sad, but that's probably because I already felt sad. Anyway, this reads like a diary minus the egotistical rambling and run-on sentences which are so typical. Each entry is dated and although they all chronologically fit together to tell a story (and stories), it's up to the reader's imagination and own life experiences to fill in a lot of what's left unsaid. That's the best part of this zine, because the story becomes as much my own as it is Mike Saturday's. (AW)
242 N River Rd / Charlottetown, PE C1A3L7 / Canada

LIGHTNING BUG # 4, 5, 5.5 / 50¢ or 2 stamps each
various smallish sizes - copied - varied
These are short, sweet, and charming personal zines. Each episodic issue has a theme which, when plainly stated in a review, might not sound particularly interesting—moving to California, her childhood home, cooking, et cetera—but has its own poignancy, thanks to Kirstin's sparse but somehow lyrical prose and style. The only thing I can fault is the thinness of each zine, but that's only because I'd like to read more. In most ways her format (small, short) works well with the sort of intimate feel of her zines. Issue 5.5 comes with 5, by the way. (MN)
POB 3824 / Portland, OR 97208

MINIMUM SECURITY #1 / no price listed
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 16 pgs
This is a collection of one-panel comics, thematically pretty similar to what you'd read in *Impact Press*, *Hodgepodge*, or even *Maximum Rocknroll*. I thought these ranged from pretty good to great. You can view 'em on the internet, or I guess a dollar would work. (JM)
PO Box 2083 / Ft Lauderdale, FL 33303
minimumsceurity.net


"TAKING ON INJUSTICE EVERYWHERE, THIS SMART CARTOONIST BOLDLY GOES WHERE OTHERS DON'T. ALL THIS AND SHE'S FUNNY TOO!" ~ MICHAEL KUNZ, PUBLISHER, "COMIC RELIEF."
MINIMUM SECURITY
ISSUE #1.
by Stephanie McMillan
PROCESSED FOOD THING
EXPENSIVE COSMETIC
MORE TOYS!

THE MORE I MAKE LOVE THE MORE I WANT TO MAKE REVOLUTION! #1 / free (send postage)
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Despite the overtly emo title, this is a pretty fucking punk zine, complete with cut and paste layout and articles on guerrilla gardening, freeganism, gender issues, and an interview with Pg. 99 that I couldn't read 'cause the type was too small and it was poorly photocopied in that section. The only issue I have with this zine is the article on freeganism which, while it is a seemingly good idea (reducing consumption and participation in the global death machine know as capitalism), does involve some degree of privilege, 'cause as we get older it becomes more difficult and less appealing to get all your food from dumpsters and through five finger discounts. That may just be me. Pick this up and make up your own mind. (MT)
919 McFarlane Ave / Sebastopol, CA 95472

OJ KILLED ELVIS #666 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Random stories and thoughts on the world. The classic zine mix. This one was a little too random and not as much fun as I might have hoped. (GF)
252 Grand Ave Apt 1 / Johnson City, NY 13790
ojkilledelvis@hotmail.com

OPEN WOUND FRENCH KISS #1 & 2 / $1 each
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs / 24 pgs
Hmmm...I don't know exactly how to deal with this review. I guess if I was eighteen and just getting into punk (of the spiky/drunk/pissed off at the world variety) and lived in a fairly small town, then I might be into this zine...maybe. The writing is very angry, that 'I don't give a fuck what you think' tone pervades both issues, and leans heavily on seemingly 'off the top of my head' style ranting (some of which started out interesting and left me fairly confused by the end). Anti-religion, anti-authority, anti-consumer culture, anarchy and drinking are good...you get the picture. It's not that I disagree with any of those things, I was just bored with the presentation. Sloppy cut and paste layout, blurry band photos, photos of the editor's friends either semi-naked or passed out drunk...a page of genital warts (ooh, shocking!) and a few record reviews. (KC)
PO Box 706 / Evans, GA 30809
akadestroyu@homestead.com

ORNITORRINCO #1 / $?
8 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs - Spanish/English
The whole content is in both languages. Interviews with Hirax, Star Losers, What Happens Next?, and Jonathan from Libremente — some too brief, but others well done. The columns were mostly too poetic for my taste, but I liked the pizza recipe and the historical account of a prison breakout/massacre in Trelew. Free MP3 included! (NN)
C. C. #2775 / CP (1000) / Correo Central, Buenos Aries / Argentina

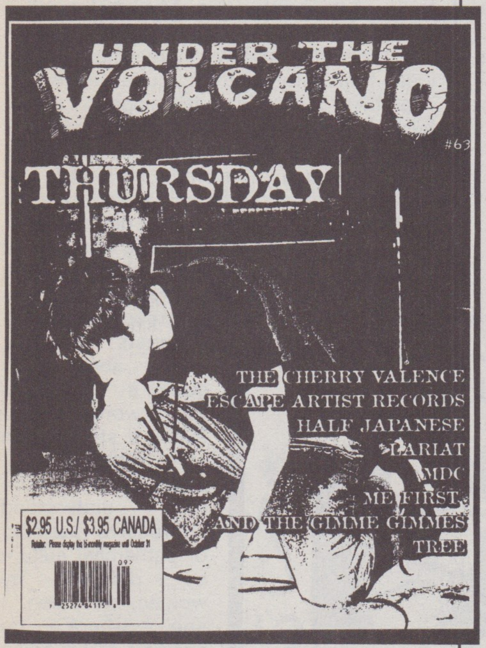
OX #43 / $5
11 x 8 - offset - 156 pgs - German
The Pagans cover the front page of this issue, what else considering Crypt's recent release of all the bands stuff on two CDs which totally rocks. The rest of Ox covers such bands as The Explosion, Insomniacs, Pale, Slackers and the list goes on. There was an interesting interview with Dee Dee Ramone especially since he speaks fluent German, and two interviews, one with East Bay Ray, and another with Jello Biafra about the Dead Kennedy's business falling-outs. Ox is as usual chocked full of record reviews and fun reading columns. And of course, the damn thing comes with one of those CD samplers, this one has a few good cuts on it. Always a great read. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany

PATRIOTA MUERTO #14 / $1 Ecuador, $2 world
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs - Spanish
If you can slog through the microscopic print and badly copied photos, you'll find a decent read here. Interviews with Spazz, Los Crudos, Toccata & Bulla, Notoken, and Contraventores distro; reviews, and a couple articles. The writing is smart and occasionally funny, and the upside to the tiny print is that there's a lot of material here. Check it out. (NN)
Francisco / Casilla 18-01-0223, Ambato / Ecuador
pipoambato@africana.com

POSITIVE CREED#1 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Positive Creed is a surprisingly well put together first issue focusing mainly on British anarcho-punk. This issue includes interviews with Oi Polloi, (remember when they went vegan and said they wouldn't throw away their leather jackets, but wouldn't buy new ones?), P.U.S., and Abusive youth. Also within these pages, is an article on Crass, that though interesting, was pretty much impossible to read due to the microscopic handwriting. Very interesting for those into the world of anrcho–punk. (CR)
17 a Charnley Ave / St Thomas / Exter / Devon / EX4 1RD / UK

RAD PARTY #27 / $3
4 x 6 - 84 pgs - copied - French
Introducing this issue of his meticulously hand-lettered, pocket-sized zine, Stéphane seems to take stock of his creative process and the world around him. He assesses the increasingly right-wing world climate ushered in by the new US administration and the pacification-par-technology of the Western middle class. He then examines his own alienation, between those in his scene who sneer at his short hair and old friends from high school who dismiss his involvement with punk by asking, "so you just listen to hard rock all the time?" Like the mid-'80s/early '90s punk records Stéphane loves best, he is self-reflective. But true to form, he emerges from his musing with a healthy inventory of reasons to love punk rock: the records, the international network, the zines, distros, labels, shows, the squats, the, uh, "piscines désaffectées." The title "Smart Ass Chronicles" launches into Stéphane's extended music prose, which incorporates record and zine reviews with news and comments on the state of global punk, broken up with his signature stark rock n roll art. (AC)
Small Budget Productions / BP #7 / 78110 Le Vesinet Cedex / France

THE RAG #5 & 6 / postage
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs each
Wackiness abounds with this very strange little zine from my old hometown. If you have a twisted sense of humor, are perverted, sarcastic, or enjoy reading about sex, strange people, or weird things that happen in Maine, you might enjoy this. There's some travel stories about visiting San Francisco (next time, avoid the Elbo Room!). Then there are the obligatory popular comic strips that have been adulterated (like the Family Circus). (MD)
PO Box 4789 / Portland, ME 04112



REASON TO BELIEVE #2 / UK: 50p Stamped A4 envelope / Europe: $2 US cash / World: $3 US cash
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
One aim of this zine according to the *Reason to Believe* collective's intro. is "to help provide a English speaking European focus for the DIY HC/punk scene." Personally, I'm looking forward to the next issue with its featured section on women's involvement and lack of involvement in the hardcore punk scene, but #2 was worth reading too. Some of the highlights: interviews with Unikind from Finland, Henrik Linqvist of Bridge Records, and the punk jazz band NNY (which was really good) and scene reports on the punk scenes of the former Soviet Union. Straight-forward articles on credit unions in the UK and the failure of democracy. A twelve page special on the 1in12 Club, celebrating its 20 year anniversary. (AW)
145-149 Cardigan Rd / Leeds / LS6 1LJ / UK
rtbzine@yahoo.com

RECLUSE #3 / $1.25 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
I'm surprised Mikel didn't grab this, 'cause there's plenty of cats inside. Adoptions, executions, and care of felines are all discussed, along with thoughts on sexism, a look at eating disorders, nuclear near-disasters, reviews, and sadly, poetry. Overall I found it to be on the better side of average. (JM)
PO Box 09558 / Columbus, OH 43209
reclusezine.com

RETAIL WHORE #4 / $2
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Much of this was written while the author was tripping on any number of substances, or about situations in which she was drunk or high. I suspect she must have been while writing the first piece, which is not much more than a recap of a Friends episode. However, most of the zine makes for decent reading, recounting those small episodes in her life that come across as seemingly unrelated and yet intensely important, as she acknowledges her desire for escape, for connection, for a map (which she draws on a napkin while tripping) to make sense of the world. (Although the layout could use some work, with sentences being broken up by large white spaces while cutting and pasting.) (MN)
5741 N Ridge #NE / Chicago, IL 60660
retailwho_re@hotmail.com

RESERVED #3 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 46 pgs
The stapling and the layout give this that classic home-made feel that I often associate with "not very good", but I thought some of the interviews were good, Sweep The Leg Johnny, The Explosion, The Oath. I also like the attitude in here, sarcastic but not just being shitty. The response to Spin's top 50 punk albums was great. (GF)
2602 Harford Rd / Fallston, MD 21047

SCANNER #10 / $3, £1.50 ppd
6 x 8 1/4 - offset - 84 pgs
Scanner is always a good long read. Typical music mag for the most part (interviews with Scuttle, Hot Water Music, Strike Anywhere, The Urchin) This zine just has such a nice bouncy positive outlook that it feels like hanging out with friends. This issue contains an especially great piece about a protest in England that was very telling. Top quality. (GF)
6 Chatsworth Dr / Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk / IP4 5XA / UK
Scanzine@aol.com

SECOND GUESS #16 / $3.50
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 64 pgs
Second Guess editor Bob Conrad is not illiterate. He also considers himself unusually open-minded—crediting this in part to his recently diagnosed ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder). I would agree with this self-assessment—the cognitive leaps he is interested in taking are so open-minded that they require a suspension of both logic and intuition, and what little sense can be made of them is short-lived. In "Animism Explored," which leans heavily on the rhetoric of David Abram, author of The Spell of the Sensuous, Conrad questions western differentiation between sentient and non-sentient things. In other words, why is it OK to kill rocks? Isn't our definition of life in fact arbitrary? Well, maybe, but so what? While I can fathom this question as a metaphysical exercise, I don't think it's a particularly useful one. Conrad doggedly pursues this line of "reasoning" with critical articles about the moral assumptions of vegetarian ideology, but these arrive at dubious conclusions—that widespread vegetarianism would abet overpopulation, for example, and more strangely, that this is a significant enough factor for us to worry about. He seems especially upset about criticisms—like of meat-eating—which find individuals to be at fault for the ills of society. Throughout, Conrad's undertones of alienation and despair give a troubling tone to his mostly academic language, which makes this a difficult read. I empathize, however, with his need for answers. (AC)
PO Box 9382 / Reno, NV 89507-9382

SKITEATER #3 / couple of bux?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Fuckin' punk zine from some of the same clan who brought you Raw Punk Bastards, full of crusty, thrashy D-Beat fascist killing stuff. This issue we get an interview with Distortion Records, a great article on moronic satanists who claim to be fascists, record/zine reviews (of course), and enough venomous rants from the authors to last for a handful of emo zines. I love Jason's writing; uncompromising and undeniably punk, and I even overlook the fact that he seems to hate all of my friends (at least the ones he knows anyhow), but the cartoons and fiction pieces I would have happily done without. Something about "Dear *Penthouse*, I never thought this would happen to me but..." style male fantasy shit that makes me feel like a third grader sitting in the bushes behind my parents' tool shed. Stick to the music kids, stick to the music, that part you do really well. (RC)
152 Gostlin / Hammond, IN / 46327

SLUG AND LETTUCE #68 / free
17 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
I feel more then a little silly reviewing *S&L* , I mean, most punks probably already know it, love it and have read it, and those that don't probably won't. But for the sake of the few who somehow missed the past 67 issues, I'll proceed. Like all of the previous issues this one contains columns, reviews, photos, and a brief but cool guide to good places in the Bay Area. Like always this issue is totally great. If you've never read it, I won't tell, if you go and get it right fucking now! (CR)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SNAKE PIT anthology / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 96 pgs
This is really nice...neat artwork (as in cool & unique), great price. A year in the life of Ben, in which he draws a three-panel comic strip about each day (except when he gets distracted by romance)... this is a compilation of his previous comic zines (all now out of print). Reminds me a whole bunch of *Jim's Journal*. It does get a bit repetitive after a while...but whose life doesn't?! Drinking, flirting, going to shows, band practice, mac-n-cheese, bong hits, Richmond, Austin, cross country bus trips, hangovers, calling in sick, record stores, Glenn Danzig, and a

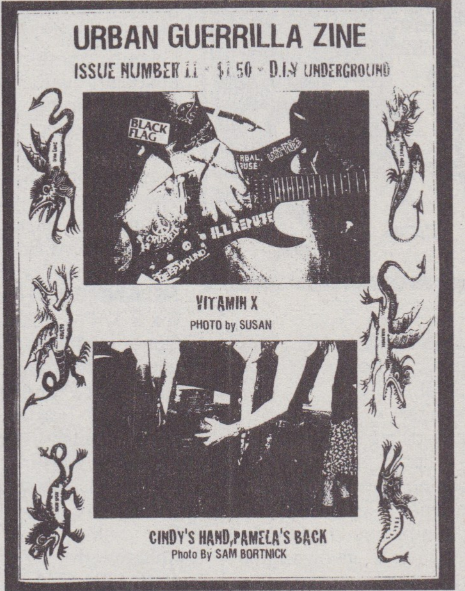
special cameo by Mr. Lance Hahn. Good stuff. (KC)
2100 Guadalupe #138 / Austin, TX 78705

SORE #12 / $1 ppd, trade
8 1/2 x 11 / offset / 40 pgs
A "writing" zine, *Sore* offers fiction from several different underground authors, ranging from short blurbs to three page stories. The standard fare of reviews is included as well, focusing more on the posi/melodic hardcore angle musically, as well as zines and books. Honestly, I read through the whole thing cover to cover, and was just left feeling kind of "blah," like I had been robbed of the next chapter of my book that I could have read. Nothing in the zine was bad, but nothing grabbed me either...perhaps the fiction included was not aimed at fellows like myself. Very well put together, just not my thing. (RC)
PO Box 68711 / Virginia Beach, VA / 23471

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM June/July 2001 / 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is the newsletter of the North American Earth Liberation Prisoners Support Network (NAELSPN). Tips on how to deal with being arrested and interrogated, a few court and trial updates, profiles on Standing Deer, Connor Cash, and Nikos Maziotis, an overview of a few bills proposed in Oregon and Washington states, prisoner listings, prisoner support groups and some reading recommendations. This zine is free to prisoners. Short, interesting and informative. (KC)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

SPUNK #7 / free
6 1/2 x 9 - screenprinted - 70 pgs
I just started silk screening this past month, and after hearing that there were instructions on silk screening inside this issue of *Spunk* , I curried favor and won the privilege of reviewing it. There were instructions—careful ones with clear diagrams and thoughtful, informed commentary—but that's not nearly all. I have oohed and aahed over this zine with perhaps a dozen people since then: zine reviewers, zine editors, silk screeners, and random schmucks on the street. *Spunk* is entirely handwritten and entirely silkscreened, in several colors of ink. The calligraphy is minute and astonishingly precise. Original drawings and clip art, of plants, animals and small, wholesome machines accompany the text. I'd carry it around with me everywhere, but I don't want to destroy it in the process. This copy of *Spunk* isn't flimsy—it's sturdy, of recycled, thin brown packing paper; stapled, then bound with paper tape—but it is irreplaceable. If I had to pick a single example of the mixed-media potential of zines, this would certainly be it. If I had to pick a handful of resourceful people to start a new society with, Violet Jones could be one of them. Her art is of a variety not often seen in our publishing circles—she has mastery of her tools, concern with detail and quality, intimacy with her materials. As an artist she is not only meticulous and patient, but clearly talented and driven. Despite this, *Spunk* still functions very much as a zine in its own time, and does not consider itself an artifact. Violet is a purist—a disdain for the love of money and of cheap or preordained experience runs through her commentary. Although it's never quite stated, I also sense that this zine is a two-fingered salute to computer production—this aesthetic is manual to the extreme. Violet's writing isn't shabby either: in her opening prose, her sentence structure reminds me of mine when I read more classics, but in replies to garden variety nimrods in her letters' section, she sounds like a smart ass punk. It warms my heart. She screened 400 of these, and it's free, and she lives in Hayward, which may be the biggest enigma of all. I did three years of elementary school in Hayward, and the simple geographical fact of this zine makes me want to know more about its most unusual editor. I mean it when I say, write for one of these immediately. "They" are collecting zines for the second installment of a time capsule, as well. (AC)
PO Box 55336 / Hayward, CA 94545

SUBJECT TO CHANGE / #1 / $1?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
A hardcore zine of the thrash variety from Florida. My guess is that it is put together by a younger fellow, as evidenced by the overwhelming enthusiasm found in it's pages. Low on content, this zine includes a small handful of record reviews, top 10 LP's of all time, rants on war and cars, and interviews with our own Max Ward and Jesse Standhard of American Nightmare and Right Brigade. My favorite part of the zine was the interview with Mr. Standhard, which had me howling with laughter. Are you ready for this kids? here goes: "I don't care if you're a DIY band, because that just means that nobody wants to help you out." Good stuff, huh? *STC* is a quick read, I hope it will develop into an even better zine. And as for Jesse Standhard: you and your "ideals" are more than welcome to fuck right off and reach for the corporate rock sky. Big stages and guarantees await, my friend, now get the fuck out of hardcore you leech...this isn't your stepping stone. (RC)
2329 Appaloosa Circle / Sarasota, FL / 34240-8572



SUMMER'S OVER #7 free / trades
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Likeable enough zine, especially for the price. Articles on the St. Cloud cafe punk scene, why writing articles for the local paper acts as an idiot magnet, and a wonderful email exchange with a woman writing to the wrong email address. Amusing way to spend fifteen minutes or so. (GZ)
1603 1/2 7th Ave S / St Cloud, MN 56301
summersover.cypher42.com

THUS SAITH THE LORD #1 / $1
5 x 8 - copied - 26 pgs
I reviewed issues one and two of this zine and found both to be pretty consistent in style and content. Topics included are deschooling, critiques of consumerism, a recipe, some poetry/ fragmented stream of consciousness-type writing dealing with possibilities for "liberation" in capitalist culture, and everyday examples of rebellion. At first, I was kind of into this zine and the force of its perspective. My initial reaction was pretty short-lived. Some of the insights are interesting and worth reading, like the idea that lefty activist cultures reduce everything to silly, formulaic slogans. I agree, but found that the author espouses much of the same approach in determining what is right and wrong in the world. He's really into finger-pointing and arbitrarily urging us to be against all of the things that he deems "bad" in the world. Some of the writing was not just ill-informed, but disturbingly problematic. The piece that criticizes stereotypical standards of female beauty is really creepy because it suggests, to me, more about the author's problems with women who follow a stereotyped style more than it suggests his desire to understand oppressive aspects of patriarchal culture as defined by women, not men. I see where he seemed to be going with certain critiques, but his analysis of consumption, beauty standards, and dietary habits ends up vilifying women who wear make-up, non-vegans, and generally, people who don't share his world view—making him appear to be a naive, insular, judgmental person desperately searching for an "enemy." Both issues have their redeeming moments, but not enough of them for me to recommend them to you. (JL)
PO Box 922 / Scarborough, ME 04070

TRUST #89 / 4 DM
8 1/4 x 11 1/2 - offset - 70 pgs - German
In this issue: Juno, Jon Savage, Edge of Quarrel, bad pixelation issues, Reno Kid, emo, neckbeards, a cool column/scene report from Russia, Your Choice Records, zine reviews in English, zine reviews in German, Anfall, record reviews which do not appear to be in alphabetical order, tour dates, and columns. (AC)
Dolf Hermannstädter, Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany / dolf@is-bremen.de

UNDER THE HOOD - ZMIUGA / $3
12 x 8 - copied - 72 pgs - Serbo-Croatian
This zine is written by two Yugoslavs living in England, one is Bosnian, the other Serb. The zine cover both the English and Yugoslavia scenes. There are interviews with Charlie Don't Surf, Cause For Alarm, Red Zmaja, Monster X, Ekstremisti and Shelter. There are also lots of gig reports from London and Berlin, and finally some interesting columns. This zine is perfect for anyone wanting to hook up with the Balkan scene. (HH)
6 Harringay Road / N15 3JD London / UK

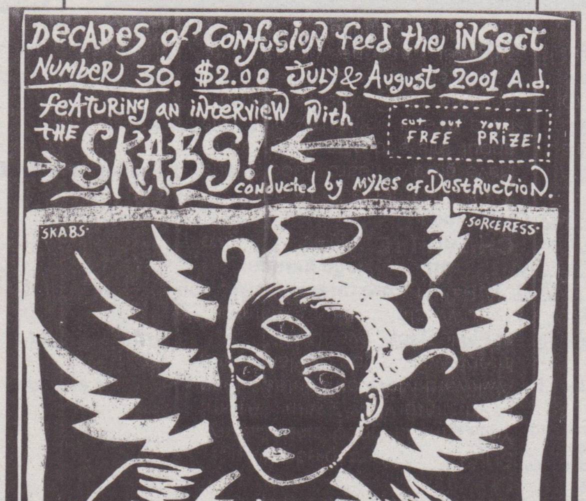
UNDER THE VOLCANO #63 / $2.95
8 x 11 - offset - 60 pgs
This bimonthly zine, hailing from New York, revolves around punk rock/hardcore/alternative music and culture, with the majority of the zine dedicated to interviews with bands such as the Cherry Valence, Half Japanese, Lariat, Me First & The Gimme Gimmes, and Tree. Also included are conversations with Dave of MDC fame and Escape Artist Records. The regular columnists cover topics like Hollywood portrayal of "counterculture," the virtues of unemployment, and local politics. I assume that this zine has a consistent following and it is pretty impressive that they have enough material to produce a bimonthly publication. Though nothing in this zine really grabbed me, it would probably be a good resource for music-oriented info. I guess this explains the price, which seems a little high to me. (JL)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

URBAN GUERRILLA ZINE #11 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Editor Jay Unidos' undying struggle to give press to the East Bay scene looks comfortable in its new, larger format. This is especially effective for the photos, which have always been (or at least should always have been) a big part of *UGZ*. Inside, a familiar cast of characters lies in ambush. Photographer Susan of *P.U.N.K.* zine contributes shots of touring bands, as does local sectarian nimrod Mike Thorn. Interviews include Blown to Bits, Brainoil, Iron Lung, and Nikki Sicki from Verbal Abuse/Sick Pleasure.I was more impressed with these than with the columns, which could use some shaping up, perhaps with contributions from the editors themselves? As an East Bay kid, I approve of there being an East Bay landmark tour in here—and just so everybody knows, girls like their model Elizabeth hang out half nude at Cody's Books and squat suggestively in the the Collector's Realm all the time. It's true. As an ex-teenage employee of Top Dog, I shuddered a little at that landmark, but you know, it's all in the past. I suspect and hope that *UGZ* will keep expanding as the scene here continues to get stronger. (AC)
PMB 419 / 1442A Walnut St / Berkeley, CA 94709

VENDETTA #22 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 –copied –24 pgs
Great, another one of these anti–pc, in–your–face, no censorship zines. Not–so–cohesive arguments about being yourself, hating clowns, and fucking with Mormons. Hmmm religious persecution against "safe" targets, not sure how I feel about that one. (CR)
PO Box 41001 / RPO Markham / Winnipeg, MB R3T 5T1

VOZ REBELDE #3 / 80 ctvs.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs - Spanish
I'm about to go blind from getting so many zines with tiny print, but none of them are bad enough to put aside — especially not this one. It's sharp and politicized, with good comics to break up the pace. Interviews with El Grupo, Distorción Social, Despise You, @patia No, Ruido de Odio, Escatofagia, and Abismo Eterno. Also, reviews, articles (on imprisoned Uruguayan youth, and on global resistance to capitalism, to name a couple), and commentary — basic zine contents, but clever and impassioned. (NN)
Ap. Postal 09 02 368 / Guayaquil / Ecuador / david77@mixmail.com

WORKIN' JONES #1 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Comics, comics, comics...I love 'em. Particularly those that are independent and self-published. But.... I get the feeling though that this guy's definitely hoping somebody else will start publishing his stuff soon even though it's not very good or interesting. The drawing style is pretty simple, with lots of careful attention paid to the small details of most of the panels. The story didn't grab me because there wasn't much of a story. The main comic (with a couple of other one-page shorts at the end) is about a boring, hip, privileged, white, male 20-something working for some dot com or other "tech" company. He goes to work and sets his computer on fire, not on purpose in some some defiant act of rebellion or anything, mind you, but rather by accident because he's some sort of imbecile or just unlucky I guess. Are this guy's pathetic, existentialist lifestyle and views (or absence of views) supposed to be romantic to me somehow? Or at the very least entertaining? Well, they aren't, just typical and gross actually. But even though the guy leads a stupid life working a stupid job and eating meat, I'm supposed to like him because he befriends a homeless man for three minutes on his lunch break and gives him a roast beef on rye sandwich. But I don't. Really though, I didn't hate this as much when I was initially reading it on the bus as I'm making it sound now. I just think there's much better alternative comics out there, and this guy wants three bucks for his; not worth it. (AW)
PO Box 64214 / Calgary, Alberta, T2K6J0 / Canada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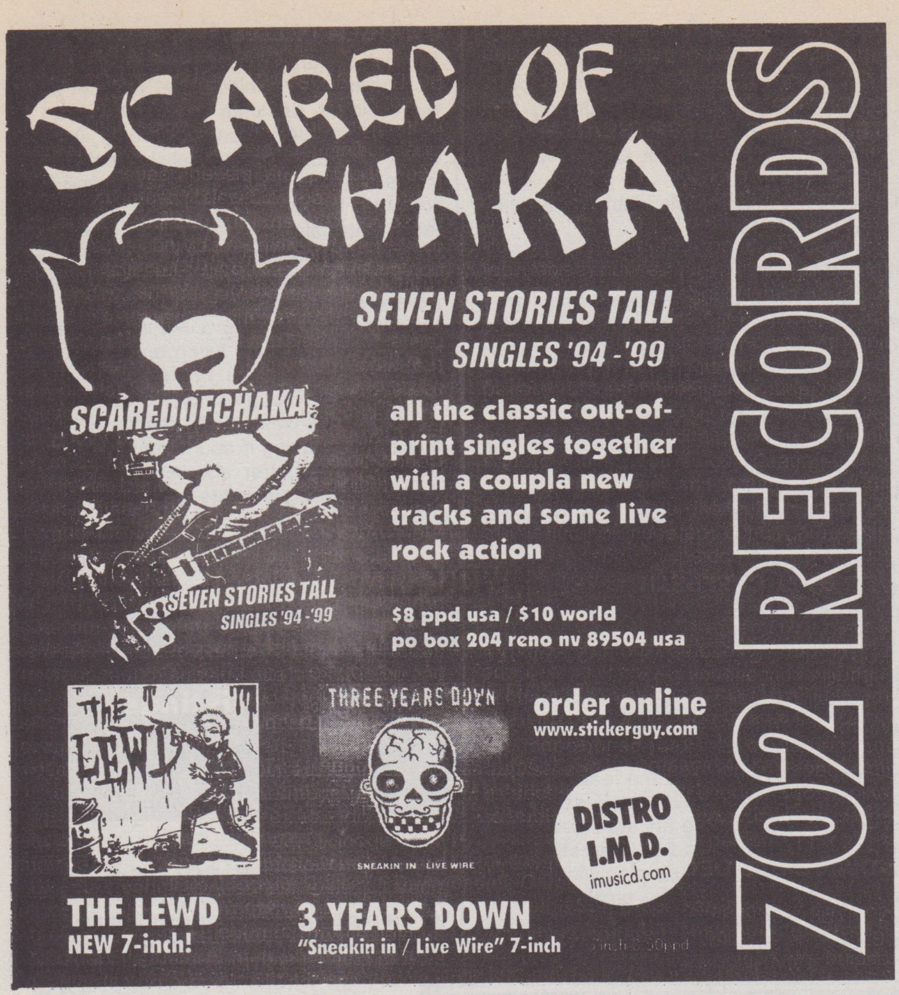
HEAD IN A MILK BOTTLE #1 / $2
St. Louis area mag that concentrates on garage rock. Interviews, reviews and the like dealing with mostly bands from that area. A Ramones bit as well, no surprise there.
PO Box 15125 / St Louis, MO / 63110

PUNK FLYERS #14 / $2.50
Exactly what the title suggests, mostly LA area punk flyers from the early/mid '80s. A pretty mediocre collection...of a whopping 12 flyers, about 3 were kinda cool. Whatever...more bang for my buck, please (or my $2.50, as it may be).
502 Minor Ave #6 / Seattle, WA / 98019

THE TROUBLE WITH NOTHING #53 / $1
Here we go with a handful show reviews from the Missouri area. Probably more interesting if you are from there. Record reviews, and some personal rants as well.
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO / 65205-0329

DECADES OF CONFUSION #30 / $2
Includes an extensive interview/conversation with the Scabs and creepy, surreal, intricate drawings that reminded me of characters from the Nightmare Before Christmas. Worth the two dollars for the illustrations.
218 Buckingham Place / Philadelphia, PA 19104

SPLUNGE #3/?
Show reviews of bands like The Dickies, Fear, and The Dictators. What year is this again? Nice tribute to Joey Ramone though.
21 The Spinney / Bedford MK41 OHA UK
alslammer@alansmail.com



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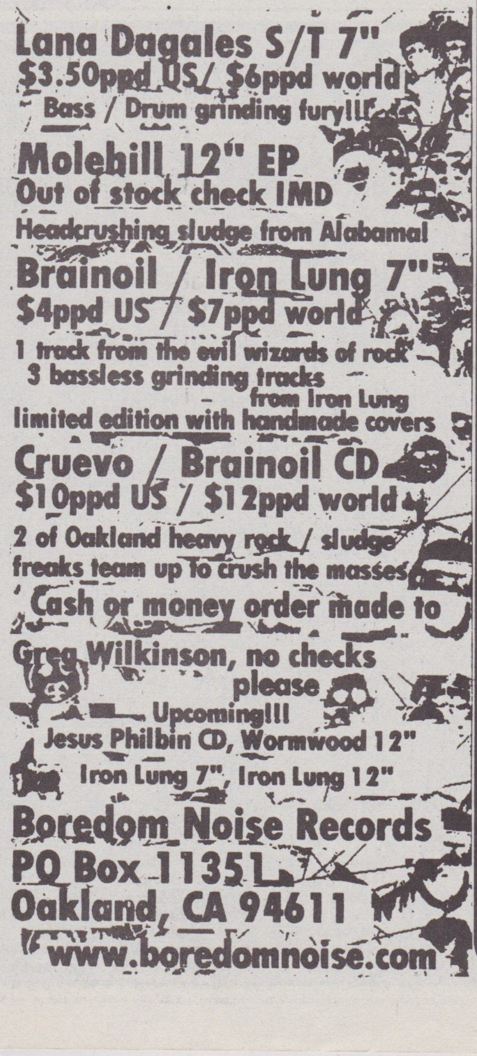

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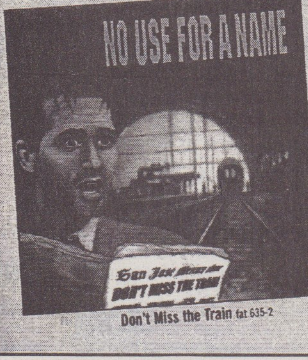
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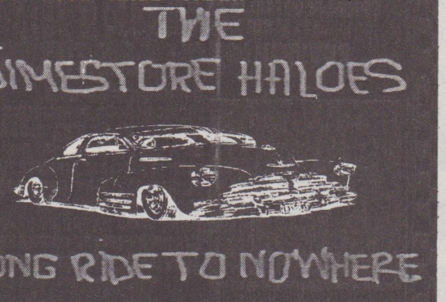

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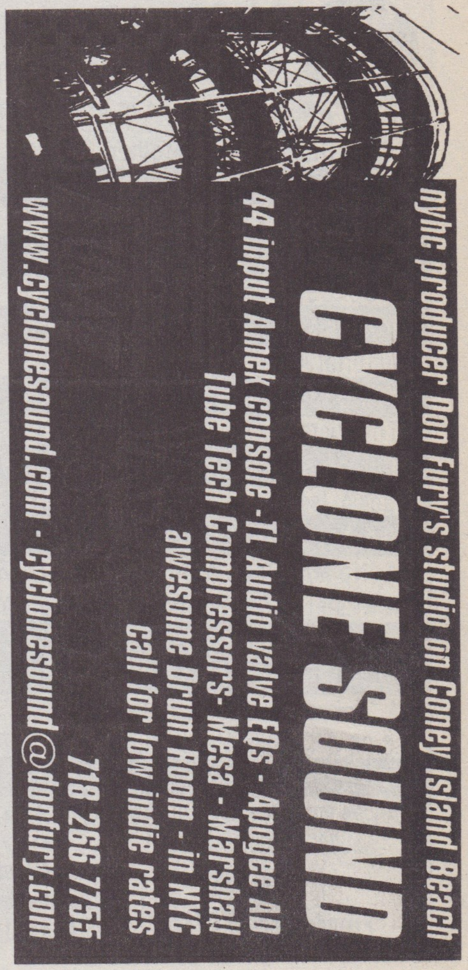

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